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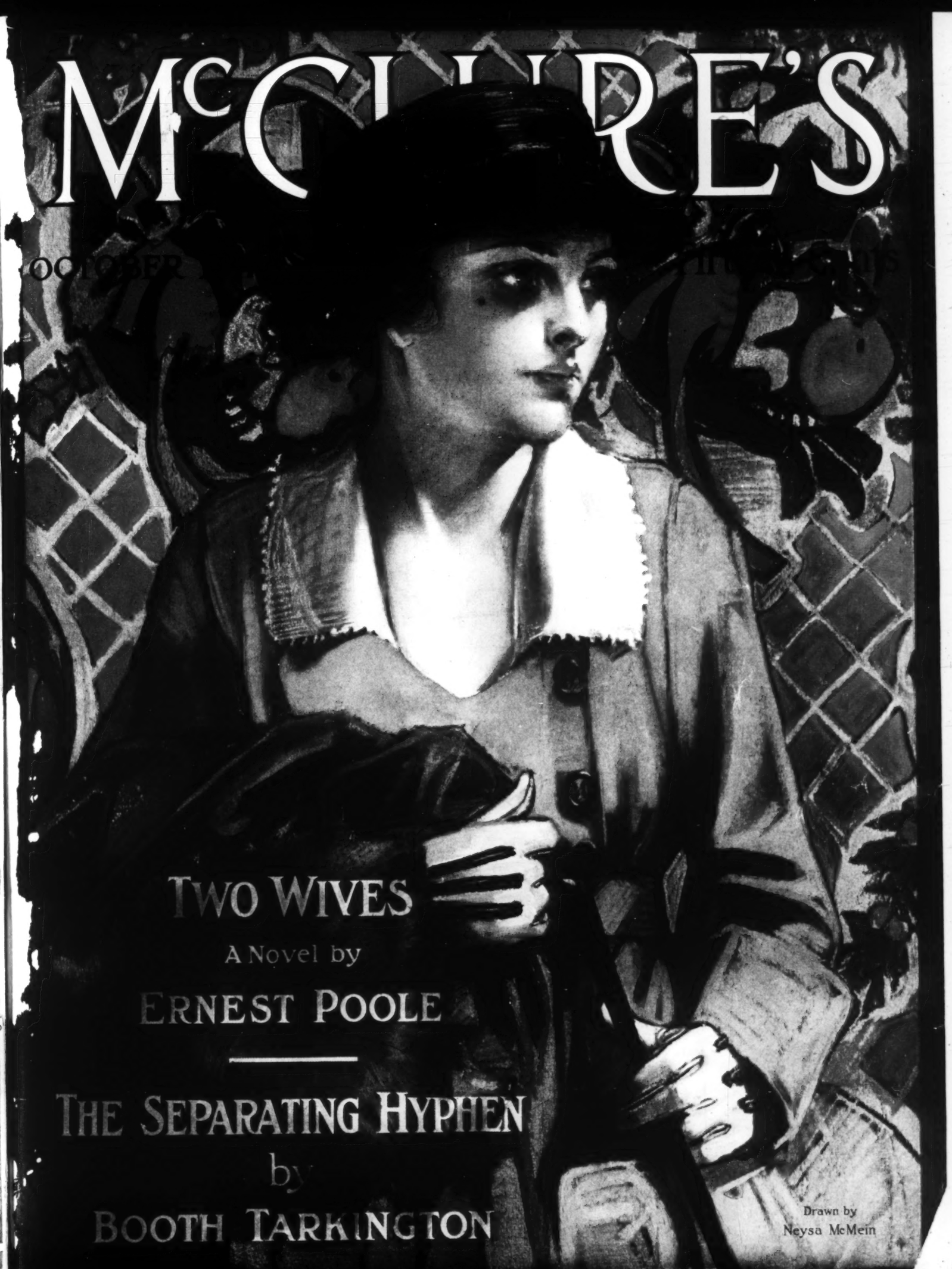

TWO WIVES

A Novel by

ERNEST POOLE

THE SEPARATING HYPHEN

by

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Drawn by
Neysa McMein

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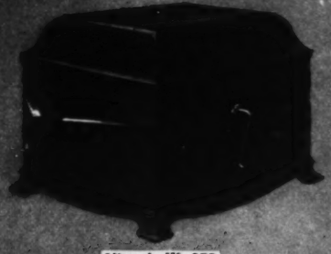

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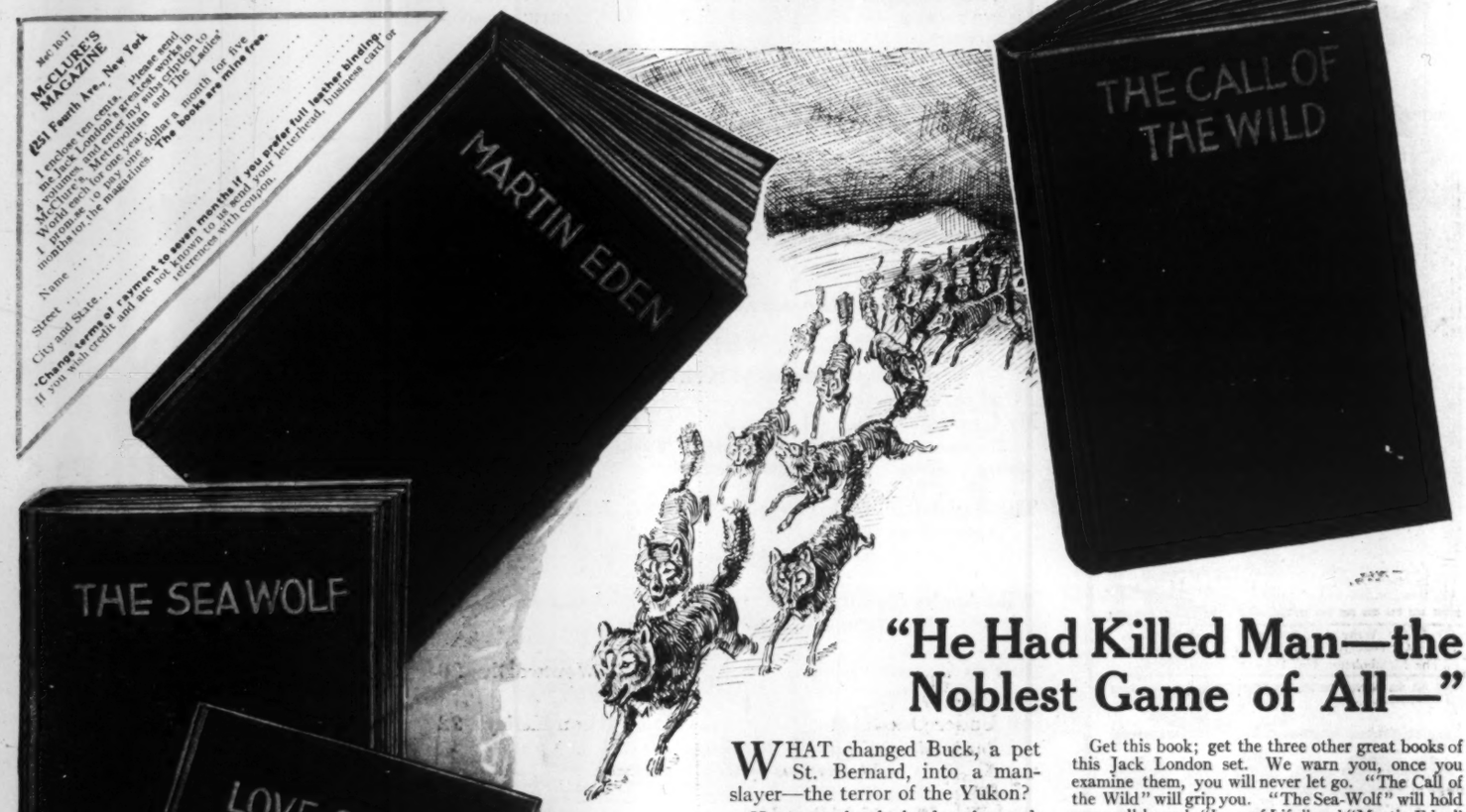

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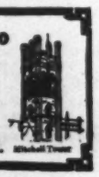

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Pictorial Review

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McClure's October Bulletin
of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages, and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food (Page 7)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Luden's Cough Drops
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 60)

Cereals

Grape Nuts (Page 37)
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 43)
Shredded Wheat (Page 38)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co. (Page 71)

Fruits

Atwood Grapefrui Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-O
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hills Bros.
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Lea & Perrin's Sauce (Page 70)
Swift & Co.
Van Camp's Pork and Beans (Page 32)

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 31)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen (Page 52)

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Bauer & Black (Page 61)
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products (4th Cover)
Cuticura Soap (Page 54)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (Page 48)
Freezone (Page 37)
Hinds, A. S.
Ice Mint
Ivory Soap (Page 8)
LambertPharmacalCo., Listerine (Page 57)
"Lash-Brow-ine" (Page 3)
Mentholatum (Page 3)
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company (Page 54)
"Nujol"
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap (Page 45)
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Foods shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto, so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome — over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 10c. in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it today.*

Pure Food Department, McClure Publications, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City (McC)
Enclosed find 10c for which you will please send a copy of The Westfield Pure Food Book to

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Martha E. Moore, Wilmington, N. C.

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They are free.

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Boston, Mass.

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1. Wash in warm soapy water (Ivory Soap) until clean.
2. Boil one-half hour in soapy water (Ivory Soap).
3. Rinse in warm clean water; change water three times.
4. Rinse in cold blueing water.
5. Don't wring or squeeze.
6. Hang to drip dry, (in open air if possible).
7. Don't iron.
8. Unless the above directions are strictly followed you will not get satisfactory results.

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IVORY SOAP

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McCLURE'S

OCTOBER
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

Little by little the music would change and come back to Broadway

Two Wives—*by* Ernest Poole

Beginning the Great New American Novel

Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams

ON a train speeding toward New York, in one of the parlor-cars, two young women sat facing each other, talking and smiling, absorbed in each other. Most of the people near them kept throwing curious glances their way. These glances differed vastly, as did the thoughts behind them.

A tall genial Westerner, who looked as though he had come from a ranch, smiled frankly and hungrily at them both and told himself emphatically, "I could marry a dozen just like that!" And a slim college boy with fresh eager eyes kept darting quick looks from time to time at the older of the two, the blonde. He asked himself confusedly, "How'd I start in with a woman like her?" And exciting pictures rose in his mind. In the meantime an elderly lady, with a sharp inquisitive air, had put down the ages of the girls at twenty-two and thirty.

"They're sisters," she decided, but then she nearly changed her mind. They were such contrasted types. The blonde gave an appearance of sleek and moneyed elegance, with carefully undulated hair, and pretty features smooth and plump, with a retroussé nose and rich full lips, and a manner of easy assurance. The brunette was younger and slim and lithe, her curling black hair rebellious, her features more clean-cut and clear, with wide eager lips and warm brown eyes set wide apart. "Nevertheless, they are sisters," the little lady firmly concluded.

"The family resemblance is quite unmistakable." And frowning in perplexity, "But if they are sisters," she went on, "why is only one in mourning?" She looked at the younger of the two, who was simply dressed in black, and then at the blonde, whose sable cloak put back from her shoulders revealed a stylish traveling-suit. "And why is one rich and the other poor?"

Meanwhile a young woman nearby, with a fat discontented face, regarded the blonde with envy, and thought, "She's an actress with her maid."

A quiet, able-looking woman sitting just across the aisle, who traveled for a clothing-store, was watching the "maid," the brunette, and was thinking, "She makes her clothes herself. She has been the beauty of her small town. She's smart, too, and original. That collar was a clever idea — and that fichu of lace. A pity's she's in mourning."

But the large fat man behind the two girls had little thought for the brunette. His heavy eyes, quite motionless, were upon the older girl. He took in her sensuous

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shoulders, her glossy coiffure, the small fine hairs at the back of her neck. And he thought, "Oh, yes, she has been loved pretty well." She was talking, and he could just hear her voice, soft and provocative, like the little gloved hand on her chair. By her eyes, which were of a violet hue, he saw she was aware of his gaze. Something gleamed in them that sent a thrill far down into his sluggish soul.

A kindly old lady sitting nearby, whose eyes were fixed on the brunette, noticed how hard she was listening, noticed the fresh expectancy in her parted lips and clear brown eyes, and asked with a touch of sadness, "I wonder what's waiting for you in New York? I'm afraid I don't like this companion of yours. And you're so very young, my dear, and eager and gay. And you are to be so beautiful."

And while all these conjectures were being made about them both, the brunette was wrapt in her own inner fancies, vivid and exciting. Listening to her sister, swift thoughts and expectations mingled with the memories of the life behind her. As she stared out of the window, fields and woods and houses kept whirling back out of her view — and so it was with her memories. It was hard to keep hold of any one.

She had lived with her father, a lonely old man in a small quiet town in Ohio, down in the lower part of the State. He was dead, and she was going to live with her married sister in New York. He was dead, and his daughter was not sad, though she had been his only close companion and had loved him tenderly. And this brought a guilty feeling now, which she fought down by telling herself there had been little sadness in his death. She pictured her father making his speech at the unveiling of the Monument. How happy and proud he had appeared! For half his life old Colonel Knight had exhorted his fellow townsmen and painted dark the shame of their town — "the only county seat in Ohio with no soldiers' monument, sir!" He had held countless meetings, he had gone begging to his neighbors, and every dollar he himself could save had gone into that dream of his. At last he had triumphed; and after all the excitement of his final victory, the old soldier had made his speech, and died.

Around him and the Monument and the old frame house on River Street, the lazy shallow river, the high school near the court-house, Demley's Tavern across the square, the line of shops on either side, the new "movie" theatre of pink tile, and the old yellow church on the corner — the pictures of her life trooped by, the pictures of her last few years — with the miracle, the discovery that she herself, Ethel Knight, who had always been considered plain, was slowly now developing into a beautiful woman. That brought memories which thrilled — various faces of men, young and old, looks and glances, words overheard, and countless small attentions. But these came in mere fragments, rising only to be whirled back again into the past, as the train sped on toward the city.

She was going to live in New York with her married sister, Amy Lanier. And from looking out of the car window Ethel would turn quickly, throw a swift glance at her sister and smile. Amy seemed quite wonderful — Amy with her elegance, her worldly assurance, her smiling good-humor and knowledge of "life," her apparent content, her sense of well being; Amy who had an adoring husband, Amy who spent money like water, Amy with dash and beauty and style. "New York just fairly shimmering in everything she wears!" thought Ethel.

Amy's sable cloak was long. She had worn it at the funeral, with a black skirt and a heavy veil. But the veil she had put into her bag as soon as they had left the town, and the cloak thrown back revealed rich colors, the glitter and glint of a diamond brooch; and she wore a small blue-feathered hat which threw out changing colors in the play of light in the car. There was to be no more mourning. Amy didn't believe in that, and was good-humoredly arguing her young sister out of it. And Ethel smiling back at her saw how sensible it was. She felt death and sadness slipping away, and the life in the city opening.

Since Amy's marriage five years ago Ethel had seen her only twice — once when Amy had come home, appearing resplendent with Joe, her husband, in a large new touring-car, and had sent a wave of excitement through the quiet little town; and again when she had asked Ethel to visit her for a week in New York. That had been a glamorous week, but it had not been repeated. For nearly three years they had not met. In that time had come the change in Ethel's own appearance. And glancing now at Amy she read in those clear smiling eyes that Amy was relieved and pleased and surprised at the striking beauty which had come to her young sister. There was even a tone of expectancy in Amy's talk of their life in New York.

"She thinks I'll get on finely!" This exciting thought kept rising repeatedly in Ethel's mind, and with it came the sturdy resolve, "I mustn't be too humble now, or too dependent on her. I must show her I'm somebody all by myself — that I won't be a burden on her hands. I've got to make a life of my own — find work, perhaps — or marry!"

She had a good voice. Old Mr. Riggs, the organist in the yellow church at home, had planted that idea deep in her mind. If only her voice could be brought out! She hadn't much money for teachers, but how she would work if she got a chance! In her heart she knew she had no *great* voice, but gaily she let her fancy go and pictured herself on the stage. . . . This image passed and was replaced by a platform in an immense auditorium crowded with cheering women and girls. Suffrage banners were all about, and she was speaking to the crowd. Her voice rang clear and resolute. . . . There were other dreams and pictures — of dances in New York cafés, of theatre parties, trips to Paris, hosts of friends. And the vague thought flashed into her mind:

"What possibilities for life — in me myself — me, Ethel Knight!"

She took in fragments of what Amy said and mingled them with things she had read and pictures she'd seen in books, magazines and Sunday papers, or with things that she had heard in the long exciting discussions in her club of high-school girls, over suffrage, marriage, Bernard Shaw. She thought of the opera, concerts, plays. She saw Fifth Avenue at night agleam with countless motors, torrents of tempestuous life — and numberless shop windows, hats and dainty gowns and shoes. She pictured herself at dinners and balls, men noticing her everywhere. Out of all the pictures rose one of a church wedding. And then this picture faded, and changed to that of her father's funeral in the old frame yellow church. She frowned, her brown eyes saddened and suddenly grew wet with a deep homesick tenderness. But in a few moments she smiled again. Once more her pulse-beat quickened.

Still Amy was talking good-humoredly. And Ethel's brown eyes, now curious, now plainly thrilled, now amused and pleased, kept watching her, and she asked herself, "Shall I ever be like that?" The picture she had of her sister grew each moment more warm and desirable. Eagerly she explored it by the quick questions she threw out.

They were coming into the city now, in a dusk rich with twinkling lights. In the car the passengers were stirring. Amy stood up to be brushed — sleek and alluring, worldly wise — and the fat man in the chair behind her opened wide his heavy eyes. Then Ethel stood up — and in the poise of her figure, slim and lithe with its lovely lines, in her carriage, in her slender neck, in her dark face with its features clear, her lips a little parted, and in the look in her brown eyes — there was something which made glances turn from all down the softly lighted car. There was even a brief silence. And Ethel drew a sudden breath, as from close behind her the soft voice of the darky porter drawled:

"Yes'm — yes'm — dis is New York. We's comin' right into de station now."

Chapter II

"WELL, Ethel my love, we're in New York! It must be after midnight. I wonder when I'll get to sleep? Not that I care especially. What a quaint habit sleeping is!"

She sat up suddenly in bed and turned on the light just over her head, and amiably she surveyed her room. It was a pretty, fresh little room with flowered curtains, a blue rug, a luxurious chaise-longue and a small French dressing-table. Very cheerful, very empty.

"It looks," she decided, "just as the bed feels. I'm the first fellow who has been here. . . . No," she corrected herself in a moment, "that's very ignorant of you, my dear. This is a New York apartment. All kinds of other fellows have been in this room ahead of me; and they've lain awake by the hour here, planning how to get married or divorced, or getting ready to write a great book or make a million dollars, or sing in grand opera or murder their child. All the things in the newspapers have been arranged in this spot where I lie." She turned out the light and sank quietly to rest.

But in the dark she lay listening to the strange low hubbub from outside. And it made her think of what she had seen an hour before, when at the open window, resting her elbows on the sill, she had begun to make her acquaintance with her backyard — a vast smooth cavern of brick and cement which went down and down to cement below, and up and up to a strip of blue sky, and to right and to left went stretching away with rows and rows of windows. And now as the murmurs and quick low cries, piano music, a baritone voice and a sudden burst of laughter, came to her ears, she gravely named her neighbors. She knew they were wives and husbands, divorcées, secret lovers, grafters, burglars, suffragettes, actresses and anarchists and millionaires and poor young things — all spending a quiet evening at home. And that was sensible of them, she thought. For they would need strength for tomorrow.

From the city far and near came numberless other voices. From street cars, motors and the L, from boats far off on the river this calm and still October night; from Broadway and from Harlem and the many teeming slums, came the vast murmuring voice of the town. And she thought, "I'm becoming a part of all this!" She listened a little and added, "It breathes, like something alive."

Then she remembered a bright remark which she had made to her sister, when speeding up Park Avenue all agleam with its cold blue lights they had turned into a darker street and their taxi had drawn up with a jerk in front of a building as massive and smooth as all others in sight. She had said to Amy then:

"If you remember your number you can tell exactly which one is your home."

She smiled at the recollection. And then she yawned. From somewhere far in the distance there came to her ears the dull bellowing roar of an ocean liner leaving dock at one o'clock to start the long journey over the sea.

"I'm going to Paris, too!" she thought. Her fancy traveled over the ocean and roamed madly for a while, with the help of many photographs which she had seen in magazines. But she wearied of that and soon returned.

"Well, what do I think of Amy's home?"

She went over in her memory her eager inspection of each room. To her sister she had been loud in her praise. What a perfectly lovely room it was, what a wonderful lounge with the table behind it, and what lamps, what a heavenly rug and how well it went with the curtains. When Amy lighted the gas logs, Ethel had drawn a quick breath of dismay. But then she had sharply told herself:

"This isn't an old frame house in Ohio. This is a gay little place in New York! And you're going to love it, living here! It's different and you're glad it is! And you're pretty much of a kid to be criticizing like an old maid. The only trouble with you is that you keep looking about for the stairs!"

And she had gone into Amy's room, and there her mood had instantly changed to one of vague disturbed delight. For the curtains and the deep soft rug and the broad low dressing-table with its drop-light shaded in chintz, the curious gold lacquered chair, the powder boxes, brushes, trays, the faint delicious perfume of the place, and back in the shadow, softly curtained, the low, wide luxurious bed — had given to her the feeling that this room at least was personal. Here two people had really lived — a man and a woman. There had come into Ethel's brown eyes a mingling of confused delight and awkward admiration which showed plainly she was thrilled. And her sister with a quick look and a smile had lost the slightly ruffled expression her face had worn in the other rooms. She had regained her ascendency.

It had not been until Ethel was left in her own small room adjoining that with a quick exclamation of remembrance and surprise she had stopped undressing, opened her door, listened in the silence and then said softly to herself, "How perfectly uncanny!" Frowning a moment, puzzled, her eye had gone to the only other room in the apartment, down at the end of the narrow hall. The door had been closed. She had stolen to it and listened, but at first she had not heard a sound. Then she had given a slight start, had knocked softly and asked, "May I come in?" A woman's voice with a hostile note had replied, "Yes, ma'am." She had entered. And a moment later down on her knees before a grave little girl of two who sat at a tiny table soberly having her supper, Ethel had cried, "Oh, you adorable baby!"

For a time she had tried to make friends with the child, but the voice of the nurse had soon cut in. And in the motherly Scotch face Ethel had detected again a feeling of hostility. "What for?" she had asked. And the answer had flashed into her mind. "She's angry because Amy hasn't been in to see Susette." And Ethel had frowned. "It's funny. If I had been away three days ——"

She had gone back to her own room and begun slowly to take off her things. And a few minutes after that she had heard a gruff, kindly voice, a man's heavy tread and a gay little cry from Amy's room.

"Joe has come home," she had told herself. "I wonder how he and I will get on."

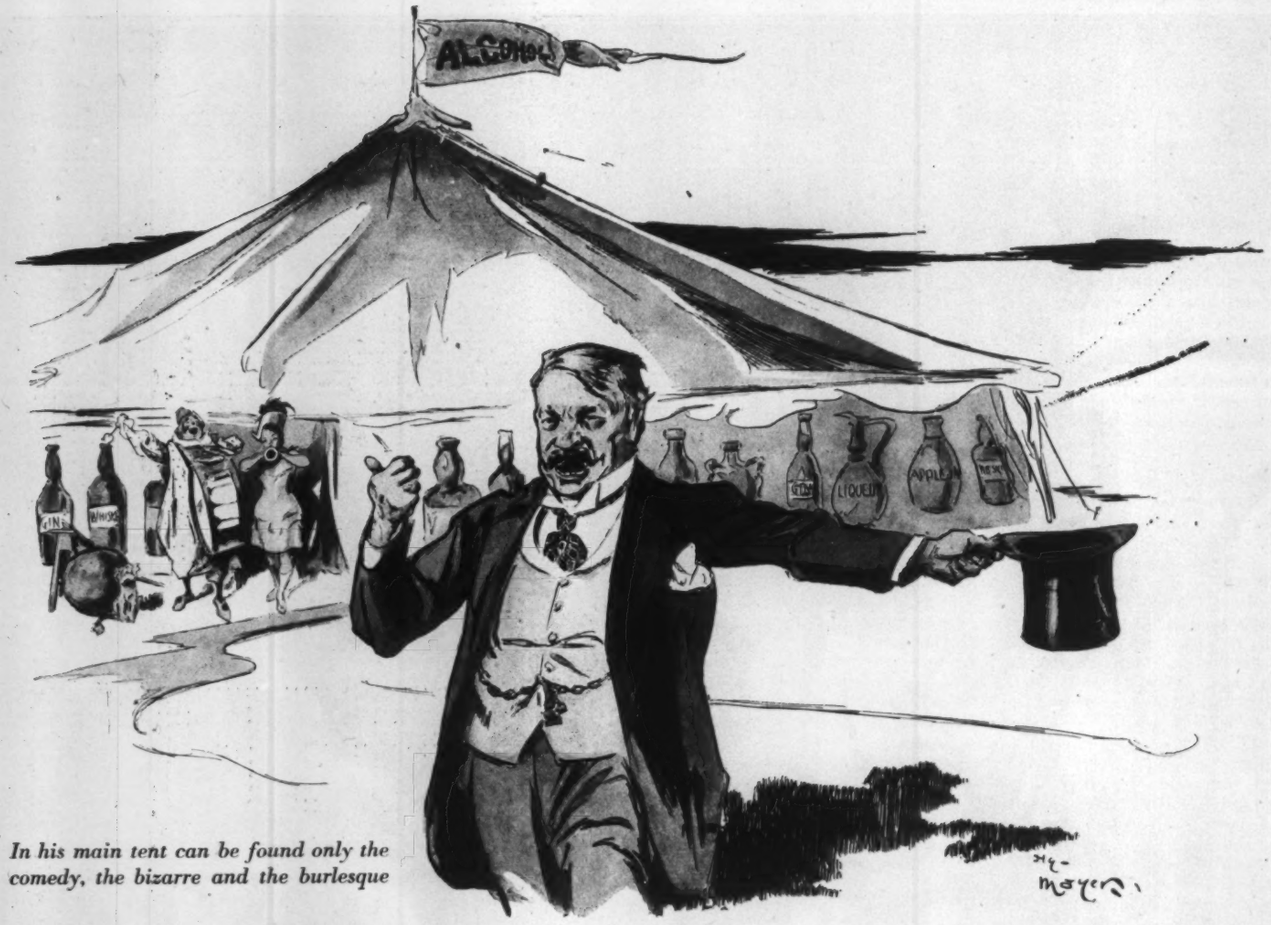
And she had met him a little later with no slight uneasiness. But this had been at once dispelled. Rather tall and full of figure, with thick curling hair and close-cut mustache, Joe Lanier at thirty-five still gave to his young sister-in-law the impression of kindly friendliness she had had from him some years before. There was nothing to be afraid of in Joe. But she had noticed the change in his face, the slightly tightened harassed expression. And she had thought:

"You poor man! How hard you have been working."

And yet she could not say he looked tired. For at dinner his talk had been almost

[*Continued on page 58*]

"My dear," Amy said, "it's not what you say that interests men; it's how you look and what you have on"



In his main tent can be found only the comedy, the bizarre and the burlesque

The Side-Shows of Drink

It Isn't Only Booze — It's Late Hours, Extravagance, False Friendship, and the Morning After!

by James Hay, Jr.

Cartoons by Hy. Mayer

ALCOHOL is the main tent; but there are dozens of side-shows that lure the drinking man in — fascinating little places that glitter and gleam, always conveniently near.

Strong drink — Rum, if you desire the more general term — is the Great Tragedian. He costs the United States six billions of dollars every year. Scientists have demonstrated that two drinks a day will slow up a man's intellectual powers anywhere from eight per cent to forty-five per cent.

Think of it! But think also of what this monster is doing every day to my friends and your friends. He is the Great Tragedian because he has broken the hearts of mothers and wives whom we have known; has shown us the pale, twisted faces of the children he has starved, and has brought us to the untimely death-beds of men whom we once knew as brilliant and lovable.

If Rum did not lacerate our emotions, the circuit of his circus would not be so constricted as it is today. More than half the Union has gone dry; Europe is fast on its way to the same goal; and there are today more saloons in the city of New York than there are in all the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line, if you draw that line from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

These results have come about through the awakened souls and aching hearts that are left in the trail of the three-ringed main tent and the side-shows of the Great Tragedian.

Col. William H. Osborn, the Collector of Internal Revenue for the United States, once said to me with great solemnity:

"I am confident that whisky is going to be thrown out of the United States. I know this because I am sure that the cries of the little children and the tears of the weeping women, the prayerful women, will bring it about. The women have endured too much already."

Nevertheless, the Great Tragedian still puts on his show in a wide territory — and the side-shows of his circus are always with us if we care to look at them.

In his main tent there can be found only the comedy, the bizarre and the burlesque. He first must lure his patrons into a feeling of complete safety, and, recognizing this necessity, he puts into the big tent nothing that jars, nothing that suggests danger, nothing that is crude. From there they go, laughing and light of heart, into the side-shows. Even these are arranged with transcendent appreciation of human emotions. Although the first side-show may destroy a few, there are further along the row those which will destroy many.

The Tragedian knows the value of doing things by slow degrees, of changing one's viewpoint gently, of making one take the final step to ruin with more or less pleasure.

But before we even glance at the big three-ringed exhibition, come with me to one of the side-shows.

Several days ago I received a note from a man who a few years previously had shone as the friend of all my friends. He had enjoyed then a deserved reputation throughout the town as a wit and an incomparable raconteur. In the note he asked me to visit him in a free ward of a hospital. He was very near to death. He talked of "the old times" for a while, asked about this man and that, and then, so far as I can recall the eloquence of his despair, he said to me, in telling me of his troubles:

"With unholy music in my ears and an evil loveliness before my eyes, I went down the easy path of Folly — and I have come, as you see, to Ruin. It is always so, I suppose — the occasional drink at first, a few at a time later on, and at last the dependence on the alcohol to give the artificial geniality for which I had become only too well known. I wove from the whisky a golden net of charm which I threw over everybody I met.

"I struck the world with a secret wand and then stood amazed in contemplation of the magic I had wrought. I discovered that each day and each night could be made a garden of love and youth if I surveyed my surroundings through the bottom of a whisky glass.

"There were times, of course, when, in spite of the false magic, I was banished for a little while from the enchanted land. Those were the days when I got a good look at my own soul. It was like a painted thing with hollow cheeks and belladonna eyes. I was a half-wit making rough merriment for the crowd.

"At such times I made efforts to reform. Shame had me by the throat. But the reforms did not last. The time always came when I went out for a drink as if I were about to embark on a ship of dreams. Like any other man who relies on alcohol to stir his brain, I realized secretly that I had become a victim of tyranny.

"And this is a tyranny that has no mercy. I was unable to do my work; my savings went like dust before the wind; my friends became fewer and fewer. My days are long, grinding weights of woe; my nights are

peopled by memories at which I shriek and curse. The ends of all the woes in the world seem centered upon my head. The secret wand has lost its power. I sent for you to beg you to lend me a little something — a dollar, five dollars, if you will."

After I had given him some money, he forgot to thank me. But looking at me out of eyes that were like wintry weather, he added without shame and without any tone of complaint:

"You can take it from me that whisky does its work extremely well. It destroys ambition, efficiency, initiative, reverence, pride, love and friendship. It develops into full and rank growth false self-satisfaction, slow work, inertness, lack of values, self-contempt, poverty, jealousy, envy and hatred."

Remember that! It is the formula of Death and Destruction, words from the weak throat of one already destroyed and dying; one who, without the interference of Rum, would have risen to the top of his profession.

But let us take only a glance at the three-ringed big tent. Over the first ring hangs the banner emblazoned with the age-old cry, "Good-fellowship and Joviality." Here is where the men drink with each other. And here the Great Tragedian shows his skill with the bizarre and the burlesque. Two men take a drink — a little friendly drink.

Each looks across his glass into the eyes of the other, and each says with a show of tremendous cordiality:

"Here's luck!"

The satire of Swift, the sarcasm of Anthony and the irony of Fate — all of them rolled into one — can show nothing to equal the tremendous mockery of that phrase, "Here's luck!" — in a glass of whisky.

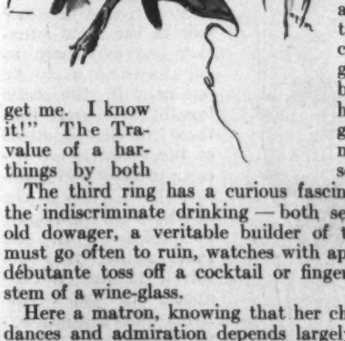
In the middle of this ring is assembled a group in evening dress, singing to one of their members, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" Each gets his turn. Each has sung to him the assurance that he is a good fellow. And the Great Tragedian whispers to himself:

"The man who's a good fellow at a bar is not good at a bank — long!"

Throughout this first ring are the sights society has tolerated for centuries, those who take a cocktail before lunch, those who take several before they go home to dinner, those who are "a little the worse for wear." It is all sociability, friendly chatter, a slapping on the back, and "By George, you're the most entertaining fellow I ever met!"

Before we proceed to the second tent, stick into your mind the mockery of that "Here's luck!" As we go along, see how it works out. Let us remember this opening scene of the main tent—"Here's luck!" and "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

In the second ring, where the women drink together or alone, there are to be found only light-heartedness and witty speech. At luncheons or at bridge parties in the home, it is all the same. Or, with those who drink alone, there is nothing to alarm. "It picks one up, you know, and talk, my dear," is



brightens your the unthinking explanation, and it encourages drinking among none of those who are apt to take too much alcohol!" — another repetition of the old cry, "The stuff got Jack Smith, but it will never how to handle gedian knows the monious view of sexes.

get me. I know it!" The Tra- value of a har- things by both

The third ring has a curious fascination. Here is the indiscriminate drinking — both sexes. There an old dowager, a veritable builder of the bridge that must go often to ruin, watches with approval a pretty débutante toss off a cocktail or finger gracefully the stem of a wine-glass.

Here a matron, knowing that her chance of getting dances and admiration depends largely upon her wit and repartee, drinks just so much as she knows will give to her system the jolt needed to whip up her brain and loosen her tongue. And the men who like to drink take as much as they want or as much as they need to keep from being bored.

This third ring has many things to exhibit: the punch bowl at balls, the drinking at the country clubs, the wine in the cafés, the cellarets at home, the highballs after a game of golf. And through it all there is an atmosphere of levity and carelessness. So the manager of the circus has arranged it through the centuries.

"Give them laughter," is one of his rules, "and then the tears."

It is by seeing the side-shows of his game that I have realized the power of his work. Even before you leave the main tent, you begin to suspect that the scenes have been plotted, not by a lover of comedy, but by an exponent of destruction. The manager deals in light tones, gentle nuances of feeling — at first. He is, as a rule, in no frantic hurry to reach his dénouement.

Here is a side-show: I played a whole evening in a poker game. One of the other players was a man I knew pretty well and liked. He had only moderate means. At midnight he was showing the effects of his drinking and had lost thirty-five dollars. His face had taken on the strained, anxious look of one who has risked and lost far more than he can afford.

"Come on, George," I said. "Let's go home. You've had enough to drink, and you're in no shape to win back your losses."

At first he was stubborn. Finally, after I had promised to give him one more drink, he agreed to let me take him home. To my surprise, when we drew up in front of his apartment house, I found that the last drink had turned the tide, and he was drunk.

His wife was up, fully dressed, and waiting for him. We merely greeted each other. There was nothing to say, nothing that could save or help the situation. I took him back to the bathroom in the hope that I could bring him to some greater measure of consciousness by bathing his face in cold water.

As I looked around for a towel, I saw eight handkerchiefs, a woman's handkerchiefs, washed and stuck flat on the tiled wall. That man had spent more than forty dollars that night, and his wife, left alone at home for five tiresome hours, had been trying to save a few cents from the laundry bill by washing her own handkerchiefs.

The side-shows have their "barkers" — the man who says, "Let's go out and have a good time;" or the one who exclaims, "Brightest set of men you ever met — let's join them"; or the one who cries, "Come on and let's see Badara, the only real dancer of the age!"; or another who persuades, "A man has a right to cut loose occasionally. I haven't seen you take a drink for a year!" — or the most frequent of them all, "I'll introduce you the swellest looking girl in the city. Only, for the love of Mike, take a few drinks and buck up. Have a little life in you when you get there!"

The thing is done in style. The barkers are dressed in business suits, dinner suits and evening clothes. Among them, there is always at least one fit to appeal to a prospective victim. Their cries echo up and down the Main Street of saloons, cabarets and dance halls — reverberate along the causeways that are carrying them with the certainty of fate down to the fens and morasses at the bottom of the hill.

Disciples of destruction, serfs of starvation, preachers of perdition, the fanfares of failure, charged, by their own misery, to befool, to shipwreck, to cripple, to kill! Those are the "barkers" who volunteer under the leadership of Rum!

I have seen a noted preacher get thoroughly drunk before he could go on the platform to deliver his speech. I have seen men who, in every-day life, were paragons of virtue, go from their home towns and plumb the depths of doom in their drunkenness. Whisky wipes out memory for hours or for days; makes men strangers to morals and morale.

Some years ago I admired from a distance a poet who enjoyed wide renown, if not fame. His delicate play of fancy, his beauty of expression — these were the two things that led me captive in his train. His pen was the golden lance of Romance. One night I was invited to a stag party after the theatre to meet my hero — we will call him Dorimi.

There he was, the centre of attraction, surrounded by about twenty men who gave him the praise he deserved for his genius. The supper got under way with cocktails. Dorimi dominated the intellects and the emotions of twenty-one men. His wit, his telling of a little tale that made the hearers sigh, his laughing account of an automobile collision in which he had figured as a "popular hero" — a string of such things brought forth great appreciation. He was like a man who ruled, by the sheer force of his personality, a particular realm created and peopled for his benefit.

Before the champagne was finished, the poet had become extremely drunk. It was noticeable to all.

"Now you'll see a different phase of him," my friend whispered to me with some show of pride.

I did. Within fifteen minutes my poet idol had crashed down forever. The old phrase, "*In vino veritas*," is greatly hackneyed. But it expresses what occurred that evening. "In wine there is truth." Dorimi proved it without the shadow of a doubt. Starting with an off-color joke now and then, he went deeper and deeper into the mire. One, upon seeing him, might have imagined him a lost creature buried in the ugly mud up to his mouth. His profanity was shocking and carried to the limit of blasphemy. Obscenity streamed through his lips.

This man who, in his wonderful verse, had shown us a new color in the plumes of lilacs, this genius who had brought the stars three million leagues closer to the earth, this delightful companion who suddenly changed into a beast and befouled the air with hideous laughter, blasphemy and obscenity, was like a new and awful presence that had crept into our midst by stealth.

His veneer of refinement slipped from him. His covering of conventionality clanged in pieces to the floor. He sat before us in the ugly color of his true raiment. Whisky had betrayed him, had stripped him bare. He was a lout, a clod, a thing not to be thought of.

I have seen a drunken man in a poker game sign his name to a check for one hundred and seventy-five dollars when he knew he had nothing in bank and would have to take the chance of borrowing enough from a friend in the morning to make the check good.

I have seen one hire a taxicab by the hour and keep it for nine hours — and that was in the days when taxis were taking away from their patrons many dollars per hour.

Another, who was normally a reticent and quiet fellow, became an incessant chatterbox for hours at a time.

Another had three stages of intoxication: first, great elation; second, great depression and spells of weeping; third, bad temper, which got him into several fights with street-car conductors on his way home and led to his actually "beating up" his wife almost numberless times.

One of the most brilliant newspaper paragraphers the world has ever had died young because, when he worked, he always had on his table a quart bottle of whisky from which he took a small drink every few minutes.

Another, a member of one of the wealthiest and most prominent families in his city, had the habit of getting drunk and then going to a livery stable, where he would hire a stall for himself, put on a halter and stand there through a whole night.

A popular novelist made the statement on one occasion that, in order to write a novel, all he needed was plenty of ink and a lot of Scotch whisky.

He was an example of how weirdly and effectively the Great Tragedian performs. Selecting his victim, he chooses for the side-show (which is always Destruction) the curtain colored in the way that will please him best. He lifts the curtain, the candidate for ruin steps in, rather likes the affair for a while, and at last, when he glances back, sees that the curtain which had been so gaily colored on the outside is black on the inside, black and impenetrable. Rum chooses the easiest road for each person to travel the broad and dangerous way. [*Continued on page 51*]

The Grim Visage

Young Stanton's Problem May Be Yours Tomorrow. What Would You Do?

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

Holworthy Hall

R. M. Crosby

IN the first place, Stanton would never have asked for a vacation in January instead of July unless his reasons had seemed to him imperative; and in the second place, he never would have got it unless his services to the firm had been, in the long run, indispensable. But the firm, which didn't pretend to be pleased at the prospect of losing Stanton out of a busy month, knew what a simple evolution it would be for Stanton to resign, take his holiday as he liked, and ally himself on his return with almost any other financial corporation in the Street; and the firm also appreciated what definite advantage would accrue to it from Stanton's successful pilgrimage to Pinehurst in quest of romance. This, to an old-fashioned employer of the realistic school, would seem mere poppycock.

But Stanton hadn't been one of those suitors who, in the dizziness of growing hope, adopt the habit of aimless dreaming, when sheer logic would point to the establishment of a sinking-fund for bread and cheese. He had unlimited inspiration behind him, but he also had plenty of work in front of him, and he had never remotely opined that any portion of his salary was chargeable to his affections. He had, on the contrary, deliberately capitalized his ambitions; so that in his endeavor to justify Edith's current confidence in him he used methods which multiplied his sales. The more she monopolized his heart, the less he permitted her to occupy his brain during working hours; and this, he thought, was true loyalty to all concerned, inasmuch as Edith — if she consented — would be joint-beneficiary in the resultant income.

As usual, the train was late. Twenty miles from Southern Pines he was fidgeting on the rear platform, marveling that any modern locomotion should be so slow. At the junction he was grossly impatient; and on the final segment of the journey he was physically mercurial and mentally explosive. When, after a distractingly sedate surmounting of the easy grade, the shuttle train came to rest at the tiny station, Stanton was first on the ground. Before the next guest had signed the book, Stanton was making an excited round of the lobby; he caught a glimpse of the Lindsays across an alignment of leather chairs, and he waded straight through the row of heavy furniture in his delight and eagerness.

His opening remarks were astonishingly incoherent; but in the greetings of the three Lindsays, they were fortunately unheard. Mr. Lindsay was frankly glad to see him; Mr. Lindsay was nearly sixty and fond of the society of younger men. His wife, a faithful caretaker of her family and all the world, was deeply interested to know if the trip from New York had been uncomfortable; if Stanton had slept well; if he had already eaten; if he didn't want coffee, or a nap. Edith herself was comparatively reserved — a favorable sign, if Stanton comprehended it. They chatted pleasantly for a moment; Mr. Lindsay mentioned golf; and Stanton, to his unexpressed chagrin and outward joy was presently on his way to the clubhouse, matched with a sexagenarian. Nevertheless, he accepted his rôle graciously, shot an eighty-nine over the championship course, flattered his partner outrageously (Mr. Lindsay scored a hundred and twenty-two) and came in to luncheon more impetuous than ever, and more than ever enamored of the little village among the sands and pines.

In the afternoon, he managed to separate Edith from the mass, and had the exclusive interview he craved. In order to make sure of privacy, he had to take her riding; for every veranda had its importunate dowagers and spinsters, every bench its nurse-girl, and every course its darkly ubiquitous caddies. They went riding on the most uninteresting of country roads, and they metamorphosed it to a by-path in Arcadia.

Their acquaintanceship dated back to the kindergarten; and for several years they had been most excellent friends. It was only during the last few months, however, that they had insensibly begun to follow that formula laid down by the most sympathetic of all romanticists — that they had proceeded slowly into love "step by step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room." They had suddenly perceived that various traits and attributes were not, as they had previously supposed, normal and casual, but intensely personal and strikingly meritorious.

At length Stanton reined close to her, and gazed down. There was a faint tinge of color in his cheeks, and his eyes were extraordinarily bright; but his tone was level, and subdued, and reverential.

"Edith," he said, "I came down here to stay either half a day or a whole month. Do you care very much which it is? Enough to tell me now?"

She met his eyes directly and without coquetry. She nodded in the affirmative, and looked away. Stanton could see that her lashes were delicately tremulous, and that her breathing had quickened. He reined still closer to her; their horses slowed to a tortoise's speed.

"Do you *want* me to stay, Edith?" Stanton asked.

She remained for a moment in contemplation of the ground; then she turned to him, and gave him a smile at once so brave and tender, that he fell back a trifle, as though blinded by the revelation.

"Please stay," she said, and put out her hand towards him.

In the mid-afternoon sunlight, on roads heavy with fine sand and imperfectly shaded, they rode on tardily; speaking hardly at all, and then in whispers; they discerned neither the earth under their feet, nor the sky above their heads; they were conscious only of each other, and of the pressure of their hands, and of the meeting of their lips. When they reverted to sane perceptiveness, they had exceeded their pre-determined route by a good three leagues; so that in order to reach the Carolina at a circumspect hour, they had to strike homeward at the full gallop.

Mr. Lindsay took the news feverishly. In secret, he was overjoyed; he liked Stanton and believed in him; but Mr. Lindsay, having retired from business, was able to maintain his quondam dignity only by subterfuge. He feared that if he unbent too hastily, Stanton might not respect him. Consequently, he essayed the rôle of a stern and inquisitorial, but always credulous parent, and he capitulated within a maximum of fifteen minutes. After that, he was so innocently anxious to further the idyl of the young people, that he complicated their rapturous existence by persistently hovering about them.

Mrs. Lindsay was rosily suffused with ecstatic transports; but she squandered no time in polemics. Almost before another sunrise, she was thinking and speaking of Stanton as "her son;" and she was busily engaged in compiling lists of housekeeping devices, and estimates of linen and tableware.

As to Stanton and Edith themselves, they were true to the mold of lovers. They were astoundingly sedate in public, and superbly on their best behavior. They were meticulous in their conversation when anyone was within range; and when they walked together, they walked at arm's length until they were out of eyesight and earshot from the hotel.

Even during the transitory era of bewilderment, Stanton was essentially practical. He never once mentioned the fanciful idea of dying for Edith; but he often talked earnestly of the work he should do for her. She, too, was practical; now and again, of course, they ventured into the realm of absurdity, but this was purely voluntary and spontaneous, because youth is rightly fond of purple and brilliance. In the main, they gave themselves full credit for both maturity and common-sense; they imagined in discussing their new house, and the furnishing and decoration of it, that no other pair in the same situation had ever been so forehanded as to be serious. In the same breath, they agreed that these incidental items of life could never become prosaic; and thereby they ignored the depths of their charming inexperience. In the same sitting they resolved to buy a runabout, to paper the living-room in sand gray, to avoid the use of central lights, to save two thousand dollars a year out of Stanton's earnings, to embrace prohibition, to contemn musical comedies and go repeatedly to the opera,

"I can't say that I'm crazy to fight; but if there's going to be a need . . ."

to own a dog, to dress for dinner even when alone, and to be married in June.

They were impossibly happy together, and they couldn't give credence to any intimation that this happiness was subject to discount, even — in the language of the lawyers — by virtue of the act of any foreign prince or potentate, or by the act of God. They were adamant in their belief that the world contained no power which could divide their souls by so much as a hair's breadth. And on the first of February, the special wire in the Dutch Room carried to Pinehurst from Manhattan the startling flash that war might be expected within forty-eight hours.

As it happened, Edith had said on that very morning that all things were almost too beatific to be credible, and Stanton had smiled indulgently. He was thoroughly masculine; in prosperous eras he scorned the potentiality of depression, and in depression he was loath to prophesy relief. This was an interlude of glory. "Pooh!" he had said. "What could happen to spoil things?"

"I don't know." She was feminine enough to be troubled by the absence of other troubles.

"Neither do I," he had assured her. "Not even war."

At that, she had shivered perceptibly. It was specific; and women, in touching upon the generalities of disaster, prefer the solace of ambiguity.

"Suppose we did have war — what would it mean to *us*?"

Stanton had gestured broadly.

"I can't say. Nobody can. But I don't think anything would disturb our plans."

She had snuggled close to him, and drawn his face down to hers.

"*You* wouldn't have to go, would you?"

"Go where, dear?"

"To the . . . to the front."

Stanton had laughed outright; and kissed her before she could reproach him.

"There won't be any front to go to! Besides, I'm twenty-eight, and the first call would be for men younger. Anyhow, there isn't going to be any crisis, so you just stop worrying. . . . The real point is, do we have a little room for a sort of library, or do we keep all the books in the living-room?"

She was sufficiently pliant, and sufficiently American, at that time, to be able to slip easily from the subject of world politics to the subject of domestic organization; and Stanton's ego was likewise out of focus. They were coming now into the fifth of the great periods of national reflex; they had shared in the misty demoralization of the preliminary months of continental warfare; they had participated in the subsequent enthusiasm for England and the enthusiastic praise of France; they had endured a year of universal indifference, typified by those popular placards — Nix on the war-talk; we're neutral here;" they had thrilled to the period of vast profits, and basked in the smug complacency which accompanied it. But before and after the presidential election, statesmen had shouted to the housetops what politicians may not and officers of the army must not even declaim with emphasis; they had attempted to prove to astigmatic optimists, like Edith, that in case of hostilities, the United States couldn't win victories with no ammunition save bombast to substitute for bombs; they had frantically blessed the defensive power of the English fleet, and its sweeping warranty to America; diplomacy, emerging from its shabby uniform of shiny seams and threadbare creases, was growing smart, which is to say, belligerent; and people spoke more gravely when they spoke of war. And the wiser they were, the more gravely they spoke.

Stanton, together with a hundred million others who were blinded by the reflection of the sun on gold, had deprecated the birth of disquiet; he had conceded the germ of enmity, but he hadn't relied upon its fertilization. Mentally, morally and financially he was unprepared for the sudden stress. He had leniently approved the utterances of men like Gardner and Roosevelt and Morgan, and yet he had availed himself of the true republican right to disregard the advice of trained advisors — experts who were without honor and without a handful of adherents. And now, over the big table in the Dutch Room, men were hanging stolidly, and musing not so much of the common peril as of the common stock they held on margin. Stanton, out of the whole roomful, was profoundly shocked, and mortified, and introspective. But Stanton was a man with ancestors.

As soon as he was adequately equipped with facts, he rushed the tidings to Mr. Lindsay, who was amazingly apathetic.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Lindsay. "Is it as sharp as that?" Well, I'm glad I'm not a speculator. Some of these fellows'll get bitten. Day after tomorrow ought to be a pretty good time to buy, hadn't it? I mean, for investment?"

"Probably," said Stanton, wincing. "But what are we going to *do*?"

"I'm going to play golf," said Mr. Lindsay, cheerfully. "It may only be a newspaper scare, anyway."

Stanton went to Mrs. Lindsay, who palpitated.

"Oh, how terrible!" she exclaimed, with some severity. "It's just like those Germans! Isn't it awful! When we were so contented. . . . But Pinehurst is quite safe, isn't it? Nobody would ever bother about *Pinehurst!*"

"How's that?" he queried, aghast.

"Why — an invasion wouldn't ——" she stammered.

"Invasion!" Stanton was nonplussed. "There isn't any fear of *that!* But when are we going back to New York?"

Mrs. Lindsay lifted her eyes from the sweater she was knitting — not for the Belgians; the fashion had long since subsided. She was knitting one for herself.

"Is there any reason to hurry? We weren't going back until April."

"I think I'll go Sunday," said Stanton, reflectively.

She smiled maternally at him.

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Lindsay. "This is as safe as . . . as anything."

So that he went last to Edith, and found her ablaze with patriotism and resentment against the unruly Teutons.

"It's a shame!" she declared, hotly. "It's a perfect shame! The idea of a thing like that happening to us! Why, we ought to send a big army right over there, and stop that war in two shakes!"

"I'm glad *some*body agrees with me," said Stanton. "So far, I've been in rather a hopeless minority. I think I'll take the night train Sunday."

She looked at him, and wavered.

"Has it hurt stocks, Don? Has it cost you a lot? Oh, I'm sorry!"

"It hasn't cost me much, but that wasn't what I meant . . . . I'm wondering about that army."

"But *you* won't have to go," she said, confidently. "You told me so."

"I may not *have* to — but perhaps I'd better be in New York——"

She seized his arm, and Stanton felt the convulsion which had overwhelmed her. Her eyes were round and frightened; the personal application of her theory had not heretofore appealed to her. She knew that Stanton had been educated at a military school and that he had served one short enlistment in a cavalry squadron which was rated as a metropolitan club. His manner, and above all, his intonation, conveyed his line of reasoning to her in an instant.

"You weren't thinking of going into it again, Don!"

"Thinking very hard," said Stanton. His expression was akin to moroseness.

"But you . . . why, you *can't!*"

"Why not?"

She caught her breath, and squeezed his elbow.

"And . . . and leave *me?*"

A serrated ridge of wrinkles crept out upon Stanton's forehead.

"That's the difficulty of it," he said, unsmiling. "And I can't say I'm crazy to fight, either, but if there's going to be any need ——"

"But *you* aren't needed yet! Don, you won't go, will you! Promise me you won't! Promise me! You ——"

"The hitch is going to be," said Stanton, "that ninety-nine men out of every hundred will probably figure it out the same way. Look at the volunteer system in the Civil War, and the Spanish War. Everybody holds back and waits for somebody else to get busy. And unless people think and act as individuals now, they'll think and act as a mob later, and we'll have another sweet little picnic getting straightened out — same as in '98. They're going to want all the trained men there are — and want 'em on the jump. Well — here *I* am."

She looked at him in horror, [*Continued on page 65*]

"You won't go tonight, will you?" Edith urged

My Own Story—*by* David Warfield

Part II

The Good Old Weber and Fields Days—the First Meeting with Belasco

Illustrated with Photographs from Mr. Warfield's Private Collection

David Warfield as the Music Master

IN 1898 Weber and Fields had a place in the amusement life of New York City that was all their own. The little Music Hall on Broadway, which they had put on the theatrical map only about three years before, was unique and unrivaled. There was no other place where you could find anything like the same kind of actors, the same kind of show, or the same kind of audience. It was all by itself as an entertainment, and all by itself in the affections of the public.

Burlesque was the principal ingredient of the Weber and Fields shows, mixed with music and dancing and other elements of musical comedy. But the total result was something quite different from what we usually think of as musical comedy. And as for being like what is commonly called a "burlesque show"——!

True burlesque is a very high form of the art of acting. It is a good deal like caricature in drawing. The caricaturist has to be able to draw, but back of that he has to have a peculiar kind of insight, the kind that not only understands but criticizes, and with a touch of humor puts his criticism into his work. The burlesque actor who is really an artist does something of the same 'hing — he presents a character with just enough humorous emphasis on its weak points to show it up, but always keeping it human and not impossibly grotesque. I don't believe any professional critic — a dramatic critic or even just a critic of human nature — could do a better job at hitting off the strong and weak points in a playwright's creation than an artist like Fay Templeton, for instance, would do when she burlesqued it.

That is the kind of art that flourished at Weber and Fields, but there was nothing highbrow about it. It was all very jolly and friendly — most of the time it was screamingly funny. A performance there went off in a chorus of laughter from the audience that was terrific and spontaneous. Sometimes it spread to the actors themselves, till they had hard work to go on with their lines. And the theatre was small enough to make the whole affair intimate — sometimes the actors seemed almost too near the audience, for it isn't a good thing for a player to see too much of the people to whom he is playing.

But there was never anything quite like a Weber and Fields' audience, especially on opening nights, and there never will be again. About five new burlesques appeared each season, and the same audience was on hand for every one of them — a big, happy family, gathered together for a jolly celebration. Every class of life was represented — players, doctors, lawyers, politicians, editors. The sporting element was there rubbing elbows with Fifth Avenue. It was like a selected list from New York's "Who's Who." And many of these people came again and again. Weber and Fields was one of the places to go.

This little Music Hall had been building up its immense popularity during the three years that I was at the Casino, playing my bits in Lederer's musical revues. Friends of mine who were also friends of Weber and Fields kept hinting to me that there was something worth while for me with them if I would only say I wanted it. But I was content for the time being, because I was doing work that I felt I needed to do, and I gave no sign of wanting to change. And though I heard quite definitely that Weber and Fields wanted me in their company, they did not approach me directly.

But when I made up my mind that I had been long enough at the kind of thing I was doing at the Casino, they heard of it at once. It was only a few days after my disagreement with Lederer when I almost ran into Lew Fields in front of his theatre. I knew that if I stopped to talk with him, the talk would be sure to shift around to business, and I did not want to talk business yet. I was not quite sure just what I wanted to do. So I dodged into a cigar store, and waited there a full quarter of an hour to escape him.

But when I came out, there he was waiting for me. There was a little casual talk about the trip abroad I had just taken, but Fields was not the man to beat about the bush long. In no time at all he had asked me pointblank to join his company.

As soon as he had asked me, I realized that I hadn't been unsure about what I wanted to do at all — in fact I was quite sure that I would accept his proposition. But I felt that I ought to see Lederer before committing myself absolutely, as a matter of form. Fields wanted me to sign a contract at once — he was sure Lederer would try to induce me to stay at the Casino. Which is exactly what Lederer did try to do, even offering me more money than I was to get from Weber and Fields. He assured me with all the emphasis in the world that I would be an absolute failure in the new organization — my quiet methods would be completely lost in the noise and uproar of a Weberfield show.

A few of the stars in the Weber and Fields company

Lew Fields, Joseph Weber and David Warfield in the burlesque on "Floradora"

But I had made up my mind. There was a chance to grow and do bigger work in the Music Hall than I could ever hope for at the Casino, and I signed the new contract. And immediately my friends began stopping me on the street to tell me I had made the biggest mistake of my life. Not one of them had a word of encouragement for me!

"Hurly-Burly" was the name of the first burlesque I played in with the new company. As usual, I was tremendously nervous on the first night, and it was made worse because I realized so vividly that I had to do something bigger and better in this place than ever before. The next morning the reviews dismissed me with just a line!

David Belasco as a young man

I was heartbroken over the thought that I must have failed. Certainly Lederer's prophecy had come true so far as the first performance was concerned. It was a burlesque on "Cyrano de Bergerac" that we had done, with Fields as *Cyrano*, and I still playing the part of a Jew, burlesquing a serious character. At the second performance I made up my mind to do my business in a way that would get it across the footlights. The trouble was that I had not been used to having two such aggressive performers as Joe Weber and Lew Fields on each side of me. They were all over the stage, in a kind of helter-skelter that I had never had any practise in. Before the week was over I had got my second wind and played up to them, and things went as I had hoped they would. But the sketch was really a failure for all of us — the public did not like it — and we soon made a change.

Our next burlesque was of "Catherine," a play in which Annie Russell had been acting the title part. The rôle of the old man was given to me, and I was expected to do it as a Jew, in obviously comic style. This was just what I did not want to do — it would have ruined the effect of the whole impersonation. I tried playing it in my own fashion, legitimately, with only a suggestion of burlesque. At the last rehearsal Weber and Fields, and Edgar Smith, who had written the book, shook their heads over what I was doing — all they would predict was flat failure for me.

But the critics, for the first time, paid some attention to me — and the audience liked it! It was another step up.

I've always found that in the long run it's a wise thing to trust an audience. I have never had much patience with actors and managers who blame the public for

their failures. Nine times out of ten it is the fault of the play or the actors. An audience represents in itself every degree of intelligence or station in life, and when they all agree that a play won't do, there's something the matter with it.

After "Catherine" came a well-made burlesque of "Sapho," in which I had the part of the crazy boy. In this I tried even more than I had with the old man in "Catherine" to make my interpretation a serious one, with just a touch of burlesque. All through I tried to make the love scene effective, and played it with all the ability that was in me. Again the audience justified me — they seemed touched by it, and often seemed to forget that it was a burlesque. Silent appreciation is sometimes more substantial than the loudest applause.

By this time I had settled into my place in the new company. People always thought that the Weber and Fields company was an ideal one, because of the harmony in which they apparently worked. And people were right. But you had to stay awake nights thinking up new business so that you could keep up with the others. To the audience it all seemed like wonderful team-work — in fact, to the actors it was a case of each one for himself. Neither the stage director nor the author did much to help — your rôle was largely your own, and you had to deliver or fail. Parts grew from night to night, which resulted in a kind of stage opposition that kept you on the jump improving your performance. You had to do that, or be overwhelmed.

It was a very strenuous form of dramatic education, but I am sure the training I got there was better for me than any I could have got on the legitimate stage. Above everything else you had to be resourceful. You never knew when someone might put in new business and lines, impromptu, and you had to be always ready for that sort of thing. I got into the way of doing things as they came to me, and so I could handle new situations when they were created by my colleagues without being upset by them. The peculiarly noisy methods of Fields and Weber were excellent training for me — I had to learn to get my quieter methods over right under their very noses.

The three years that I was there are among the most interesting that I had ever spent on the stage. Writing about it now, I feel as though it were a long time back — it was really only a decade ago. Thousands remember that playhouse and the actors in it — yet it is ended and gone forever. Weber and Fields can never happen again. It was one of those extraordinary combinations that seems to have grown up out of itself into something distinctive and inexplainably perfect. The material is not available today to create another institution like it.

In "The Music Master"

I have spoken of the audience, and people who came night after night. Charles Belmont Davis was one of the every-nighters. He had an end seat on the first row, and there he would sit, unsmiling — a challenge to every one of us. When we came on the stage and saw him there, we would say to each other: "We've got to do something new to amuse that man tonight!" He was there so much that Weber and Fields decided to put him to work, so he was made house manager for a season.

One of the unfailing first-nighters was "Diamond Jim" Brady, with a fine substantial hand for applauding. When he liked you he did not hesitate to show it. He was an inevitable part of a first night in New York, and a mighty good friend to the people of the theatre. Sheriff Buttling of Brooklyn was another ardent frequenter of Weber and Fields. He would come back of the stage and chat with us in our dressing-rooms. Judge William Travers Jerome, Judge Charles F. Daly, Frederick Gebhardt, Jesse Lewisohn — there were a host, who made our audiences seem like a gathering of friends.

The authors and composers of the shows were paid so much a week for their work. John Stromberg was the orchestra leader — a fine director, and a man with gifts as a composer that Weber and Fields did not suspect when they engaged him. When they did that fine little burlesque of "The Geisha," which they called "The Geezer," Stromberg asked them to let him write some music for it. They told him to go ahead, and he turned out some really wonderful things, though he only received a salary as leader of the orchestra.

Sam Bernard was the stage director at first, and then came Julian Mitchell, fresh from Australia. Mitchell was a remarkable director, especially for musical shows, and this is rather odd, because he has always been deaf. He has never been equalled in training choruses. He made the Weberfield chorus, which was not large, seem to fill the whole stage, and he broke away from old traditions by giving them new and appropriate business for every new song. He was a great factor in making the Weber and Fields shows as unique as they were.

Scene from "The Return of Peter Grimm"

When you think over "all-star" casts, can you remember any that ever twinkled so brightly as that Weber and Fields company? The best artists of their kind were in it, and the list of them seems almost unbelievable now. Fay Templeton, DeWolf Hopper, Lillian Russell, Pete Dailey, Willie Collier, Charley Ross and Mabel Fenton, Bessie Clayton, and John T. Kelly — not to forget Frankie Bailey. Such a group of first-class laugh-makers this country has never seen.

John T. Kelly was the funniest dressing-room comedian I have ever known. If he could have made a monologue of the things he did in the dressing-rooms to amuse his fellow-players he could have demanded a salary equal to his weight in gold. He told stories, but they were not stories he had heard — they were his own accounts of the things he saw going on about him every day, which he would string together with a wonderful touch of truth and humor that kept us in convulsions of laughter. If he had been a writer he would have been one of the famous humorists of America.

Practical jokes were as much a part of our life as putting on make-up. I remember one night when there was a big championship fight between James J. Corbett and Tom Sharkey. We were all intensely interested in it, and a lot of money had been bet, and everybody was excited about the result. You can imagine what a hit Charley Ross made with us when he came to the theatre and announced that he had arranged to have the details of the fight reported behind the scenes. Right after him came an operator with a telegraphic outfit, stringing the wires over the flies and setting up his instrument where we could all collect for the news when it began to arrive. About nine o'clock the thing began to tick, and the operator began his description of the fight. We would go on the stage to play our parts and rush off during the intervals to see how it was going. Corbett started to give Sharkey a terrible walloping in the very first round, and the walloping grew more terrible round after round, till finally the operator announced a Corbett victory, packed up his instrument and departed.

In "The Grand Army Man"
Falk, N.Y.

Pete Dailey strolled across the street to a hotel — the old Gilsey House it was — full of the news in all its detail, to surprise some of his friends who he knew couldn't have heard it. But they knew one thing that he didn't know — that the men hadn't yet entered the ring! It was hours later before Lee Harrison came to my rooms with an extra containing the results of the fight — Sharkey had won. It was not till the next morning that I really believed it, and realized the joke that Charley Ross had played on us.

It was all great fun, and one of the best parts of it was that I knew I was getting on, with an assured future. But I was not wholly contented, because that ambition of mine to do serious drama kept growing.

Ambition in an actor is, in one sense, nothing more than a desire to "show off." The psychologists might describe it as the desire for emphasizing one's personality or talent to the point where it can be most appreciated, for the satisfaction of vanity, or for a material return. There is nothing wrong about such a motive except that it often results in foolish ambitions that lead an actor into dangerous paths. The great Shakespearean actors we have had were brought up on this idea, and many of them were led to believe that because they could play the classical parts well there were no parts they couldn't play. But Shakespeare was the only thing they could do, and when they tried acting in every-day clothes they often ended in disaster.

But if this germ of ambition once gets into you, the only thing to do, it seems, is to go through with it till you are cured, either by failure or success.

What reputation I had won so far was in the line of burlesque. The little bits of serious acting I had managed to do had been done in the face of protest from everyone who knew me. They had been successful — but not enough to cure me of the wish to do more. They only increased that wish. I had found that my methods worked, and I wanted to try them on a bigger scale, in a different kind of part.

Certain actors I had seen gave a turn to my ambition, but I do not think they influenced my method. There was Booth more than anyone else, of course, and to some extent Henry Irving, whom I admired profoundly. I think his performances of *Shylock* and in "Waterloo" and "The Bells" were among the greatest on the stage, and he reached greatness in spite of many obstacles — a strange and peculiar voice which sounded as if he had no roof to his mouth, and a tall, gaunt, ungainly figure that he somehow managed to make appear graceful. Eleanora Duse, among the women, filled me with inspiration — she is the greatest actress I have ever seen.

But these great actors, though they showed me what heights could be reached, did not show me how to do what I wanted. For what I wanted was something different. And my confidence in what I could do was growing.

One day I was chatting with W. A. Brady in a hotel lobby, and he remarked that if he could find a good Jewish play he would send Frank Bush out in it. I suggested that that was exactly [*Continued on page 67*]

The Day After Tomorrow—

Illustrations by

SHE settled her spectacles on the bridge of her nose, fumbling with them for an instant, and turned to examine the paper she held in her hand. "The People of the State of New York," she read, "by the grace of God free and independent, to Johanna Trevor, Greeting!" and after that in bald, unmistakable terms, the dispossess notice. She read it through two or three times, so hard was it for her to believe. They were putting her out of her shop, and all because, they said, of a leak in the roof! The shop in which she had worked for thirty years, and for which, on the first of each month, come rain, come shine, she had paid her rent with the certainty of an automaton! They were putting her out of her shop because it was unsafe! The people of the State of New York, free and independent!

She looked quickly behind her, at the little tobacco store, dingy and brown, which she tended, and at the antique wooden Indian beside her — a quick, doubtful glance, as though she mistrusted they were still there, and then she looked up and down the street blinkingly. Right and left of her great buildings towered — a glaring hotel; a vast apartment house; a line of shining stores. Here, on one last piece of land, as it were, her own and two other shops, Mishkin the tailor's, and the second-hand bookstore Riemer owned, stood against the lapping tide of the great buildings. Further down the street ran the gray line of the East River, replete with shipping, and across the way a well-shorn garden showed, inviolate by its owner's wealth, with two high chestnut-trees in which linnets sang. In the distance the dun grove of old Brooklyn mansions lay. Beside her, four doors up, a big ornate tobacconist's shone, seductive with its well-planned window and spacious interior. A few people passed by — a lascar going down to his vessel; a ship's chandler, important and somehow furtive; a longshoreman heavy-stepping and bent. In the centre of the way, a burly policeman stood like a statue, looking about him with a proud and truculent air. The old woman cowered slightly. The People of the State of New York!

She had known this was coming, or rather she had not, for she did not believe it possible. The landlord had spoken to her about moving three months before, when he had come across from New York to be paid the rent. A burly, sharp man with a hatchet-shaped legal face, he had looked at the old woman shrewdly as she counted over the bills.

"You've got an opposition now," he remarked. "Grandy's big place. Business good with you?"

"It's none too good," she had admitted.

The landlord leaned forward and examined the tobacconist closely. He looked at the thin, shrunken little figure with its narrow, flat breast, so frail that it seemed as if a gust of wind might carry her away; at the bony, angular face; eyes of a kindly, faint blue, weak behind their spectacles; at the wrinkled cheeks and uncertain mouth and the bony, red hands. There was nothing to be afraid of here, but he might as well be diplomatic. A soft word saved the effort of a hard blow, and gave him a reputation for kind-heartedness.

"You never thought of moving, Granny," he said, "and trying a new pitch?"

"No. Why should I?" she answered. "I'm perfectly contented here."

"Well, to tell you the truth —" the landlord was speaking to her intimately, as though to a confidant — "the city doesn't like these three places here. The street is being built up on each side. They look bad, and they're not safe."

"My place," she asserted with pride, "is as good as the day it was built. No fault here."

"Well, I'm only telling you," the landlord nodded shrewdly, and went.

The next month he had been brisk and businesslike.

"I'm afraid you've got to go, Miss Trevor," he said formally. "They've been down on me."

"There's nothing wrong with the place," she had told him, but for the moment a queer tremor had run through her, making her heart flutter like a sail jibing in the wind.

"I'm afraid that won't help," the landlord had answered. "They're down on the place and they want it wiped out. I'm sorry for you. From the bottom of my heart I'm sorry."

"That's ridiculous," she laughed — an uneasy, forced laugh. "They couldn't put me out. I've been here thirty years, nigh on thirty-one."

"They'll do it," the landlord told her. "They've no pity. I'm sorry for you. You better get a new place. I'm afraid I'll have to give you notice next month."

She had felt out of breath at that, as though a hard blow had caught her beneath the heart. But she had gone out to her chair on the sidewalk, near the door, and sitting down on it, she had abandoned herself to the sun, like a kitten. And faintly toward her had come the odor of the garden opposite, and the rustle of the chestnut-trees and the singing of birds. Again the river passed by, hurrying relentlessly, clamorous with sirens and the clanging of bells. The familiar sights of the heights filled her eyes — old General Armstrong getting into his carriage, assisted by his coachman and nurse; the little French countess pattering by, a frail, aged figure, with high-heeled shoes; a naval officer distinguishable in his mufti by his slow walk and the poise of his chest and head. All these certain things rose before her, as certain as the stars and the water beside her, and she, sitting there, was the most certain thing of all. And to think of her going away, of her not being there to watch these things, of there being nobody in a chair on the sidewalk by Granny's shop — that was as unthinkable as the sun rising at nightfall or the moon illumining the day.

"Get out of my shop," she said with

She had been taken by the landlord's hearty sympathy, but Mishkin the tailor disillusioned her. Into his store she had gone as one ally to another. She found the bald-headed sallow Pole pressing trousers with a huge goose. She waited an instant and began.

"They're going to put us out," she hazarded, "so they say."

The tailor spat on the iron to calculate its warmth.

"Well?" he demanded with his upward singsong.

"So the landlord said," the old woman went on. "Maybe they're only bullying him."

"Maybe they're what?" The tailor looked at her with closed, shrewd eyes.

"He said he was sorry himself," Granny concluded.

"Don't let him bull you," Mishkin had laughed in reply. "The big stiff! The one that's putting us out is himself. He wants to sell this place for an apartment-house, see? That's what he's been holding it over for. Now he's got a sucker and he's going to unload, see? He should worry!"

She had gone away very disquieted. She turned in to the bookseller for corroboration, blinking for an instant in that close, musty atmosphere, where books were jumbled on books like the stones of a ruined house. Riemer, a huge, paunchy man, unkempt, dusty, with a gray full beard, looked at her with a sort of contempt.

"They say they're putting us out because a big apartment-house is going to be built here," the little woman ventured.

"And why shouldn't they?" the bookseller asked sententiously. "The city must progress. These shacks go and great skyscrapers take their place. It's the law of progress — the law that dominates the world."

"But after thirty years," Johanna shook her head; "after thirty years, it's hard."

"Progress takes no account of sentimentality." Riemer raised his great head. "Neither your feelings nor mine — if I had feelings like yours — stand in the way of the world. Progress — the great law!"

She left the bookstore heart-broken, but once outside it the old feeling came back to her, the feeling that her place was here, as solemnly decreed as the rolling of the river beside her or the budding of the trees in the garden opposite. What would Montague Street be without Granny? There had been a tobacconist's shop in that place as far back as anyone could remember, and they couldn't take it away now, even as they could not move the East River to accommodate another avenue. She had even laughed at the landlord on his last visit.

"You've got to be going, Missis," the landlord had said with finality. "Out by the first of the month."

"You'll build no apartment-house here," Granny had answered him boldly; "not for a while."

"There's a leak in the roof. It's riddled," the landlord snapped. "And the house is tilting. It'll be condemned. Then you'll have to get out."

"There's nothing wrong with it," she fought back. "And I've got my lease."

"Well, I'll put you out," the landlord threatened.

And he had done it. This wisp of printed and typewritten paper between her frail hands was the instrument by which she was to be levered out of her place into God knows where. She sat and looked at it

A Story of Old Brooklyn by Donn Byrne

Thomas Fogarty

dumbly, with the life in her coming to a standstill, like a wind which becomes unaccountably calm. For an instant the old woman thought that her heart had stopped beating and that death was on her. She stood up in a panic and slowly the blood came back to her cheeks; her hands ceased their trembling. Mechanically she made her way into the tailor's shop.

"They're putting me out," she said feebly.

"What did I say?" Mishkin asked her wisely. "What did I tell you? I didn't kick. What's the use? They'd get you anyway, see? Didn't I say so?"

"What are you going to do?" Granny inquired.

"I should worry!" the tailor answered gaily. He dipped a sponge in a basin and began to rub the coat he was cleaning with long, rhythmical strokes. "I got a little money in the bank, in the bank, in the bank! I'm going to Philadelphia to my son Sammy, who's setting himself up in the dentistry profession." He passed rapidly along the seams and continued his baritone singsong. "Fine business and fine people. All gold and porcelain work. No rough stuff, you understand, no pulling." He made a wry mouth of disgust. "I'll stick around and let in the people and arrange the magazines on the table, and maybe clean the instruments."

terrible dignity. "Get out of my shop!"

"And the shop?" Granny asked.

"The shop!" Mishkin laughed. "I should worry!"

The bookseller received her with his eternal contempt.

"You're going this month?" Granny began.

"I am going," Riemer answered, "on the twenty-second instant. I have disposed of my stock for a reasonable amount to Shultz Brothers, reserving for myself a small selection of the better authors, to pass my leisure hours."

"What are you going to do?" the old woman asked blankly.

"I shall take lodgings near here," he answered, "convenient to the library, where I can go in and read, and attend lectures and examine the periodicals ——"

"And the shop?" Granny interrupted.

"Of course I shall be sorry to leave that," Riemer pronounced, "for the selling of books is the most dignified of all trades, ranking with the professions. But it's progress, and I shall not stand in the way. It's a detail of the progress that has raised man from the status of the brute to the highest form of life on this planet —"

"I know," Granny nodded dully, and went out.

She entered her own shop now, opening the door that clanged a bell at the top, and she looked at every detail of it, as one might look at each feature on the face of a friend about to die. There was the counter with its crisscross of hacks and cuts, scars of thirty years and more; there her scales, true as the needle of a compass; and there behind glass cases were the piles of cigarette-boxes, green and red and yellow and gold. Beneath another heptagon of glass were the cigars, with their ornate boxes and their ornate Spanish names — "The Rose of the Lower Valley," "The Blossom of Borinquen," "The King of the World," "The Great Admiral." Back of that, on the shelves, was the tobacco for pipes, great black bars for the old-timers, and tin boxes for the anemic smokers of newer days. And there were golden brown twists for men who chewed. There were queer brands in paper cases, old brands the men on the wharves liked, "Mechanic's Delight" and "Lincoln's Pride." Pipes snuggled in the faded velvet case, briars with amber stems and black composition ones; long clay pipes direct from Glasgow; an occasional meerschaum of fantastic shape, beer jug, or skull, or scowling gargoyle, and a few churchwardens. All about her were tin and cardboard plaques — gentlemen smoking in their Virginia homes; colored men plucking the leaf in Southern plantations; plump Latin beauties with cigarettes between their lips — advertising brands gone into ashes and forgotten like the men who smoked them. Outside, the Indian chief with his chipped wooden nose invited the passer-by with a bundle of cheroots in his left hand, while his right held his native tomahawk, ready, it might seem, to defend the shop behind him. That silvered weapon was pitifully useless now.

The old woman leaned heavily on her counter, for she was feeling weak, and there was a great sinking in her heart as she looked about her, as there might be in the heart of some timid animal who sees its cub being carried off. Something crumpled crisply as she leaned, and as she raised her hand to see what it was, there again seared the sight of her eyes that exquisite hypocrisy — the greeting to her from the People of the State of New York.

An old woman now, herself, sitting like a cat in the sun, she could hardly remember a time when she hadn't been serving behind her counter or watching the sparse current of the street. Dimly, and very vaguely, like a vista seen through mist, she had the memory of the Scotch poorhouse where she had spent her girlhood. Her mother had died in a Glasgow slum when she was born, and her father had gone off soldiering and been killed in the Punjaub. After they had let her out of the poorhouse, she had been a weaver's assistant in a linen mill, a galley slavery of ten years, the only memory of which were the whirring of countless shuttles. She had another relative, an uncle from whom she had never heard, her mother's brother who had gone to America. A dour man, she had heard, black-bearded and secretive, with one wooden arm. The live one he had lost in a scutching machine. He had gone away with the money he received as compensation for the loss of it. The few people who remembered him did so only because they disliked him so intensely. And then suddenly, one fine day, a newspaper carried an advertisement in its personal column telling relatives that something to their advantage would be heard on communicating with a firm of solicitors. Granny had applied and she was told that her uncle had died leaving her, his only living relative, the shop in Montague Street, Brooklyn.

"I can remember that part well," Granny would say to herself with a happy smile.

Well she could remember — and how could she ever forget? — the ecstatic moment when the attorney had opened the door of the shop for her and given her a place in the sun, who had known until then only a pauper's pittance or the meager wage of the mill — a place where she had been a minute human cog amid great machinery, a galley slave to metal Titans. It was as though she had been admitted to the singing tiers of Paradise.

"A wee place of my own," she had said simply, with tears in her eyes.

And so, for thirty years from that day onward, life had passed for her in a simple, ambling way. Dynasties fell, and monarchs died, and there were wars and rumors of war, but she measured snuff with a little shovel, or cut bar tobacco with a sharp knife, and sold honest cigars. In the mornings she would get up at seven to sweep the place out — there was a sitting-room behind the shop, and a bedroom further back, and a diminutive kitchen. In fair weather she would sit outside the door in the daytime when no customers were in, and look at the garden opposite. And thirty years had passed somehow like a long summer day, before she noticed how gray her hair was, and how her cough was getting worse, and how at fifty-six she was an old woman.

They used to rally her about getting married, the people in the street.

"You've got a nice little place," they would say. "Why don't you pick out a man?"

"Who would have me?" she would laugh back scornfully. And she believed it. But she often thought of the idea. Her ideal was a big hefty Scotchman, grim in the face and rigid of principle. She imagined him going about the shop, and relieving her occasionally,— or going off to work on the piers. That had been only a dream. All she had for company was the wooden Indian outside the door, a compact stocky figure that a ship's carpenter had made for her uncle. Granny remembered it as almost new, when she came into possession, a fine brave thing in gold and silver and scarlet with little splashes of green here and there. Now, rain and wind had reduced it to a uniform drab color, and the nose had been chipped, but to the old woman it was always new and commanding, and a sort of affection had grown up in her for it, stronger than she knew.

"It's lucky," she would say. She regarded it with a sort of superstitious reverence, as though it were one of those spirits whom masons set to guard bridges and great buildings; a sort of djinn, such as was at the behest of Solomon, the King.

And now, as she waited breathless for the finish of things, it occurred to her that this was all she had in the world. Mishkin had children — Sammy, the dentist in Philadelphia — and Riemer had his books. And all she had was a wooden Indian with a chipped nose.

Her mind suddenly began to review the years she had spent there, and she began remembering

[*Continued on page 50*]

Wild Apples

by the author of "The Straight Road"

Chapter VIII — San Pablo

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

[*For the story up to this point see page 64*]

JULIAN stood at the corner of Alviso and Sixth, waiting for Lynnie. Far down the block he caught sight of the Bruckner team, Dill driving, Alma's father beside him. Julian stepped further out to look: yes, there was Alma Bruckner on the back seat, and beyond her — Lynnie.

They came on; they were almost opposite when he realized that Lynnie was guardedly shaking her head at him, and drew back again out of sight. Dill pulled up on the other side of the street; the two girls got out and crossed over, passing the San Pablo House, going on up Sixth.

He hadn't long to wait after that before Lynnie came back. He met her there on Sixth where there wasn't so much light. She was walking fast, all in a flutter, with shining eyes and scarlet parted lips. There was some kind of thin white thing twisted around her hair. He remembered she had told him it was an old motor veil Miss Dale Pollard gave her.

"How did you get along? Have lots of trouble?" and then, before she could answer, "In here," guiding her toward the Sixth Street entrance of the hotel. "Upstairs. I've ordered our dinner."

He took her through the office. She didn't speak while they were in there, with the clerk behind the desk noticing them, men sitting about with newspapers, looking over the tops. When they were on the stairs:

"Rose helped me, like she said she would." Lynnie put the question of trouble aside as of no importance. "She knows where I am. If it hadn't been for her I shouldn't have dared stay with all those girls in the house."

"The other girls?"

"You never can tell which one is watching you and will go to Mrs. Jordan with a story," Lynnie said mildly. "Anyhow, Mrs. Jordan's got her hands full now with Lena Federmann. Lena has fits, you know. She's got sort of crazy — has to be watched all the time."

When they were settled at their table, and the waiter had gone for their soup, Julian leaned forward and spoke low.

"Why wouldn't you let me come and help you out of the wagon there on Alviso Street? Aren't the Bruckners to know you're with me?"

"Oh, Julian — of course not! Mrs. Jordan let me come into town with them. She thinks Alma and I are going to Alma's grandmother's; but — of course not."

"What does Alma think about it?"

"Well, I had to tell her that I wanted to have dinner and go to the movies with — with company. And I said my — friends — would take me home after the show. But I wouldn't bring you into it — even with Alma."

"She'll see us together in town." Julian took a look at the idea and found he liked it; Alma was a pretty good sort — and engaged to Thatch. But Lynnie shook her head.

"No. We mustn't go out on the street till time for the Bruckners to be done their marketing and on the way home. We really mustn't, Julian."

"Oh — if you say so," Julian agreed reluctantly. He wanted to feel again as he had at the Portuguese dance — there when he finally broke out and claimed Lynnie before them all. He was a little ashamed of the Julian who hadn't punched Tony De Vega's head.

When he and Lynnie finished dinner they went through the office, and she asked him to leave her there and take a look up and down the sidewalk before they ventured out. San Pablo about nine o'clock of a Saturday night, its corner saloons giving out cheerful sounds and odors of stale beer, soldiers strolling the sidewalks, soldiers who looked at Lynnie with such bold admiration. The town was theirs.

"Nobody we know here," he kept saying to Lynnie. "Nobody that knows us."

"No — I don't see anyone," she murmured.

"We'll just about be in time for the second run at either of these movie places," he suggested.

"We might go in now, and we'd get a little of the first run," Lynnie answered quickly.

He liked that. It sounded as if she didn't want to miss anything.

At last there they were sitting side by side in the dark, hardly conscious of the other people about them, or of the pictures flashed on the screen. They were at a show together, away from "Restlands." Then Julian, wanting to whisper something, reached over and took her hand — so as to be sure she heard him. The screen was darkened; the operator began to run the program through: a slap-stick comedy, a travelogue or educational feature; then the five-reel thriller.

They had chanced on the sort of drama that all good motion-picture men are striving to put out of the field. The producer, throughout, was evidently trying to make up for his lack of skill and artistry by what he would have called "daring." Julian sat there, Lynnie by his side in the dark, and looked on as the young actress who played the heroine was followed, beset, rudely attacked, wrestled with by the villain — and came shockingly near being overcome.

He didn't take Lynnie's hand again; he felt so intensely self-conscious. He was aware of a change, momentary but powerful, in his own attitude toward her. When they came out, following along with the crowd, he was silent. Finally, when he did speak:

"Well — we'd have to go down to the garage for the machine — if we're going home tonight at all." He ended on a hushed note and waited for her answer.

"Yes," she said. Back there in the theatre, he had sensed an emotion equal to his own. Now she seemed to look around and breathe more freely. "I'm glad I told Mrs. Jordan I'd phone her if Alma got delayed or anything. What time is it?"

He glanced at his watch and whistled.

"I didn't know it was so late." He began to feel more like himself, more responsible and reasonable. "Oh, well, the Go-devil can make it in half an hour — if we speed."

"Will that get us there by half-past eleven?"

"I think so."

They turned into the side street, and went on to the garage where Julian had left his car. There stood the Go-devil. But, as they came up, the young fellow on night duty got between them and it.

"Say," he began, "I'm awful sorry, but ——"

"What's the matter?" Julian interrupted the fellow, starting into the garage to look at the roadster.

"Why — you see — a man drove into your machine ——"

"Break anything?"

"Busted a hole in the radiator — and that's a fact," the young fellow admitted.

"Have you fixed it? No? How long will it take, then? We haven't got any time to spare."

"Why, I couldn't do it — all alone. Can't be repaired till tomorrow morning. 'Course we're responsible. We'll fix it then and not charge you a cent — but ——"

"It's got to be done tonight." Julian pushed him aside and looked at the ragged hole stove in the Go-devil's radiator.

"Got far to go?"

"About twenty miles. You'll have to let me have another machine."

"Well — that's just it," the boy at his elbow seemed very much upset. "There ain't a thing in the garage I could give you. Say, you ain't just got to be home tonight, have you? Couldn't you 'phone your folks — and stay over?"

Lynnie made no answer. Julian straightened up finally, saying:

"It would take two hours to fix that anyhow."

"They'll go right at it first thing in the morning," the boy assured him. "The repairs won't cost you a cent — nor staying over." The telephone rang. "I'll bet that's Bob now. The show's out, he's got home, and his wife's told him about you, and he's ringing up to see how we fixed it. Excuse me a minute while I answer him."

He went and left the two standing by the injured machine.

"You said you were going to 'phone Mrs. Jordan if you got delayed or anything," Julian began haltingly. "Why couldn't we just tell her that — that Alma missed you some way getting back, and — well, we could say — I don't know where we'll tell her you were staying."

They stood in the door facing the street. Lynnie looked up and down it a minute; then spoke in the same odd, hushed tone.

"Alma's grandmother lives up there at the head of Sixth. That's where I went with Alma when we first got in town this evening. I could tell Mrs. Jordan I was staying there tonight. I suppose I really could go there — but it's pretty late, and ——"

"All right — Alma's grandmother's — that's what we'll say," Julian stopped her hastily. The boy was getting back.

"It was the boss instead of Bob," he explained. "Boss says for you to go to the San Pablo House, and send him the bill. It won't cost you a cent, and it won't cost him a cent. He'll make Peters pay. To tell the truth, Peters was pretty well lit up; both circuits on, or he never would have run into your machine. Want to use the 'phone to let your folks know?"

"No, thank you," said Julian.

They stepped out on the sidewalk together. Now Lynnie clung to his arm indeed — and there was no need to ask why. A late moon was up; the streets of San Pablo stretched under it, white and vacant. They passed more than one motor waiting at the curb with the sign, "For Hire." The second said, "Carry you anywhere for a dollar." But no mention was made of getting home in this way. Not a word passed between them till they were at the drug store on the corner across from the San Pablo House; then Julian stopped.

"Better 'phone from in here."

They went in. Julian stood by and heard Lynnie get Mrs. Jordan and make her statements. Then:

"Yes. In the morning. Just as soon as I can." A little pause, and, "Oh — on the stage — yes. Of course I'll come on the stage — that's the only way I could come — now."

She listened long, then covered the mouthpiece with her hand, looking around at him with large, frightened eyes.

"She wants me to go and see the doctor at the hospital, and ask him if they can take Lena there, and how soon. She says she's

Just an Ordinary Chap

By Margaret Wentworth

HE was just an ordinary chap. There are millions like him in America.

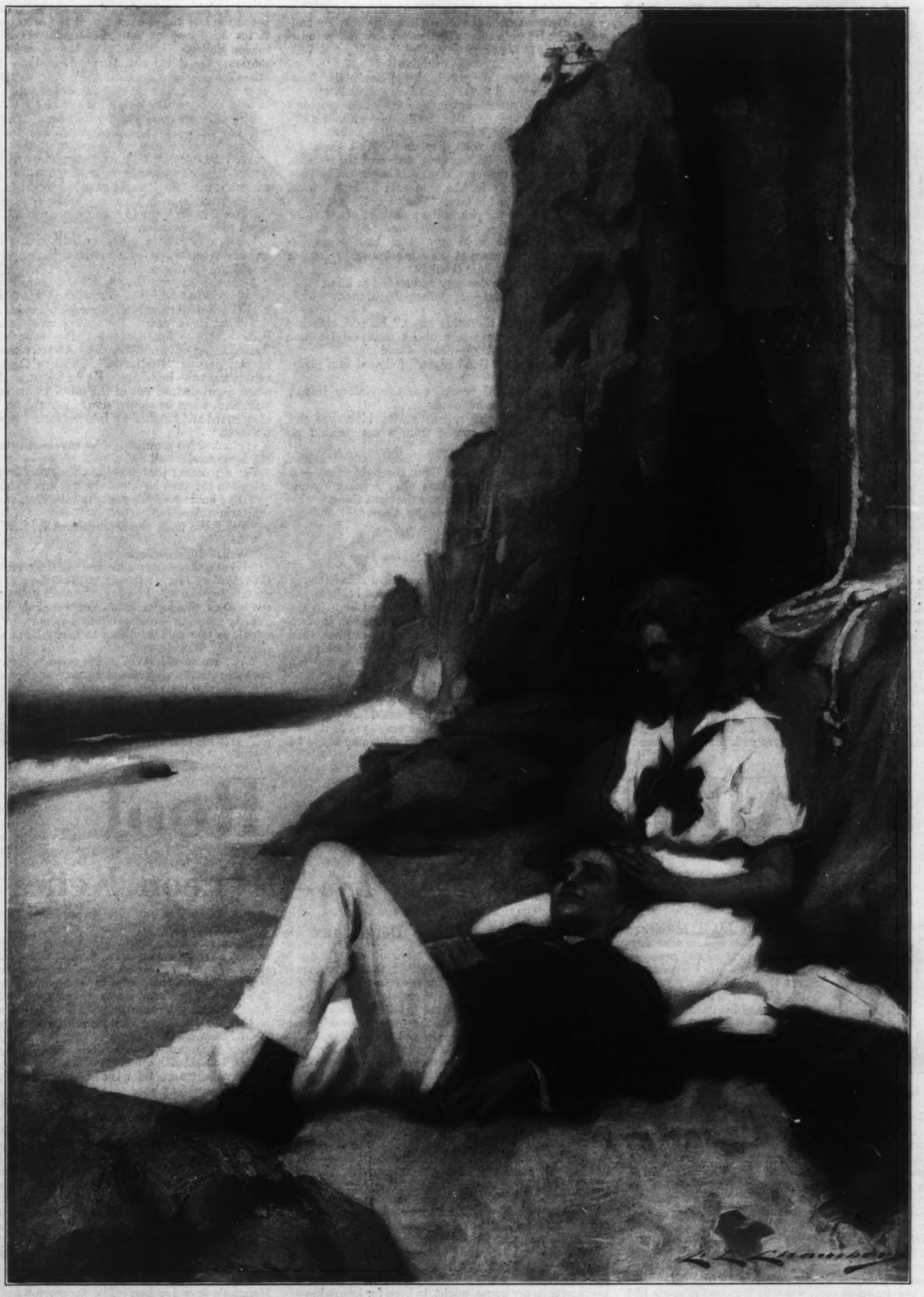
He liked three square meals a day and a soft bed at night, and gay socks and ties, and a close game of baseball. He was good to his folks and openhanded with the fellows; but there was a little savings bank account growing because some day he was going to marry the Only Girl. He liked his job and bragged about the big company he worked for, but he looked at the clock now and then, in the late afternoon. But he was honest and steady and he was to get a raise the first of July and marry the Only Girl.

And then the United States declared war.

He put on khaki and strapped on his shoulders a heavy knapsack which would never contain a marshal's baton; he slept in a tent with nine others and ate beans and hardtack; and then he kissed the folks and the Only Girl good-by and went to France. And he knew that if he were wounded or killed there, it would mean only a line of small print in the papers, for

He was just an ordinary chap.

Thank God there are millions like him in America!



After a while Lynnie began to pass her little hand over his hair. "Does that bother you?" she asked timidly

been trying to get him — and can't. What shall I tell her?"

"Say you'll go. Find out where it is, and we'll go now."

"Mrs. Jordan," Lynnie uncovered the telephone, spoke into it and then listened. "Oh, no, ma'am," with a litttle catch of the breath. "Alma's grandmother hasn't got any 'phone. We're at a drug store. Listen, Mrs. Jordan: I'll go and see the hospital man, right now. I'll do the best I can. No, ma'am, I won't miss the stage."

"I was afraid she'd ask you to have some of the people you were staying with come to the 'phone," Julian said when Lynnie joined him tremblingly.

"I was afraid of that, too, for a minute. But they haven't any 'phone in the house; and anyhow she didn't. The hospital address is 76 Castro Street. Shall we go there now?"

"Yes. Now."

All the way along the street, up the hill toward Castro, Lynnie talked a little sometimes, but Julian never said a word. He couldn't. Waiting outside at the hospital while she went in and saw the doctor, he felt like a helpless stick of driftwood driven round and round in a whirlpool. There she came, down the steps. She was running toward him. Her hand was on his arm. She was saying:

"They'll take Lena. One of his 'phones was out of order. He'll let Mrs. Jordan know by the other. I was glad he couldn't ring her up while I was there — somehow. She's not to bring Lena till next Sunday. It's kind of charity, you know."

"Yes," said Julian. "Yes."

They started down the hill. It was only at her "Not quite so fast, Julian," that he noticed how she was almost running to keep up with him. Why, he was hurrying her off her feet. Of course she wasn't scared — not scared of him. He leaned toward her, as they walked on more slowly, and whispered:

"It's only Julian. It's me. I'll take care of you —" Trying to comfort her, to reassure her, while he shook from head to foot, while his throat closed up, silencing speech.

The din and confusion in his own mind never slackened. He believed she *was* crying. He stopped, there in the dark, steep little street, took her by the shoulders and turned her to the light that came from an electric far down the way. Such a look in her face! She trusted him utterly.

"I'm not scared — of you," she whispered against his cheek.

A moment he held her so while the world swam away. Then, struggling against the engulfing tide:

"Lynnie — Lynnie — don't!" he begged. He'd got to answer that trust in her eyes with something decent — something manly. What if he offered to take her up to that woman's house — Alma Bruckner's grandmother? He didn't know he had spoken till he found her clinging to him, crying:

"So late at night — what would they think?"

"Well — I can take you back to 'Restlands,' then. In a hired auto. I could have taken you that way all the time. I should have done it. You wouldn't be afraid to go on down to the hotel — without me?"

"I — I guess not," in a little, startled voice.

"Tell them just what happened. Tell them I'll come for you in the morning and pay the — No, better take the money and pay in advance." Then as she wonderingly let the gold coin lie in her hand trying to see into his face, "You've no luggage, you know. I'll come for you in the morning — in time for the stage, and —"

That was all he could say. They had been walking forward; they were at the side entrance to the San Pablo House now where the lights were.

She turned in the doorway and looked at him.

"Where —? What —?" she began, and then couldn't finish.

"I'll just go to the other hotel," he said, glancing away. "Don't you worry about me. I'll be here for you in the morning — dear. Good night."

Her whispered, "Good night," followed him plaintively.

Down Alviso, and across, was the Nalbro House, in a slatternly frame building.

A fat old man with round, staring blue eyes and sagging pink cheeks roused from a nap behind its desk to show him to a room.

Julian staggered over to a chair by the window, without seeing it. He had done the right thing — if the right thing could be done after keeping Lynnie in town this way. He had done the right thing.

He put his head down on the windowsill and sat there motionless till morning.

Chapter VIII — A Stolen Day

THE down-the-coast stage from San Pablo left very early. There was no trouble about being awake for it. Shortly after daylight Julian had been to the office of the San Pablo House to tell the porter to warn him when it was ready, sent the boy to call her, then himself prowled in the corridor, wretched, looking at her door, not knowing whether he should go and tap on it.

Then all at once it opened — and there she stood. For a moment he just stared at her, and couldn't speak, seeing how white her little pointed face was, how big and dark and piteous were the gray eyes in it.

Out in front of the hotel on the sidewalk, where he found a high, weeping fog, almost like rain, he remembered too late that he ought to have been careful not to let the driver see him. This man was a link with Siloam Valley. He didn't seem to be paying much attention. He called something about there being no other passengers and went on into the post-office next door to get his mail sacks. Julian took that moment to help his poor little girl to her seat.

The flat top gave slight protection. They hadn't put the curtains up — because it was "only fog." He was sick with remorse to remember that the stage would take her only to the corner above "Restlands." Such a long way to walk — nothing but white slippers to walk it in — the thought gave him an acute, physical pang. And she hadn't had any breakfast!

"You'll never want to see my face again," he whispered to her tragically.

What a strange, mysterious little smile there was on her lips as she reached down from the vehicle, patted his shoulder and breathed, "O-oooh, Julian — the idea!"

After she was gone he walked about till it was time for a breakfast which almost choked him, then paid his bill and went round to the garage to get his machine.

The car stood ready. He got in it and started home. Sometimes the fog drove like fine rain, sometimes floated in smoky gray wreaths. At ten o'clock, when he was passing "Restlands," it was so thick that he couldn't see the buildings. He had gotten almost by when a girl dodged out of the misty chaparral by the way, and, when he slowed down, jumped on the running board and laughed up into his face. It was Rose Daggett.

He looked his question. She answered in words.

"Lynn made it all right."

For a moment that was the only thing he paid any attention to; then he found she was still speaking.

"D'ye know Jordan's going to take Lena over to the sanitarium Sunday?"

"Yes. We made the arrangement for her."

"Well?"

"Well?" Julian echoed.

"What's the matter with you? Don't you see that the rest of us'll have a free day then — if we've got sense enough to take it? She says she can't be home before ten o'clock Sunday night. You be along here early Sunday morning — and you'll find Lynnie. I'll fix it."

"Have you said anything to her? Does she know about it? Will she go?"

"Aw, come off! Will a fish swim? You be here on time; that's all you got to do," she jeered as she dropped from the running-board.

Julian drove ahead; the sense of relief was almost painful. A whole day with Lynnie — and so soon!

He got to the ranch and found a damp rag of a note pinned to his tent curtains in old [*Continued on page 71*]

All Under One Roof

Another Delightful Story of Jewish Life — by Leon Kelley

Mr. Kelley

HERMAN LICHTMAN and Rosie Kirschbaum were married. When Herman unexpectedly met Rosie in a Forty-second Street theatrical agency in New York, Herman seeking there an act for one of his chain of movie-theatres and Rosie seeking a position on the vaudeville stage, and after Rosie banged the door almost in Herman's astounded face, telling him first that he was about the best hearted fellow on earth, Herman rushed downstairs, caught Rosie in the street, kissed her publicly, and persuaded her to get into his four-cylinder Overwell-Detroit touring-car.

Together they rode uptown to Rosie's upset-prior-to-moving winter apartment, off Riverside Drive. They bundled up Mrs. Kirschbaum, who wept happily upon beholding Herman again, in the new rôle of a rescuing angel, and wafted the excited old woman away in the four-cylinder to their quaint (though quite modernized) little town out on Long Island.

It happened that Mrs. Kirschbaum had expected to move out that very day, but her journey had been planned by way of the rambling, sooty railroad — with its jerky trains of cars, worn to the bone in spots like some of her own furniture at home — *not* in a motor car! This was indeed a surprise.

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

They arrived in Pearl Street, at the Kirschbaum bungalow, freshly renovated for the return of Rosie and her mother, much as it they were ending a long tour rather than the brief jaunt from town — Rosie cuddled beside Herman in front, and the tonneau overflowing with valises, bundles, hatboxes and the smiling, chattering Mrs. Kirschbaum, all piled in together, the ungainly bulk of the latter tucked snugly beneath a great plaid blanket.

Mrs. Kirschbaum was a changed woman, who for the past several weeks had been crying and fretting about her "bum luck"—the tragedy resulting from the "leak" charges against Barney Finkelstein, that gentleman's suicide and the crash of his big brokerage establishment. Although she was discreet enough not to mention his name now, she thought how glad she was that Barney Finkelstein's son, "that skinny Max Finkelstein," his "twelf-cylinder" automobile and his high-handed stock speculations were all gone forever.

Rosie and her mother spent the night at their bungalow. She was married to Herman the next morning.

"We should all live under one roof, now, Rosie," Herman announced. "I'll get the bungalow rented furnished—except what little your mama wants to move over to my house, might, to keep for keepsakes — and you two could use the rent for pin money!"

But all of that happened in the early spring. It was now autumn, and just because it's true that the best laid plans of mice and movie-theatre owners oft go astray, Herman awoke to the alarming fact that everything was not running as smoothly as he could wish. He had been too occupied with his chain of show houses to settle his keen brown eyes on the undercurrents circulating among the members of his household. Also, he had not yet rented Mrs. Kirschbaum's bungalow in Pearl Street.

Thus it is that persons often apply themselves so closely to that distant vision that the trifles at hand run too easily amuck for the want of a mere glance of attention now and then.

The ruddy summer — the first of their marital life — had been all that Herman had planned.

"I can't get no time to go honeymooning," he had told Rosie on their wedding day. "Bus'ness is only commencing! We'll stay home and honeymoon, huh? Anyhow, that's a crazy idea to go honeymooning somewhere for two weeks and then get back home and scrap for a few years, till all the scrap's scrapped out of you! No! If we start happy *at home*, then we can keep right on!"

And they had been happy enough, until now. The slender, dark-eyed Rosie had rounded out a little more, and had regained her health with "a good rest in the country and nice home cooking," as suggested by the ever prudent Herman; and hence the deepening of Herman's love for her. The success of his theatres had sustained Herman's generosity and good-naturedness; and so Rosie's love had become fuller, too.

Rosie gave a tiny squeak. "Listen, Ma," she cried.

The houses in Herman's street differed from those in most the streets of the quaint town. How different, too, from the *jüdengasse* his father had known in youth! Instead of bristling up fifteen feet from the sidewalk, they sat lazily back some hundred feet or more, each stretching out a sweep of lawn as a fat man stretches out his legs in a steamer-chair, with plenty of room. The farther back from the street a house is, the more dignity it attaches to itself. In short, Herman's new house was on that side of the town known as the "swell side."

It was shaped along the lines of modern Long Island architecture: buff stucco siding, cut into precise panels by flat moldings stained an apple green; a low, wide veranda with fat, stuccoed pillars, along the front and one side; colonial windows; wide, exterior chimneys; and a roof shingled in wavy lines that rounded over the eaves, giving it a sort of thatchy look. There had been some stunted cedars growing on the land; several of these remained standing; and many shrubs and bushes were scattered about. Here was old Flanders, our own early South, prim New England and Normandy—all rolled into one! At the back stood a tidy garage to match. To Herman, who had been raised in the near vicinity of Cooper Union, it was a glorious palace.

Indoors, the rooms were also representative: a reception-hall of ye merrie England, with its hospitable fireplace; in the dining-room, the plate rails of the Dutch; low ceiling and rafters in the library, arranged as an idealized Alaskan cabin; a culinary department that was a miniature of the one in the Waldorf-Astoria — a bath that was a miniature of Fleischman's! Ah, the melting-pot idea has struck even our architects!

Mingled with the lavish flood of Herman's new furniture, some of mahogany, some of wicker and some expensively covered, there squatted, in the hall, Mrs. Lichtman's alien antique sofa, swelling its legs like a wise old toad, smirking up with its faded red covering at its next neighbor, a proud Victrola, latest model, cabinet grand; and on the wall along the white colonial staircase there hung two portraits of patriarchal looking progenitors; there rested, in the library, a great protuberant-globed, bright-colored oil lamp and a broken vase, choked with fluffy cat-tails, and on the dining-room floor there was spread a wonderful old Persian rug, an heirloom from Mr. Lichtman's side.

Herman's mother was of Mrs. Kirschbaum's bulky proportions, but her arms were thicker and shinier, bespeaking greater physical labor. Mrs. Lichtman's feet were longer, too, and they turned up in front,—which afforded Mrs. Kirschbaum no little amusement of her own. Her visage was rugged, her eyes deep-set, sharp and brown, her cheeks a bit jowly and covered, as was her lip, with a delicate black down. Her voice was masculine, and she spat words with as much conviction as any one of those successful merchants of a certain type you meet so much nowadays, though at times she did feel embarrassed by her command of the tongue. She cherished a vast love for her home, her husband and her son, but at the rest of the world she stuck out a cynical tongue.

One afternoon, when golden leaves were falling, Mrs. Lichtman wheeled her paralytic husband in his high-backed, rubber-treaded wheel-chair, through the Alaskan library to the screened part of the veranda, at the side of the house. There she would leave him and return to the miniature Waldorf-Astoria kitchen to help the cook prepare supper by fixing (with her own hands!) some cold red cabbage sliced in vinegar, for her Herman. The setting sun, filtering through a stubby cedar, scattered a dappled red glow on the veranda.

Israel Lichtman, quondam violinist in a New York theatre's orchestra, had been her care for many years, since the paralysis had shriveled up his whole left side, doubling him into a useless knot of a man. He reclined perpetually in this wheel-chair of his, yearning to finger the old fiddle hanging in its green plush bag, fondling it now and then with his stiff hands, reading his books, patiently awaiting death. His parchment-like face was almost hidden in a white beard. He always wore a velvet-collared smoking jacket and a black silk skull-cap; and a woolen shawl was always laid across his pipestem legs. A great spirit shone from his eyes. He was a rare student — a *maskil*. To Herman, he was an oracle.

Mrs. Lichtman wheeled him to the end of the porch.

"Here? All right here, Iz?"

"Yes, I'm all right, Rachel." Mr. Lichtman's voice was softly hollow, his words deliberate and well accented.

"Now I got to go fix supper, Iz — before *she* comes buttin' in."

"Rachel, do you mean Sadie?"

"Sa-die? Yes, I do mean *Missis Koischbaum* — who then? She t'inks she's a cook, always snoopin' around my kitchen!"

"Ah, Mrs. Kirschbaum is a good woman, Rachel."

"Iz! What's 'he matter wit' you! *Ai!* She's a — a —— *Nu*, she *ain't!* That's what *I* t'ink!"

Mr. Lichtman winced. "She seems to be a good-hearted woman," he persisted, but to obviate a retort he at once conceded: "Perhaps I don't know it all, though; perhaps I ——"

"I guess you don't! I guess maybe there *ain't* some things I could tell you! Oh, no! Iz, she's a high lifer!"

"Of course you are entitled to your own opinion," he replied, dipping expressively into his book. But Mrs. Lichtman was not so easily dismissed.

"Maybe I am! What does she care about our Hoim — except his money and a roof *über* her own head and a good husband for her Rosie!"

"'Sh-h-h! Rosie is a good wife, Rachel."

"*Pfui!* Rosie a good wife! Almost as soon I'd 'av' seen my Hoim marry a *shiksah!* The only t'ing she ever done was to ride in high life autos and dance all the time. I ask you — can she sew *und* cook? What would *she* efer do wit' a baby? She's no good; that's what *I* t'ink!"

"Hush, Rachel! Rose is a splendid girl. Thanks to Herman's remarkable success it is unnecessary for her to sew or cook. *If she had to, she would!* As for babies — all women know how to take care of them. Wait and see!" In his eye was a happy vision of the day when he would be "*zèdè*"!

"*Nu* — maybe Rosie *ain't* so bad! . . .But her *mutter! Pfui!* Did you know she ain't been at *shool* once on *Shabbos* all summer long? Did you know when you close your eyes and *bensch* at table before dinner starts she only looks around and grins?"

"Rachel! Cease, for the love of heaven!"

"So! And you stick up for her? *Ach*, my poor, blind *maskil*. No, I guess you *don't* know all!" Mrs. Mrs. Lichtman plunged a shiny fist into her apron pocket and held up a folded envelope. "Two days since it comes! A letter for Rosie from that Max Finkelstein feller what eloped wit' all their gamble money they won in Wall Street. See — on the outside it says: 'Return to Mi-ster Finkelstein,' and it says he's in Cal'foina — Loz Ang'lees! Maybe there *ain't* somet'ing doin', huh?"

"Where did you get that?"

"The letter man — who then?"

"And you didn't deliver it to Rose?" he asked.

"*Nit!*"

"Why not?"

"Because — I'm keeping it, see? Wait yet a while. Somet'ing will show her up right. Then, might, Hoim will see this letter for evidence in case maybe he wants to get even in a court."

"Did you — have you read it?" Mr. Lichtman asked in a shocked tone.

"Of course I ain't. See — it ain't open yet."

"Rachel, give it to Rose. She's an honest girl — our very own daughter, Rachel, and if there's anything wrong with it, she will put it to rights. You have no right to keep it. You have misunderstood Rosie and her mother, and if you go on this way you'll bring difficulties upon us. Misunderstandings always do. Rachel, please open your arms to these two good people who have come to dwell beneath our roof."

Mrs. Lichtman replied with a scornful laugh. "Say, Iz!" she said. "You keep on reading your books — *maskil!* — and maybe you'll lose what little backbone you got left. You t'ink I'm not going to stick up for our Hoim's rights? I tell you, maybe you *don't* know. It's underhand dealings — that's what. I can tell. She — Sa-die — *she's* always saying somet'ing about that Max Finkelstein feller. He's on her mind all the time; I can tell. She says to me, 'Oh, my! Maxie would 'av' come to dinner in a dinner soot tonight;' or else, 'Maxie, you wouldn't see *him* treat a wife like *that!*'— or maybe, 'Max Finkelstein — *he* had a *ca-a-ar!*' T'ings like that she's all the time sayin' to me. It's Max Finkelstein *this* — Max Finkelstein *that!* . . . Now comes this letter. I ain't blind — *I* can see two and two! . . . There's somet'ing up, you see! She's a schemer, that's what *I* t'ink!"

As she uttered these last words, Herman Lichtman stepped from the house and stood solidly on the veranda, smiling.

"Ah, *tatè!* Who's a schemer — who's she ripping down the back now, eh, papa?"

Mrs. Lichtman stuffed the letter, which she had been waving furiously, into her apron pocket. Mr. Lichtman started to stutter.

"We was talking about Missis Eppelsheimer *über* the street," Mrs. Lichtman lied calmly. "Yes — wasn't we, Iz?"

"Yes, mama, yes — Mrs. Eppelsheimer," Mr. Lichtman agreed timorously.

"Hoim, you been here long?" Mrs. Lichtman asked anxiously. "You just get home?"

"Yes. Rosie and me just got back from the beach — just now. Didn't you hear us come in?"

"*Ach*, no!" she exclaimed with relief. "That fine car of yours —it don't hardly make no noise, does it now? . . . Where's Rosie?"

"She went right upstairs."

"Oh! . . . Yes, how silent it goes now." Unthinkingly, she added: "And then *she* goes to voik and says it's only a *little* car! . . . The noive!"

"Who says that?" Herman demanded.

"Missis — now — Missis *Eppelsheimer!*" she blurted.

"Yes, Mrs. Eppelsheimer," Mr. Lichtman echoed timidly.

"*Nu* — I got to fix supper, Hoim," Mrs. Lichtman said nervously. "Don't talk to papa too much — he don't feel so well." She gave [*Continued on page 48*]

"Maybe there ain't somet'ing doin', huh?"

The War Beautiful

What Will Rich Men Do After the Great World Conflict? William Guggenheim Tells Us

by Cleveland Moffett

Part II

OUT of present war-miseries that are torturing the world we must believe that immense good is coming — justice and kindness between individuals and between nations, the emancipation of women, a greater safe-guarding of human life among the poor, an equalizing of opportunity for both sexes, an advance towards some universal religion that will make future wars impossible.

Our urgent need of soldiers, for example, has impressed us with the truth that the average American citizen, especially among the poor, is physically unfit.

"These men are round-shouldered, flat-chested, flat-footed, slab-sided and suffer from hernia, kidney trouble, defective hearts and a dozen other maladies that are the results of wrong living," declared a New York military examiner recently. "If the nation wishes healthy, upstanding citizens to fight its battles, let it produce such citizens. But if it denies to millions of poor children proper food, air, everything that children ought to have, it must expect just such a human harvest as we are reaping."

There is a practical war lesson from which the nation may derive unimaginable benefits. For reasons of national safety, it now becomes necessary that we reform our tenement system, our wage-system, our slum-system. And, in doing this, we may easily save more lives than the entire war will cost us, and bring happiness to untold future generations.

The End of Huge Fortunes

AS indicating a changed attitude on the part of certain very rich Americans and a desire on their part to be fair in considering rights and wrongs connected with the possession of great wealth, I may refer to a talk that I have had recently with a multimillionaire member of one of our great mine-owning families; I refer to William Guggenheim.

"I believe," he said, "that the end of this war will mark the end of huge fortunes. After Mr. Rockefeller it is likely that the world will never again see an accumulation of a thousand million dollars in the hands of one person."

"And yet the war has increased many old fortunes and created many new ones," I remarked. "I suppose the copper interests alone ——"

"Yes, yes," he nodded. "The copper interests have made thirty or forty new millionaires, war-millionaires; I admit that."

"And the Wall Street interests? The munition makers? The food speculators?"

"Of course, that is quite true, but they may not keep their accumulations. It is easy for war to take away what war has given — and much more."

"You mean by a progressive income tax?"

"Precisely. War is making us accustomed to the idea of profit-control. More and more people are asking, 'Why should *anybody* get more than a certain reasonable profit out of *any* enterprise?' As a matter of fact, why should they?"

This was a most surprising doctrine for a multimillionaire to be preaching.

"How about incentive to action?" I asked. "What motive will rich men have to organize and carry on great industries and business activities if you take away their dreams of wealth?"

"That is a good point, an excellent point," said Mr. Guggenheim. "All men, whether poor or rich, need some encouragement, some stimulation of ambition to make them put forth their best efforts, but, remember, it is not to accumulate further millions indefinitely that rich men work. As soon as a man has fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year to spend, he has about all that money can give him. What he wants after that is power. He continues to work for the joy he gets in the exercise of power. In the future our able rich men will find that joy in power by associating themselves with the government, for government is power.

"Thus far our able rich men have preferred to remain outside of the government and have amused themselves by personally operating vast money-making enterprises; but when the government takes over their enterprises or rigidly controls them, as it will, then these men will turn to the government and will find there an outlet for their ambition and abilities."

"You think that will be one of the great results of the war in America?"

"Yes, and one of the best results."

War establishes a new and lasting brotherhood among men, whether they be highly or lowly placed, whether they be saints or sinners. Just men!

Take ten Americans from different classes in society, five of them successful and honored, five not successful and not honored, and set them down in a battle trench fronting on that strange zone of horror, No Man's Land, that stretches from Switzerland to the sea. Does anyone imagine that the five successful and honored Americans will do better here than the other five? Will our Fifth Avenue exclusives face a rain of Pip Squeaks (baby shells, so named because, if you hear the *pip*, but not the *squeak*, that means that you are dead) or the shattering blast of Jack Johnsons more bravely than the lads from our farms and our factories?

No; nor is the contrary true. War teaches us that it is not riches or poverty, not social position or the lack of it, not conspicuous ability or lack of it that determines how gallantly a man will offer his life for his country and his flag.

War gives us a truer understanding of human values. A battlefield is like that desert island in Barrie's play where the butler is revealed as the superior of his masters, a resourceful and courageous person, one who is *equal to the emergency*, yet in peace surroundings he is a butler. Why? Because in peace surroundings men of narrow and selfish vision tend to emerge, but in times of crisis, in times of war, men of different vision come forward, men of better and nobler vision.

It is certain that war brings forth *great* men, whose particular talents would never have been revealed to the world in times of peace.

What was Ulysses S. Grant but a hopeless failure until war claimed him as a hero and a race-deliverer? What would have become of Abraham Lincoln's greatness had fate required him to serve through a placid administration like that of, say, Rutherford B. Hayes? And Admiral Dewey? Who was Dewey on April 30, 1898?—"An obscure Commodore in a second rate navy," as one of his fellow-officers described him; but on May 1, 1898, he was "*the most conspicuous man in the world!*"

How We Escaped Only a Few Years Ago

SPEAKING of Admiral Dewey I have it on the authority of one of our distinguished naval officers who himself took part in the battle of Manila Bay that we were so perilously near to war with Germany at that time as to make one shiver at the thought of what might have happened.

"Let me tell you one thing," said this officer to me recently, "I scarcely dared to whisper it for years. If the Spanish commanding officer hadn't been a d—d fool, if he had massed his fleet under the powerful fortifications of Manila instead of making his stand seven miles away at Cavite, this naval battle would have had a different issue and our fleet would have gone to the bottom of the Pacific. That would have changed the whole course of world events, for Germany would have immediately joined with Spain and made war against the United States."

War is like love or like religion, in that it creates in men an ecstasy, a physical and spiritual exaltation that enables them to achieve and endure far more than they ever previously in times of peace were able to endure and achieve. And men remember this afterward all their lives and are able again, in times of crisis, to draw upon these hidden powers which war has revealed to them. We did this once, they say; we bore this once — we can do it and bear it again!

The mention of war-ecstasy recalls an amusing incident in the early period of present hostilities. It was when the English army began to arrive on the continent bringing help to hard-pressed France. With the soldiers came thousands of London busses for transport needs, huge motor vehicles plastered over with advertising signs just as they had been hurriedly collected from Piccadilly and the Strand. And among these signs was the flaring announcement of "Potash and Perlmutter," an American play that had been running successfully in the English capital.

When the French soldiers saw these busses and read the strange names their enthusiasm passed all bounds. They understood that these were the names of great generals who were to command the English armies, and straightway thousands of *poilus*, in a delirium of joy, began to shout: "*Vive le General Potash! Vive le General Perlmutter!*"

We Americans might do well to imitate these war-enthusiasms of the French — hear their frantic shouts, "*Vive les Sammies!*" "*Atta Boy!*" as our soldiers march through the streets of Paris — and reveal more clearly and more frequently the deep patriotic feelings that we hide in our hearts. Let us do more cheering, applauding, singing, flag-waving. Let us show our loyalty to the Stars and Stripes on all possible occasions.

What the Huns Think of Us

"THE Huns are confident that Americans are a sordid race," cried a Liberty Loan orator at one of Billy Sunday's New York meetings. "They believe that Yankees will not or cannot fight. They call us a nation of slackers. Shall we show them their mistake? Shall we?"

Never shall I forget the fierce roar of voices as seventeen thousand Americans sprang to their feet and shouted defiance to the Hun and all his abominations. That is the sort of thing we need in this country.

"To hell with the pennant!" cried a prominent baseball manager the other day when his star players were drafted. "It's the world's championship of freedom that we're after now!"

The other evening I heard a New York street speaker make a vicious attack on England, our ally, and I felt ashamed of myself afterward that I did not, then and there, openly protest.* No doubt scores of listeners felt the same silent indignation, but this is no time for silence. We must stand for the patriotic faith that is in us and speak out boldly whenever that faith is slurred or assailed.

It is our duty to cultivate a spirit of militant patriotism; mere politeness should not cause us to tolerate disloyalty or take part in conversations where there is any belittling of American efforts to win the war, or any grumbling pessimism as to the Administration's wisdom and ability in carrying on the war.

Let us be resolute optimists and constitute ourselves members of a great society for *seeing the best, saying the best, believing the best!*

While the world has suffered a huge material loss through the war, yet there has been much material gain. There has been immense progress, born of necessity, in intensive agriculture and a realization of what the waste places of the earth may be made to produce by better methods of cultivation. There has been immense progress in chemistry and in many branches of manufacture. The war has forced men to do the impossible and surpass their wildest dreams in countless forms of achievement. Battlefield emergencies have brought forth miracles in surgery and medical treatment that will endure as blessings to the race in times of peace. For example, the discovery of an anti-toxin for gangrene gas bacillus, recently announced by the Rockefeller Institute.

And the airplane! Beyond all prophecies of inventors war-needs have forced developments in the art of controlled human flight. The maximum speed of peace airplanes has been doubled by the exigencies of battle, and their maximum ascending power has been increased tenfold.

"Fifty years of peace," declares an expert, "could scarcely have done as much for the permanent conquest of the air as these three years of war have done."

And the submarine! Cursed [*Continued on page 76*]

*Since this was written, Mr. Moffett has openly protested at just such a meeting on a New York street corner. He was haled to court by a policeman, but honorably discharged — and praised for his patriotism — by Magistrate Murphy.

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Mme. Petrova

MME. PETROVA, the famous Polish star, has formed her own company, The Petrova Picture Company, for the production of her own pictures in her own studios under her own supervision. Mme. Petrova is the most distinguished figure in motion pictures and she has won her brilliant position entirely through merit. As head of her own company she will receive the largest salary ever paid a motion picture actress

Birmingham: Assistant to Uncle Sam

by Edward Mott Woolley

DOWN in Birmingham one night I stood on the roof of a twenty-seven story building and scanned the circle of fire that surrounded this southern Pittsburg. The lurid heavens typified the city, for Birmingham is a town of fierce endeavor. It has grown out of the daring and passions of men, and no poet could make a lyric of this city of iron and steel. The tale is heroic.

Fifty thousand grimy men in and around Birmingham are now concentrating their energies in the production of coal and metal, which lie at the base of modern war. Here is an industrial centre on which the nation may well turn its anxious eyes at this crisis. Now, if ever, must we appreciate the extraordinary organization of the steel industry that enables it to accomplish unbelievable things in an incredibly short time. We stand in awe at the colossal implements that make for us the materials for ship plates, rails, armor, shells or cannon.

Birmingham is inextricably tied up to iron and steel. It is a town of titanic things, far out of proportion to its population of two hundred thousand. Around its circumference is built a rim of monster machinery that does the work a million men could not do by themselves; and this machinery is spectacular to the point that appals.

Birmingham is constantly in the pyrotechnics of war. Out in the steel plants blinding storms of sparks are continually brewing. You find rivers of molten metal that scarcely ever run dry, day or night, and furnaces that are always devouring ore and coke, and calling with giant voices for more.

Restless waves of people roll in upon Birmingham, and many of them roll out again, seeking fresh industrial adventures. Migratory thousands come and go — but many stick. In ten years the city has doubled its population, and the city is hard-pressed with its human problem.

If ever a city were entitled to fame, it is this one. Akron, whose story I told recently in McCLURE'S, had fame thrust upon it. Birmingham fought for it. The tragedies of many men lie back of this great town that was built to order.

If I were bent on a conventional write-up I should not be lacking in material or superlatives, and I could begin with assorted statistics of population and industries. Its buildings and broad congested streets stamp it as a metropolis. There are a million-dollar hotel and a two-million-dollar railroad terminal, and Birmingham claims her apartment-houses to be the most luxurious in the South.

Down in the heart of the city are groups of sky-scrapers that would look well on Broadway; and the people talk about their canyon of buildings and their White Way, and of the day when there will be a million people there. This day seems likely to come. The business men down there are fighting for what will be a Greater Birmingham in reality. The Chamber of Commerce and Civic Association, as well as other organizations, are studying the forces that make modern cities. They feel that Birmingham must have a population more evenly balanced, and they are getting more and more manufacturers who take iron and steel produced in the district and fabricate it into articles of commerce.

Alabama supplies a third as much pig iron as the Pittsburg district. This means relatively more to Alabama, however, because here they actually dig out of the earth most of the things that go into steel making. The hills round about Birmingham are full of iron, coal and limestone. There is one plant that finds all its chief ingredients within gunshot of its furnaces.

Out in the Birmingham district are hundreds of men who make deadly by-product chemicals — war chemicals, some of them. There are sulphuric acid, ammonia, benzol, toluol, and other tar products. Here we find a curious centre of many things that enter into this war. The gases from coal lead ultimately to trinitrotoluol, the most powerful explosive known.

Here also you find quarries of building stone, lumber, fire brick and cement plants, cotton mills, fertilizer factories, and water power. Birmingham is in the centre of cotton, which goes so extensively into high explosives.

The biggest of the corporations is the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, which is part of the United States Steel Corporation. The Pratt coal interests are huge, and other large concerns are the Sloss-Sheffield, Gulf States Steel, Woodward Iron, and Republic Iron and Steel Company. They represent hundreds of millions of dollars invested, and the weekly payroll of the Birmingham district is more than a million dollars. Wages have been raised repeatedly of late. Some of these companies run monster commissaries, where everything used by their people may be bought, from furniture to ice-cream. To buy there, however, is no longer compulsory.

The United States will probably make fifty million tons of steel this year. It will weigh ten times as much as all the people in the nation. Thus we see Birmingham in a new light. We can half appreciate the immensity of the pressure upon it, and can understand that in any human studies we make of Birmingham we are always studying the organization of steel — which must win the war for us.

THIS is the second article in this great series on "The Fame of the Cities." Read about the Pittsburg of the South. Next month: New York — which even New Yorkers do not know!

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

Birmingham is helping this country to fight a war, and for three years all its sinews have been tight in the gigantic struggle to produce more steel

The story of Birmingham is romantic from its inception. It was founded in 1871 by John T. Milner, a civil engineer who had been making explorations for a railroad. His course took him along the top of Red Mountain, where he waded ankle deep in the red dust. It looked like iron, so he took some of it to chemists. They confirmed his belief.

Milner was a man of imagination. In his mind he saw a mighty city rising out of that heavy dust, and he set out to make his dream come true.

Another railroad was also surveying a line through that country, at the head of which was a man named Stanton. The two surveys crossed each other in Jones' Valley, so Milner proposed that both railroads together get options on four thousand acres at the juncture. This they did.

As I get the story, the Stanton crowd secretly decided to own all the town instead of half, and surreptitiously got options on another large tract near by. It was a more powerful crowd than Milner's, and believed it could control the founding of the town.

When Milner discovered this he said nothing, but immediately began all sorts of curious surveys throughout the adjacent valley. For weeks he ran lines here and there, and covered the whole territory with stakes. These tactics so puzzled the other crowd that they feared to take up their options.

These options were to expire on a certain day at noon in case payment was not made at a bank in Montgomery. The day came and the Stanton agent did not appear. A few seconds before noon in walked Milner, and at the stroke of the hour one hundred thousand dollars in cash was laid down. Milner had secured the financial aid of powerful men, and thus he got control of the enemy's land, which became the site of the present city of Birmingham.

Then was organized the Elyton Land Company, of which Colonel James R. Powell, a Virginian, became president. He had been a pony express rider, an owner of stage coach lines, and a daredevil of pioneer business. His ideas of publicity were spectacular.

One of the things he did was to get the Alabama Press Association to come to the wretched little camp of Birmingham and hold its annual meeting. To accomplish this enterprise he sent out flaming invitations declaring the town to be a veritable Mohammed's paradise of lovely women. He laid this on so strongly that the Alabama scribes fell over one another to get down there.

Meanwhile Powell laid his wires to have himself elected an honorary member, and the [*Continued on page 55*]

She reached the counter, and saw Pete — the one man who was her own

For the Zelda Bunch

by Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

Mr. Lewis

UNDOUBTEDLY you have been in the Zelda Self-service Lunch Room, and noted that the crullers are hard and the coffee bitter. But probably you have never studied the waiters, who stand behind the counter, with its napoleons and ham sandwiches and a red pyramid of soup cans. You recall them only as young men who slam plates on the counter, and bawl out to the kitchen, "Two roast beef working."

Go back to the Zelda, humbly, and see if the waiters are not broken-winged gods.

If you have never been in the Zelda, at least you know the block in which it is located, because you can find that same block in every city in the country; in Chicago, on Madison Street; in New York on Sixth Avenue, or Fourth; in Minneapolis and San Antonio, New Orleans and Lynn. There is a saloon on the corner, then a shoe-shine parlor, a delicatessen, a barber-shop, a confectionery, a haberdashery, a cigar-store, an undertaker, and a drug-store, with the Zelda a drab doorway in the middle.

The Zelda is a haunt of sauerkraut and frankfurters, of paper napkins, chairs with an alarming swelling of the right arm, linoleum scuffed through in circular holes, and a pinched light seeping in past the storage warehouse that bulks up across the street. Sunshine never reaches the back of the room, where a dirty-globed arc light scolds above the service counter.

But in the days when old Gatti was proprietor, the Zelda Lunch had the radiance of good-fellowship and happy work in every corner. You caught an infection of cheerfulness the moment you came in; you smiled at the cashier as she handed you a check; you told the counter waiter that it certainly was a fine day, as he ladled out the beans and slapped the bread before you with that imperative clatter of a porcelain plate on a marble slab.

The power which made the Zelda a gracious abiding-place was the kindliness of Gatti, the proprietor, and the loyal love given him by the staff — Stella, the cashier, Pete and Harvey and Charley and Sam, the waiters, Myrtle and Big Lena, the cooks, even the dish-washers and the extra 'bus. It is true that the staff were tired after the noon rush, the mob of clerks and garment-workers who jammed in front of the counter, pushing, reaching, growling for instant attention. But from three to five, when the only customers were motormen and chauffeurs and collectors, leisurely over coffee and coffee rings, the Zelda was as comfortable as an ancient doorstep in the October sun. Gatti, with Stella, the cashier, checked up accounts at a corner table. Gatti chuckled and told Stella she was one fine pretty girl, and she hummed "Daisy in the Daisy Meadows." Pete, the beau among the waiters, would roll his eyes at her from the counter, and yell, "Hey, Stella, you watch out or the boss will kidnap you. You wait till I get to be major dummy at the Hotel Mauretania, and I won't have anything to do with you hashers. Better grab me quick!"

Gatti would croak, "I betcha, Pete, I marry Stella any time I want to — if I can just get my old woman to let me." It being a known fact that Gatti's affection for his bed-ridden "old woman" was the rock of ages.

Big Lena, the second cook, would pop her merry frowsy head out of the kitchen, and bellow, "Say, boss, those cashiers don't know how to work. You marry wit' a good cook." Harvey would order Pete, "Me man, send for me limousine; it's time for me to take Lady Gwendolyn to tea." Oscar, the 'bus, would come jingling with a tray of shining water glasses, and Stella would hum and hum — incessant as a brook, but no more monotonous.

In such an atmosphere the staff became a welded comradeship, and Stella bloomed into beauty. She was an affectionate, round, smooth, soft-eyed, delicate-throated girl. Happiness was food and drink to her. As she sang of daisies, on the high stool 'ehind the cash register, something of daisy-like freshness and simplicity did veritably hang about her. She was quick in sympathy; and she jested with the customers as they paid their checks and selected toothpicks. Always, behind everything, was her love for Pete, the straight-backed, bold-voiced, laughing waiter.

Mr. Skidmore

Pete had to support the wife and children of his dead brother, but the sister-in-law was studying stenography, and would soon be able to take care of herself. Then, Stella knew, Pete would marry her. In his devotion she found not only a maiden exultation, but also security, a guarantee that life would never be cruel to her, as it was to so many girls in her boarding-house. Every Friday evening Pete took her to the movies, and she let him kiss her at her door. She pretended that she wasn't sure that she would marry him, but that was merely joy in being courted.

Already Pete had saved up enough money for the marriage license and the first instalment on the furniture. They held hands in corners, and squealed with the thrills of healthy young animals.

Then Gatti sold the Zelda Lunch; sold it to Balakas, owner of the Luxury Lunches, a string of six restaurants notorious among waiters for long hours and small pay. The Zelda staff had settled down to a life-long devotion to Gatti. They were incredulous when Gatti tottered in and told them that Balakas had bullied him into selling. He left them with work suspended, staring at one another like a gang of slaves sold Down the River.

Stella ran to the counter and whispered, "Oh, Petey, they say this Balakas is awful hard on his help. We've been so jolly together; I hope he won't start anything."

"He can't touch me and you, anyway, kid," boasted Pete. "You and me can always get jobs. You watch

me — I'll own a beanery myself, in five years, and Mrs. Pete can keep the books."

She laughed; she stared at him as though she were dreaming and only half saw him. She crooned in an abandonment of affection which could express itself only by scolding, "Yes, you bet I would, if I was married to you. I wouldn't trust you alone with pretty women customers for two minutes!"

"You're on, kid! Say, here's the only thing that's sweet as you are!" Pete tossed her a lump of sugar.

"Aah!" she scoffed. But she carried the sugar back to her desk, and when no one was looking, she kissed it.

BALAKAS was part Greek, part Minorcan, and wholly contemptuous. He was round and short and fat and greasy, surprisingly quick on his feet and surprisingly strong of hand. No matter how they are rated by Dun and Bradstreet, bosses are rated by their underlings as roarers, whiners, bluffers, and Nice Fellows. Balakas was a roarer.

He was introduced to the staff by Gatti. He bowed and beamed. For two days after taking over the ownership he did not appear; then, during the rush-hour, he came pushing through the customers, a thick, furious figure.

"Here, you!" he screamed at Stella, "stick those checks out at the edge of the desk, so people can get at 'em."

He bounced down to the service counter. "Come, get a hustle, get a hustle, get a hustle!" he ordered the four waiters, who for an hour had been twisting like circus acrobats amid the fumes of food. He caught Pete's sleeve, and dragged him into the kitchen.

"What do you mean, taking all day ladling gravy over a slab of roast beef?" he screamed. "Do you think this is a charity? You shove that stuff out quick!"

"Well, boss, we got to give the customers ——"

"You got to give the customers quick service, see? They're all kicking because you take so long."

"I never heard a customer kick ——"

"Then you're deef, you're deef, you're deef! Say, do you think your hearing is good enough to go on holding a job here, or do you want to go look for a new one?"

Pete tried to stare him down. Pete was young. He had never experienced the deliberate purpose to break down his will, the boss's disciplining of a slave. Balakas's eyes seemed dead between his long fatty lids. They did not waver. It was Pete's eyes that turned away as he muttered, "Gee, boss, I just meant I always try to please the customers."

"Well, you ain't going to please 'em by giving away a gallon of gravy with a twenty-cent order, see? Can I be allowed to have a little profit, heh? Got any objections to that, heh?"

"Why, gee, no ——"

"Then you gee-no back to the counter, and you give those bums what they pay for, and nothing more, see, and wise up the other waiters. Don't any of you get the idea that Balakas can't get along without you, see?"

Balakas whirled on the cooks and dish-washers. He cursed Myrtle for dishing out the roast pork in too large slices, and filling the bean-pots too full. He ordered Big Lena to give only two slices of bread not three, when she was serving from the middle of a loaf. In three minutes he rammed his way out, leaving an hysterical kitchen staff, and a bustling line of waiters. He stopped to watch Stella making change. He looked at her shrewdly.

With his voice softer he said to her, "I'm glad I got one person here that's quick in the fingers. Maybe I was too sudden about the checks, when I came in — I been walking too fast. You look like a good girl. See if you can't help me here — that bunch of hashers at the back are cheap kitchen mechanics. If you can put a little pep in them, maybe I'll make you manager."

"W-why, I'm afraid I couldn't. But Pete, the head waiter, would make a fine manager."

"He hadn't ought to talk to the customers so much — he's always passing the time of day."

"Well ——"

"And, say, miss; about this second dish-washer. He cleans the room out, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, see if you can't get him to clean it, then! He wastes his time polishing glasses, where the dirt won't show, and then he leaves the room dirty out here. Look at the dust behind that gum machine! And in that corner! And see the globe of that arc light."

He smiled at her, but his meaty forefinger pointed with a restless sureness, and as she followed the gesture, Stella saw that they had all become slack.

"Yes, that's so. I'll make Oscar clean better."

"That's right, lady. Maybe you think Balakas is a cranky fellow, but if he could just get some help like you, that tried to do their work, you'd find he had a good heart."

He raised his hat, and sailed out.

Through a gap among the customers grouped before the counter, Pete was looking toward her, and raising his hands in humorous despair. She did not understand. When the rush was over, the Zelda staff gathered at the kitchen door and discussed Balakas in frightened fury. Stella was surprised. She thought of the slovenliness Balakas had discovered, and believed that they were exaggerating about his injustice.

Pete was angry. "Do you mean to tell me you think that hog is a reasonable guy?" he demanded.

"You make me tired, Pete! Some folks are always knocking their bosses. Just like you used to make fun of poor old Gatti's hat. I have heard people knock Mr. Balakas, but he told me himself that he was crazy to find help that was ambitious."

"Oh, I make you tired, do I?" Pete stalked into the kitchen.

She tossed her head, and returned to her desk. All afternoon she waited for him to come and make peace. But he did not look her way. He was to be seen talking with Myrtle, the cook. For a long time Stella tried to be haughty, tried to hum "Daisy in the Daisy Meadows" nonchalantly. The song faltered. She felt lonely; left out of the group back there. She timidly smiled toward Pete when he was facing her way. He did not seem to see her. When Oscar, the 'bus, came out to scrub the floor, she suggested as gently as she could, "The boss says to clean that dust out from behind the gum machine, and to wash the globe on the arc light, Oscar."

The diminutive 'bus snorted at her, "The boss is lucky to have a good spotter like you here."

"Oh, Oscar!" she screamed, hurt as a school child accused of being a tattler.

Oscar sniffed, and went on cleaning, at least doing what Oscar conceived to be cleaning. Stella sat confused, wanting to be friendly with everybody, and not knowing how to do it. When Balakas came in, at four-thirty, to go over the accounts, it was a relief to have even his fat smile. She saw that Pete was glowering at them from the counter. "Very well! If Mr. Smarty Pete was going to accuse people of things that they'd never done, she'd show him!" She was deliciously cordial to Balakas. Her eyes lightened to his weighty jokes, her throat rounded with laughter, and she called off items in a clear, quick, joyous voice which seemed to inspirit him.

He did not press attentions on her, though, at leaving, he said, "I'm a tired fellow, all the time, and you cheer me up, miss. Good night."

Pete did not say "Good night." He passed her silently, at closing.

All evening she worried about Pete. She forgot that such a person as Balakas existed. If Pete could have seen her flaming mind he would have come to her, and knelt in adoration.

IT is a fact that by ceasing to be a friendly spot the Zelda Lunch became more profitable. The district was filling with garment shops, and the Jewish garment-workers did not waste time nor money on lunch. They wished to finish a sandwich quickly, and hasten out to talk of Russian politics and walk in groups. Many of Gatti's customers had been solid citizens, Italian proprietors of three bootblack stands, bartenders, butchers — sybarites who had lingered and lunched well. Now, as quickness of service increased, one leisurely soul who would have spent twenty-five cents was replaced by three hurriers who spent fifteen cents each. Whenever Stella suggested to Balakas that Pete and Myrtle had meant well in their careful slowness, he pointed out the increase in receipts.

She tried to align the rest of the staff. "Why don't you talk nice to Balakas?" she asked them.

They retorted, "Why don't he talk nice to us! You're the teacher's pet, that's what you are!"

She was a trusting body, given to affection and easy gaiety, and she was bewildered by the secret currents of hatred. She could never agree with the staff regarding Balakas, and Pete seemed to be more loyal to the staff than to her. She was distressed that her Pete, whom she had deemed so understanding, should not see the justice of Balakas's demand for quickness.

But she admitted that the Zelda Lunch — now a Luxury Lunch — was deteriorating. Cleanliness of food and dishes, honesty of cooking, wholesomeness of beef stew and hash, were sacrificed to haste and to such shininess of walls and counter as was evident to customers. Friendship among the staff, that spirit of play which had enabled them to get through the inhuman rush-hour, was crushed by anxiety. They had greeted Gatti's appearance like children awaiting their father, but now when one of them called, "Cheese it! The boss!" they rushed for cover.

Pete no longer came to take Stella out of an evening. She was hurt, but she could not ask him to come. Instead she had the barren satisfaction of the boss's compliments.

Balakas was a much older man than Pete, and a far more adroit man. Pete had told her that she was a [*Continued on page 78*]

"Maybe I was too sudden about the checks, when I came in," he said in a softer voice

The Separating Hyphen

A Ringing Message for Americans and German-Americans

by Booth Tarkington

[*of The Vigilantes*]

BENEATH the surface of American life, at this moment, when preparation for war fills the casual eye and the casual ear, there is a profound separation of feeling between two groups of citizens, the American and the German-American.

It is more than a separation of feeling; it is an opposition of point-of-view which is gradually becoming — if, indeed, it has not already become, in certain sections of the country — smouldering antagonism with personal and virulent possibilities. Whatever can be done to abate this antagonism should be done at once, as the longer it lives the more bitter it will grow and the less susceptible of yielding to the treatment of reason.

The treatment of reason is the only treatment that can hope to control it; therefore all partisans should endeavor to consider reasonably and without passion the questions which separate them. The facts must be studied frankly and be as frankly defined; and in observing these facts we must be careful not to be offended by them, but rather to analyze them and seek to learn wherein they consist of mistakes and misunderstandings which it may be possible to set right. Our struggle must then be to find some common feeling or common creed or common point-of-view upon which the American and German-American can unite, saying, "Thus far we go together." Such a feeling, creed, or point-of-view, once discovered and established, it may happily result that the differences thence onward may not appear so irreconcilable.

Let us consider first the parties in opposition, where they appear to stand now; what they appear to each other; and what they appear to themselves. However, there are two extremists, each appearing upon the flank of his party, and these we may as well exclude from our efforts looking toward an understanding. Time may change them, but reason cannot, and to conserve our energy, we should abandon them, at least for the present, as irreconcilable. These are the pro-German whose hope is still that Germany will win the war, and the American so embittered against German-Americans that he believes (or thinks he believes) that German-Americans enlist in the army because of hypocritical motives. Both types exist, the pro-German being the more numerous; and this type has a modified form in the pro-German who is mental contortionist enough to hope that America will not be beaten by Germany but that America's Allies will. Reason cannot avail with so elusive a mind.

Let us consider the American. He may happen to know of what pre-Revolutionary stock he comes, but so far as his thought or action is influenced, he is absolutely unaware of his descent from a "Fatherland" or a "Mother Country." He regards *all* foreign countries strictly *as* foreign countries; he judges all foreign countries by their conduct, and by nothing else; he is an ardent nationalist and patriot; and outside his own country sees no favorites and plays no favorites. In a war between two foreign countries (supposing America's interest to be untouched and the question of right and wrong to appear equal between the two belligerents) the American looks on with impartiality, feeling the same aloof interest that an Ann Arbor student may be supposed to feel at a football game between Yale and Harvard.

When Russia fought Japan the American sympathized with Japan because Japan was the smaller. When England fought with the Boer Republic the American strongly sympathized with the Boers, partly because the Boers were outnumbered and partly because he believed their rights were attacked. Until the present war began, the American liked and admired Germany; in fact, he had more liking and respect for Germany than he had for any other foreign country. All his prejudices were in favor of Germany — except one: he has always thought the present Kaiser a grotesque, an ego-maniac, and he believed that most of his German-American friends shared this opinion. The American did not like England; and he loathed "Anglo-mania." (*Vide* such attacks as that upon Waldorf-Astor, an American of German descent who became a British subject.) This is the typical American, in his nationalism and in his relation to international affairs; and to this class belong great numbers of Americans whose names indicate a German origin but who have never considered themselves German-Americans.

"ALL loyal German-Americans want America to win the war against Germany," says Mr. Tarkington, in this remarkable article. "But," he continues, "all loyal German-Americans have not *said* so; and many of them are declining to say so. Why do they decline?"

The party of the second part, who now finds himself in an opposition of feeling, and of point-of-view, to the American, is the German-American. The German-American is conscious of his origin and of his ancestral and family interest in a foreign country; and he has more than a detached and impartial feeling toward that country. Unlike the American, he does not regard his "mother country" as a purely foreign country against whom his own country once justly waged a bitter war. No; the German-American has a strong attachment for Germany, a strong affection; and he has sought to keep alive as much as possible of the German in himself and in his children. He has wished to be partially German, or even largely German. He has kept stimulated within himself and his children not only a friendliness toward Germany, but a feeling of blood kinship with Germany; he has admired German institutions, often at the expense of American institutions, and he has gloried in the power and growth of the German Empire. He has not wished to be assimilated by America so far as to abandon his hyphen. In his strong feeling for Germany he has wished to retain even the word "German" as a prefix to "American," and so calls himself "German-American." Probably he does not wholly understand that the American has so opposite a sense of nationalism that there are few things such an American would more fiercely and contemptuously resent than being called an English-American or Anglo-American. The American could not endure a hyphen in his own Americanism, which is one significant indication of his absolute detachment from a "mother country."

However, the American and the German-American used to get along perfectly well together. The German-Americans were clannish, but their clannishness did not in the least disturb the American. What *has* disturbed him?

In 1914 the American looked on with wholly impartial eyes at what was happening. Why shouldn't he have been impartial? English propaganda? Not at all; he got more German propaganda. The American judged the foreign nations by what they did and by what their statesmen said; but he did not judge the nations by what they said about their opponents. To the passionate partisan, those who judge in favor of his opponent always seem blind or prejudiced, or else muddled by lies. And thus, to the German-American, who was *not* impartial, but, on the contrary (whether or not he is able to recognize his own condition), a passionate partisan of Germany — to the German-American the impartial American seemed blind and prejudiced and muddled by lies. The German-American became furious with the American because the latter (undisturbed by any partisanship in himself) judged against Germany.

How much of that anger does the German-American still retain, and how much does he let it enter into his present resentment of what he believed to be the American's injustice toward him? For now, in 1917, the German-American, considering himself by all means wholly loyal to America, believes that the American is taking a hateful attitude of suspicion and even inclining toward spite and petty persecution.

Can we explain the American of 1917 to the German-American? The American, looking on dispassionately at first, was convinced absolutely that the powers in control of Germany brought about the war and wanted it; that Germany was not attacked. Having forced the war, Germany opened it with a violation of her own honor and a declaration that she would never keep an oath or refrain from murder except to suit a selfish purpose. (The Chancellor's speech, applauded thunderously by the Reichstag.) No defense of this brand of immorality can ever be effective upon the American mind. It is no defense whatever to point to other historical instances of a like wickedness. Germany conducted the war with an unspeakable barbarity and the horror of the anguish inflicted by Germans on Belgians has sunk so deep in the American's typically pacifist mind that he shivers (without the ability to control his symptoms) when he hears the very word "German." (This must be frankly observed and frankly reported.) The American hears that East Prussia suffered something of what the Germans inflicted on Belgium and the north of France, and he does not like it, but remembers that Russia was putting into operation the German military and political theory that it is most merciful, in the long run, to make war as horrible as possible for invaded countries.

The American believes that people who hold such theories, secretly *relish* them, for, of course the theory is untenable and of the most obvious sophistry: How if the invading army be subsequently that of the defeated nation? The American believes that the power in control of Germany meant (and would still mean, if it could) to control the world and that the German people were, and are, obedient to that power, and, to a large extent, sympathetic with it.

America, therefore, was threatened. He saw that the German government (when it so desired) gave out lies as truths, and he hated what he believed to be, in his own vernacular, the "yellow streak" shown in the matter of munitions. (Germany prevented the adoption of the agreement, at the Hague, that neutrals were not to ship munitions to belligerents, and then, being at war, objected — with circumstances of slaughter — to the shipment of munitions to her opponents.)

[*Continued on page 52*]

A King in Babylon

Conclusion of This Great Mystery Novel

by

Burton E. Stevenson

IN the midst of breakfast, next morning, Mustafa appeared and called Davis aside, and talked long and earnestly into his ear, while the explorer listened with evident anger and impatience.

All of us watched the conference curiously, but without remark. In fact, we seemed to have lost the faculty of speaking, except when speech was necessary. Even Ma Creel — and only those who know her can appreciate what a change that meant! For the most part, we sat moodily, with bent heads, as though there was something weighing us down. And that was it precisely — there *was* something weighing us down . . .

It was worse than ever that morning. If affected even our native servants. At any rate, the boy who waited on the table dropped a tray of dishes with a crash that made us jump nearly out of our skins, and the cook upset the coffee and had to make it over again. And all the time Mustafa talked and talked and waved his hands . . .

I suspected what the trouble was, and so, I think, did Creel. Perhaps Jimmy also was able to divine it, for he glanced at the two men from time to time with an enigmatic smile. There were dark circles under his eyes, and I saw how his hand trembled when he raised his cup to his lips. Evidently there was less truth than bravado in his boast that he had said good-by to nerves! As for Mlle. Roland, who, as usual, sat opposite him, her pallor was startling, and her eyes were like coals of fire. I was sure she was burning with fever; and I have wondered since if she had a presentiment . . .

So far as I could see, the two had not exchanged a single glance. But all of us, for some reason, avoided each other's eyes!

Davis came back at last, and sat down without looking at us, and went on with his breakfast.

"Well," said Ma Creel, at last, "what was it about? You'll have to tell us sooner or later, you know!"

"It is nothing very serious," Davis answered. "The natives have got an idea that there is something the matter with that tomb, and they have notified Mustafa that they won't enter it again."

"You don't care, do you, since you've got the mummy out?"

"I had intended to — ah — explore it a bit farther," explained Davis.

"What do they think is the matter with the place?" Ma Creel demanded.

"They think it's haunted — they all believe in witchcraft, you know. A piece of the roof fell in last night, and they consider that a warning to stay out. I had to pull down part of a wall to get the coffin out, and it weakened the vaulting."

"Then it *is* unsafe?"

"Mustafa and I are going to rebuild the wall. You said I could have Mustafa," he added, turning to Creel.

"Yes, take him," said Creel. "I won't need him. Our principal scenes today are the ones showing Jimmy's finish — those and a few fillers to connect things up."

"What *is* Jimmy's finish?" Davis asked, with what seemed to me unusual curiosity, for his interest in the picture had hitherto been of the slightest.

"The siren — the reincarnation, you know, of the woman he had buried alive — lures him out into the desert; and then, at the moment he catches her and crushes her to him, she changes to a mummy in his arms; and he goes mad when he finds that he can't throw the mummy off, and wanders around with it clinging to him, until he finally falls exhausted in the sand and dies."

"Cheerful stuff, I must say!" grunted Davis. "Do you mean to say any American audience will stand for such rubbish?"

"They'll eat it up!" said Creel, cheerfully. "And now you two run along," he added to Jimmy and Mlle. Roland, "and get into your togs. I will want you first in your harem costume, Princess, and you in your khaki, Jimmy. Where is that mummy, Digby? Over in the ruins?"

"I've got it in the property-tent," said Digby.

Mustafa, who played the part of the ancient warrior

"Well, get it out; and you get a fresh case of cartridges, Billy — we'll need them!"

"I'll be off and do some real work!" scoffed Davis, and presently I saw him and Mustafa crossing toward the ruins.

Half an hour later, we were hard at work. First we did a scene showing Jimmy and Creel carrying the papier-mâché mummy between them over from the ruins, and then I panned them up to the entrance to the tent. We rolled back part of the top to let in the light, and I shot them as they brought the mummy into the tent and laid it on a table, which had taken the place of one of the cots. Then they went to bed (a lighted lamp and the tinting to be given the film subsequently, indicating that night had fallen). Later we changed the lighting so that it would be concentrated in a sort of soft, uncanny glow on the table, and Mlle. Roland took the mummy's place there, while I reeled back and made a double-exposure. Jimmy woke up and saw her lying there, gazing at him alluringly under half-closed lids, for all the world like that picture of Venus by Cabanel at the Met.

He raised his head and looked at her a moment; then sat up in bed; and then, as though the lure was irresistible, he slowly rose from the cot and stole toward her. She slipped from the table like a snake, looking back at him over her shoulder, and glided out of the tent. He hesitated a moment, glanced at his sleeping partner, and followed.

And then Creel woke up, discovered Jimmy and the mummy both missing, and rushed to the door, and stared out into the night. It was well-done, and I felt sure would get across with any audience. All of these scenes, as well as the ones which followed, would be tinted, and that would make them doubly effective.

Outside the tent, I panned them to the edge o the desert — Jimmy following the siren, and then Creel in search of them. There we had to stop, for it was too hot to think of venturing out on the sand.

"We will wait till afternoon for the finish," said Creel. "You two go and rest — you've got some hard scenes ahead. But if you do as well this afternoon as you did this morning, it will be a hummer!"

"Thanks!" said Jimmy, and they walked away together, back toward the tents.

"Queer couple that," said Creel, meditatively, looking after them. "I can't for the life of me make out whether they hate each other or are desperately in love. What's stranger still, my wife hasn't been able to make up *her* mind, either. And she's a regular clairvoyant in that sort of thing!"

"You would laugh if I told you what I think," I said.

"No, I wouldn't — I know what you think. You think that yarn of Jimmy's is true."

"Yes, I do!" I said.

Creel looked at me curiously.

"I'm not so sure myself that it isn't!" he said, at last. "I'm ashamed to admit it — but down at the bottom of my heart, I'm afraid — I'm afraid . . . "

"Of what Davis is going to let loose — well, so am I!"

"And yet I can't but admire the old sport," said Creel. "He would go ahead and open that wall, if he knew all hell was behind it!"

"So would you!" I said.

"Yes, I suppose I would," Creel agreed. "And, of course, Davis pooh-poohs the idea of danger. He thinks that pounding is just some fake rigged up by the Egyptians to scare people away."

"Well, I don't!" I said.

"I confess I don't know what to believe — but we'll see when he gets the wall open! Suppose we walk over and see how he's getting along."

We found him and Mustafa sweating over a rough reconstruction of the masking wall, which was still some feet from the ceiling.

"This is an awful job," panted Davis, "and I don't believe it is necessary. No more of the roof has fallen. Plague on those fool natives, anyway!"

"Come on to lunch and rest a while," said Creel. "*You'll* be having a heat-stroke, first thing you know!"

"You have another try at those fellows, Mustafa," Davis directed. "Offer double pay to any who will come over here and build up this wall. Tel them I shan't ask them to enter the inner tomb. And make it clear to them that they *lose* double pay for every hour they won't work."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, and departed.

"You haven't started to open up that wall, then?" Creel inquired.

"No," said Davis; "I don't dare do that till this vaulting is safe." Then he looked at Creel curiously. "Good heavens, man, *you* don't believe that ridiculous tale!"

"I don't know what to believe," answered Creel, moodily. "So many things have happened . . . "

"Nothing has happened," rapped out Davis, "that isn't susceptible of a perfectly commonplace explanation — such as bats, for example! It isn't necessary to lug in ghosts and reincarnations and all that rubbish!"

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Creel, reflectively; "and, then again, perhaps you are wrong. Anyway, I'm taking no chances. I am going to get my picture so far finished this afternoon, that it won't matter *what* happens . . . "

"Nothing is going to happen!" broke in Davis, impatiently. "I hope I am going to find another mummy — it *may* be the mummy of a woman who was buried alive; but take my word for it, it will be quite as dead and innocuous as that papier-mâché fake you brought along with you!"

"Well, I hope so!" said Creel, and we walked back together to the tents for lunch.

"How are you getting along with your explorations?" Jimmy inquired, in the course of that meal. "Got through the wall yet?"

"Oh, no," Davis answered; "I've got to brace up that roof first."

"Expect to get through this afternoon?"

"Yes — at least, I will make a hole big enough to see what is inside. If there is nothing there, I won't have to go any farther."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, "there is something there!"

"I think myself there is," agreed Davis, coolly; and after that the conversation languished.

Half an hour later, as I was wandering about, trying to find a place cool enough to take a nap in, I came

upon Jimmy seated at the edge of the oasis nearest the ruins, carefully braiding together some leather thongs which he had secured somewhere — perhaps from Digby, who had everything. For a moment, I didn't understand what it was he was doing; then I saw that he was making a whip — and a particularly vicious-looking whip, at that!"

"What is that for?" I asked, sitting down and watching him.

"Don't you remember, there was to be a whip?" said Jimmy, and turned a thong up at the thick end to go around his wrist.

"But all that has been cut out," I reminded him.

"Just the same, I rather fancy I'll need a whip," said Jimmy, and to the other end he attached a cruel lash that would cut through any hide. "There!" and he cracked it. "What do you think of that!"

"I don't like the look of it," I answered, candidly. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Never mind," he said. "This isn't your game, Billy — you ought to thank heaven for that!" And he walked away and left me alone, very uncomfortable in my mind. I didn't like to imagine how he was going to use that whip — and yet I couldn't help it — and I had a vision of cruel streaks of red across white shoulders . . .

When we started out to take the final scenes, there was a little bulge under Jimmy's pajamas which I was certain was the whip. But I soon forgot all about it in the excitement of our work.

Our morning scenes had ended at the edge of the oasis, with Jimmy, just from his bed, following the siren through the moonlight. We picked the story up there, and showed her luring him out across the desert; then other scenes of Creel following the trail in the sand, losing it and picking it up again. It was great, for if ever a woman looked like a vampire, Mlle. Roland did as she enticed him on and on, keeping just beyond his reach, gliding from between his fingers as he tried to grasp her, with a tantalizing smile parting her red lips, and her eyes glowing with hatred. And as the game went on, Jimmy's eyes began to glow, too, and the sweat ran down across his cheeks, and he fairly panted for breath.

We did quite a good deal of this, for the chase was supposed to continue throughout the night and into the next day — we would show the sunrise in one scene, if we could work it — but finally Creel indicated that we had enough.

"All right," he said; "we'll do the final scene here."

I don't know whether or not Jimmy heard him, but he sprang forward, swift as a dart caught the girl before she could escape, and crushed her to him.

"I've got you," he said, between his teeth. "I've got you at last!"

She fought to get away — she fought like a demon; but he held her tight, and slowly bent back her head with a remorseless hand and kissed her on the lips. And at his touch, her eyes closed, a shiver ran through her, and her arms fell limp . . .

"Stop, Billy, stop!" yelled Creel. "Hold your place, Jimmy. Bring up that mummy, Digby! By God, the girl's fainted!" he added, and ran forward and caught her from Jimmy's arms. "Stand still, man! We'll look after her in a minute! Reel back six feet, Billy. Now, Jimmy, take the mummy — hold it as you were holding the girl — that's right! Now kiss it! Kiss it! All right, Billy!" and I ran the six feet through again. "Now! Go ahead! You see it's the mummy, Jimmy! Stare at it a moment — then try to throw it off! Stop, Billy," and he ran forward and fastened the mummy's arms about Jimmy's neck. "All right! Try to throw it off! Fight it!" and I took a thrilling scene while Jimmy fought with the clinging mummy, and finally dropped exhausted to the sand. "Great!" said Creel, and held up his hand to me to stop.

All this while he had been holding the girl's limp body over one arm, and gesticulating with the other. Now, at last, he had time to look at her; and just as he did, she straightened up and rubbed her eyes.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"I am quite well," she said, and stood away from him.

"Sure?"

"I am ready to go on."

Her voice was utterly expressionless and her face was pale as death; and she was rubbing her lips with the back of her hand, as though they had been poisoned. And all the while, Jimmy was looking on with that infernal smile of his. I've got the word for it at last — infernal!

Creel looked at her and then he looked at Jimmy, and his face hardened. There was really nothing to complain of, for that long, passionate kiss was strictly in the part, but I saw that Creel wasn't pleased. A kiss can be faked, you know; most of them are.

"All right," he said. "Sit down under the umbrella and rest. I won't need you for a while."

"Thank you," she said, and went over and sat down under the big white umbrella Digby had brought along, while Creel went ahead with the final scene.

I am bound to say that Jimmy did it well. He staggered on, with the mummy clinging to him, around and around; and finally he managed to fight it loose, and threw it to the ground, and smashed its head in with his foot. And right there we did another double exposure, so that at the instant he had his foot raised, the mummy changed to the siren — but he set his face, and brought his foot down upon her head, and fell upon her and tore her limb from limb — only it was the mummy's blackened members he strewed about him on the sand. After a period of unconsciousness, he awoke in his right mind, with the fragments about him; and even as he stared at them, they seemed to run together and change to a living woman; and then, as he jumped at it, back to fragments again.

No wonder he went mad, and tore those fragments into little shreds, and scattered the shreds to all the corners of the compass. And then his senses came back again, and he tried to get back to the oasis, and wandered this way and that; discovering at last, that he was traveling in a circle; and finally dropped from exhaustion.

And so Creel, in the character of his comrade, found him, just before he died; and the last thing his eyes saw was the girl's face, smiling down at him, in mockery and derision, over Creel's shoulder. So ended "A King in Babylon."

Chapter XXVI

WE were not very far from the oasis; but the journey back to it seemed a thousand miles, I was so weary and overwrought — and a moving-picture camera is no light burden. Mlle. Roland seemed ready to drop at every step, but she declined Creel's proffered arm and plodded doggedly on through the sand. Jimmy, at the rear of the procession, and apparently quite fresh despite the fact that he had worked harder than any of us, drew forth his whip and amused himself by cracking it; and somehow it seemed to me that he was driving the girl on with it. I could see her start, every time it cracked, as though the lash had been laid across her shoulders.

Creel, at last, could stand it no longer,

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Because of its appetizing flavor and strengthening effect on digestion you get more nourishment from other food. You have less of the "heavy" sensation so common after eating a hearty meal.

It is in itself so nourishing and sustaining that you can cut out some of the heartier dishes with no impairment, but rather an increase, of energy and force. Prepared as a Cream of Tomato it is exceptionally rich and inviting. The United States Department of Agriculture in its Weekly News Letter declares that such a soup yields half again as much energy as the same amount of milk.

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Chicken	Julienne	Pea	Vegetable
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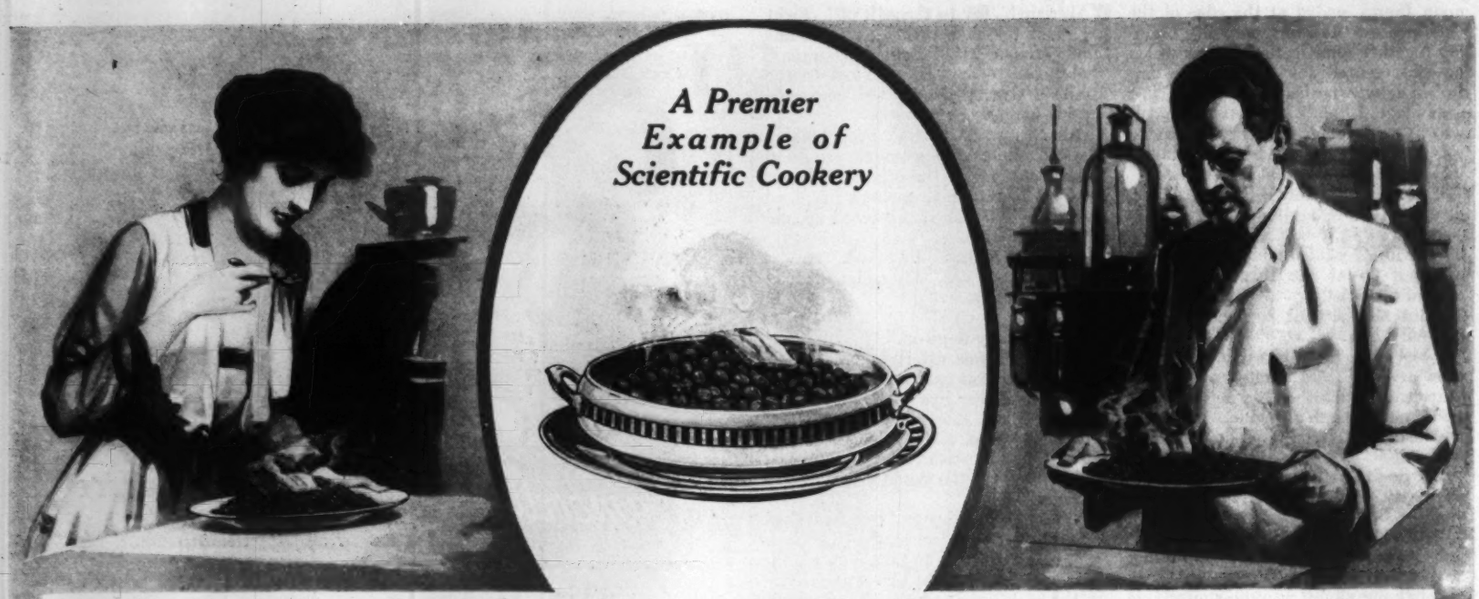

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A New-Type Dish of Pork and Beans, Prepared by Experts, College Trained, Made from Analyzed Materials, Baked as No Chef Could Bake Them. Baked with a Sauce Which is the Final Result of Testing 856 Formulas.

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For many years many noted chefs gave their best efforts to this famous dish. Then we added scientific cookery. We employed food experts college trained in chemistry and dietetics. And this dish now embodies all their added qualities.

Elaborate and exacting formulas took the place of recipes. Some of them result from testing a thousand blends and methods. And each comprises pages of the most minute directions.

A model laboratory directs every kitchen process. Materials are selected by analysis. Seeds and soils are studied, to attain the pinnacle of flavor.

Ease of digestion is accomplished in a scientific way.

All this by most exacting methods, specified in detail. There are no variations. Each dish is like the finest dish these experts have developed.

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Van Camp's Pork and Beans, prepared in this way, is a cooking revelation. You will find nothing comparable in quality, in flavor, and in fitness as a food.

The beans are grown on special soils, extra-rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, because ordinary water makes digestion difficult.

They are baked in steam ovens to permit a heat which otherwise would crisp them. They are baked for hours, yet they come out unbroken and uncrisped.

They are baked with a sauce whose zest was never matched. In perfecting that sauce our experts compared 856 formulas.

The result is beans which are super-baked and easy to digest. Yet they are nut-like, mealy, whole. And there is a flavor, a zest, a tang which mark this dish supreme. Please compare it with like dishes prepared in any other way. You will be amazed to see how scientific methods change the culinary art. It has made this dish twice better. Above all, it has made baked beans a hygienic food.

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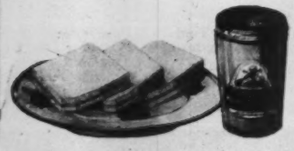

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Van Camp's
Soups
Eighteen kinds. Soups like these have never been made elsewhere.

and turned angrily and shouted to him to put the whip away. He didn't put it away, but he stopped cracking it. Once, when I glanced over my shoulder, I saw that he was running it lovingly through his fingers; and his eyes were on the drooping figure of the girl ahead of him.

We reached the oasis at last, and Mlle. Roland went straight to her tent, and presumably to bed. At least, I saw no more of her. Jimmy lived into our tent, to change from his pajamas; while Creel and Digby and I went on to the property-tent to get rid of our burdens.

"Thank God that's over!" said Creel, as I was sealing up the film. "I wouldn't go through it again for a million dollars!"

Of course, that was just a manner of speaking. I knew quite well that, had he had any reason to think any portion of the film was a failure, he would have ordered a re-take without an instant's hesitation. But I had developed a few inches from the end of every spool, and had found them all as brilliant and clear and beautifully lighted as any I had ever done.

"I am going to get away from here as soon as I can," Creel added. "I can't stand it any longer. We'll start tomorrow, if possible, Digby; so get your props together. If we get back safe to Luxor . . ."

"Why shouldn't we get back safe to Luxor?" I demanded.

"No reason that I know of. *When* we get back safe to Luxor, then, perhaps I'll take a few scenes there, just for the backgrounds. What do you think of that whip business?" he asked, suddenly, in another tone.

"I don't know what to think of it."

"Where did he get the whip?"

"He made it — I happened to see him doing it. You had thought of using a whip, you remember."

"Yes — but he knew I had cut out those scenes."

There was a moment's silence; then Creel turned to me, his face very grim.

"Did it seem to you that he was using it on the girl?" he asked.

"Yes, it did," I said; "and I couldn't have stood it much longer."

AT that moment Jimmy stuck his head in at the door.

"I'm going over to see how the professor's getting on," he said. "Don't you want to come along? I sort of feel that I can promise you a thrill or two."

Creel and I looked at each other. I think we both felt that we had had thrills enough to last a long time — but we also had a burning curiosity as to what would happen next. It proved too much for us.

"All right," said Creel, shortly, reading consent in my eyes. "Come along, Billy," and we joined Jimmy outside the tent.

I saw then that he still carried the whip.

"What in blazes are you doing with that thing?" Creel demanded. "I'm sick of the sight of it."

"It will come in handy, I fancy," said Jimmy, coolly, and cracked it like a pistol-shot.

The sun was dropping toward the horizon as we came out upon the sand, and again I heard rising from the native camp that weird chant to drive off evil spirits.

"They're taking no chances tonight," commented Jimmy; "they're not waiting for the sun to set. I don't know but they are wise!" he added, grimly.

I wondered how he knew the meaning of the chant. Perhaps Davis had told him — though that seemed hardly likely; perhaps he just knew!

Creel protested that he had no patience with such superstition; but Jimmy only smiled ironically without replying, and cracked his whip again.

We found the excavation in deepening shadow and descended the steps in silence. None of us had thought to bring a light, and it was very dark inside the tomb; but we could see dimly the rude wall which Davis and Mustafa had built to brace the vaulting. I confess it looked none too secure to me; but Jimmy passed on into the corridor with scarcely a glance at it, and Creel and I followed. And then I heard, from the inner chamber, the ring of iron on stone which told that Davis was working at the wall. It was Mustafa who was doing the pounding, with Davis holding the torch. He turned quickly at the sound of our footsteps and flashed the torch over us.

"Hello!" he said. "You are just in time. We will have a hole through the wall in another minute." Then he saw the whip in Jimmy's hand. "What is that for?" he demanded, with an acerbity which surprised me.

"That is to keep the devil from coming out!" said Jimmy.

He spoke with a loud bravado, which his pale face and strangely shining eyes belied.

Davis gave him one long, searching look, then turned back to the wall.

"Go ahead, Mustafa," he said, and I saw that one of the stones, about ten inches square, was loose. A few more strokes of the heavy crow-bar, and it was ready to come out. "Stand back, now," said Davis, and instinctively Creel and I shrank away against the sarcophagus. Only Jimmy held his ground, his whip-hand poised to strike. "All right, Mustafa!" Davis called, and while I held my breath, Mustafa threw all his weight on the bar; the stone trembled, slid forward, and fell with a crash upon the floor of the tomb.

I don't know what it was I feared — perhaps some such awful spectre issuing from that hole as greeted the fisherman in the Arabian Nights when he broke the seal on the bottle he had drawn from the sea; but I *do* know that a prickle of terror ran up my spine and off across my scalp as I stared at that square of blackness - - as we all stared for a long minute — and nothing happened — nothing . . .

"Aren't you coming, Tina?" called Jimmy, an ugly snarl in his voice. "I'm here! I'm waiting!"

And just then there was a sort of flicker in that black square, and like a flash Jimmy sent his lash cracking toward it.

"Ah, ha!" he cried. "You didn't know I had the whip! Come out, Tina! I haven't forgotten how to use it! Come out!"

The words conjured before my eyes again that vision of white shoulders streaked with blood, of a merciless hand rising and falling . . .

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Davis, and I guessed that he had seen the vision, too. "I've had enough of that nonsense!"

"Didn't you see her?" Jimmy demanded. "She was coming out . . ."

"No, I didn't see her!" Davis retorted, and with a sublime courage which I shall never cease to admire, he dragged the fallen stone aside, dropped to his knees, torch in hand, and peered into the darkness of the inner tomb.

I heard his deep gasp of astonishment.

"By George, it's there!" he muttered, hoarsely.

"Of course she's there!" mocked Jimmy. "Haven't I told you from the first? Didn't you hear her beating to get out last night? Didn't you see her a moment ago?"

He cracked his whip again, and leered around us; and I swear, if any man was ever mad, Jimmy Allen was mad at that moment —stark, staring mad! I felt as though I were going mad myself . . .

"Rubbish!" said Davis, harshly, still peering through the hole. "She's as dead as door-nails!"

"No, she isn't!" Jimmy cried. "She's fooling you! She's just waiting . . ."

And again he cracked his whip.

But Davis paid no further heed to him. He remained at the hole for some time; then he rose slowly to his feet and handed me the torch.

"Take a look," he said. "It's a mummy, right enough," I heard him saying over my shoulder as I knelt before the hole; "or rather, a body shriveled up — I haven't a doubt it was walled up alive and left to die. It's a great find — there are only three others like it . . ."

And then his voice faded from my ears, for there, on the floor of the inner tomb, I saw it . .

It was lying on its side with its face toward me — its knees doubled up, its arms flung wide; for all the world just such a ghastly figure as we had brought with us from New York — and dead as doornails — there could be no doubt of that!

And then, quite suddenly, I realized that it was watching me — that its eyes were open — I could see the light from my torch reflected in them — and the features seemed to fill out — the blackened lips parted in a smile — a fiendish smile . . .

I stared fascinated, horror-stricken, till I could endure that gaze no longer . . .

Davis caught the torch from my hand, as I fell back with a hoarse cry.

"What's the matter, man?" he asked.

"The eyes!" I gasped. "She was looking at me!"

Davis caught me savagely by the arm.

"Get up!" he said, harshly. "Don't be a fool! Get up!"

I staggered to my feet. "But the eyes!" I gasped. "I saw them . . ."

"You saw nothing of the sort. There are two ornaments or jewels on the forehead

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which reflect the light — that's what you saw!"

But I knew better. It was no ornament that I had seen; it was a pair of living eyes, glittering with malice! And the evil smile upon the lips — and the face, black and distorted, which yet somehow seemed familiar . . .

And I staggered against a pillar and caught myself from falling, as I realized why it seemed familiar.

And then I saw that Creel was looking in. Would he recognize her, too; would he . . .

"I don't know what you fellows are talking about," he said, impatiently. "I can see the mummy, right enough — it looks exactly like my papier-mâché fake — but its back is toward us . . . "

"Let me see," broke in Davis, and pulled him away and snatched the torch and dropped to his knees.

I pressed my palms against my burning eyeballs. Would I never get that horrid vision out of them — that cruel face — the face of the siren who had lured Jimmy Allen out across the sands . . .

Davis rose to his feet, a line of perplexity between his brows.

"It's strange," he said, "but the body undoubtedly *has* turned over. Perhaps the draft of air through the opening caused it to relax — the change of temperature. The mummy of Rameses II raised its arm, you know," and he stood staring at the hole, scrabbling his beard with nervous fingers.

"Let me look," said Jimmy, and took the torch from Davis's hand and fell to his knees.

The next instant he had started back with a sharp cry of pain.

"You would, would you!" he cried, and sprang to his feet and brought down his whip against the lower edge of the opening; and I saw, with a spasm of terror, that there was a streak of blood across his cheek. "She nearly got me," he said, with a wry smile, wiping the blood away. "I might have guessed she'd try! Clawing out eyes is one of her favorite diversions — as Digby can tell you!"

And I went faint again at the implication of the words . . .

"There's a sharp spur on that next stone," rapped Davis. "You struck your cheek on that!"

"Did I?" sneered Jimmy. "Well, have it so! But I would advise you to put that stone back into place for the night — and to wedge it in well!"

And with that he turned and walked out of the tomb.

There was a moment's silence; then Davis handed the torch to Creel.

"Get hold of the stone, Mustafa," he said, hoarsely, and they lifted it between them and tried to thrust it back into the hole.

Half-way it stuck.

"Let go," said Davis; "I can push it in," and he knelt before the hole and pushed with all his strength.

I saw the sweat break out across his neck with the effort; and slowly, slowly, as though some weaker arm on the other side found itself overpowered, the stone slid into place.

"There," said Davis; "that's safe, I think," and he rose and mopped his shining face. "Don't think," he added, violently, "that I did that because of Allen's insane suggestion. I was going to do it anyway — to protect the body. It will probably fall to pieces at a touch — "

Then at something he saw in our faces, he stopped suddenly, and with a gesture of rage and impatience, led the way from the tomb.

Chapter XXVII

DARKNESS had come while we had lingered in the tomb. The stars were incredibly bright, and along the east a line of light heralded the moon. The air was delightfully fresh and cool, and we drew deep breaths of it as we climbed quickly out of the excavation. We were all more deeply shaken than we cared to admit — even Davis, I am sure, felt his skepticism tottering! — but, under the influence of the perfect night, insensibly our spirits brightened.

Davis was the first to cast off the spell which had fallen upon us. He took off his helmet, and threw back his head, and straightened his shoulders, as though flinging away some burden. Then he looked toward the east, where the band of light was broadening.

"The moon will be full tonight," he said; and his face lighted suddenly with the old raillery. "It's at the full of the moon, you know," he added, with an ironical glance at us, "that ghosts are especially active. They simply *can't* stay quiet and behave themselves under a full moon!"

"So I have heard," said Creel. "Therefore we'd better keep our eyes open!"

And just then, from the native camp, the sound of that ceaseless chant floated to our ears.

"We might go over and sleep with the fellahin," Davis suggested, "inside their magic ring. Then the ghosts couldn't get us!"

Creel walked on for a moment in silence.

"Just the same," he burst out, "I'll be glad when this night is over! Thank heaven, it's our last night here."

Davis stopped and stared at him.

"*Is* it our last night?" he asked.

"It is if you can get ready to leave tomorrow. The picture is done — or practically so; I can finish it at Luxor, or even in New York. And I think for all our sakes — but especially for the sake of Jimmy and the Princess — the sooner we get away from here the better."

"I suppose you are right," agreed Davis, and walked on slowly. "Anyway, if you are ready to go, that settles it. It's your expedition."

"Perhaps another day wouldn't make so much difference," Creel began; "I suppose we could stand it . . . "

"No," Davis broke in; "I can easily finish things up tomorrow. There is nothing left to do except to get that body out, and examine the tomb it is in — two or three hours' work at most."

"All right," said Creel. "That's settled, then. I confess I'll be glad when I see the last of this place! So will all of us, I think."

A moment later we reached the tents, and found Ma Creel and Mollie anxiously awaiting us. They had an unpleasant bit of news. Mlle. Roland, it appeared, had sunk again into a cataleptic sleep.

"I'm worried about that girl," said Ma Creel, as we sat down to dinner. "She's not well — she ought to have a doctor, or nerve specialist, or something. You oughtn't to keep her out here in the desert, Warrie. It's not right. She isn't fit to work!"

"I know it," said Creel. "Therefore we are going to start back tomorrow."

"Oh, fine!" cried Ma Creel. And then she looked at him, like the good wife and helpmate she was. "Is the picture done?" she asked.

"All but some finishing touches which I can give it anywhere," Creel assured her.

And then Ma Creel's eyes turned to Davis, and I knew she was thinking of him, too. But, of course, she would! Ma Creel always thought of everybody — herself last of all. Davis caught her glance, and understood.

"I will be ready, too," he said. "I've got only two or three hours' more work over there."

"Then everything is all right," said Ma Creel, with satisfaction. "And I am glad! It will be a good thing for all of us. There's something wrong out here — I don't know what — but we've all felt it," and she looked about the board, and no one said her nay.

"It's as if there were a curse on the place!" said Mollie, suddenly.

"Yes — I've felt that, too," agreed Ma Creel. "We're all nervous and overwrought. As for Jimmy Allen, he's quite mad, I think!"

"Where *is* Jimmy?" asked Creel, and looked about as though missing him for the first time — though there was something in his air which told me that he had missed him from the moment of our return.

I certainly had, and I had lost no time in assuring myself that he was not in the tent. I had feared that he, too, was sleeping that terrible sleep, which I somehow dreaded most of all. I had breathed a deep sigh of relief when I found that his bed was empty.

"He isn't in the tent," I said.

"No," said Ma Creel. "He went striding past half an hour ago like a man possessed, cracking a whip he had got somewhere. He's mad, I tell you! Wasn't he over at the ruins with you?"

"Yes, but he left before we did. What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He never looked at us. He went right on past, as though we weren't there, and disappeared in that clump of palms over toward the native camp. What does that queer chanting mean that has been going on over there?"

"Oh, just some of their superstitious hocus-pocus," answered Creel, carelessly; but he glanced a little anxiously toward the native camp, and I knew that he was wondering, as I was, what Jimmy was doing over there.

As we rose from table, Creel drew Davis and me to one side.

"What deviltry do you suppose Jimmy is cooking up over there?" he asked.

"I don't suppose he is cooking up any," Davis retorted. "He has probably gone to claim the protection of the chant and the magic circle, as a king of ancient Egypt! Perhaps he has lost faith in his whip — it seemed to me I detected some signs of weakening over there in the tomb! We will find him squatting in the midst of the natives, like one of them."

"Well, I am going to see," said Creel; and we two followed him.

For once we found that Davis was right, in a way. Jimmy was there. But he wasn't squatting among the natives like one of them. He was sitting on a hummock of sand, with the natives ranged around in a respectful circle, for all the world like a savage king and his court. Directly in front of him knelt the priest, or medicine-man, or whatever his proper name was, with eyes closed, and head thrown back in a sort of ecstasy, bellowing the four or five notes of the chant from a pair of leathern lungs.

In his right hand, Jimmy held the whip, and he was gazing steadily out across the sand in the direction of the ruins, clearly outlined against the rising moon.

"Good God!" whispered Creel, at last. "If I could only get that on the screen!"

I couldn't help smiling at the way the great passion of his life cropped up, even at such a moment.

"Well, why not?" asked Davis, satirically.

"It can't be done," said Creel, with a gesture of despair. "The picture — yes, I might get that — flat black figures on a white ground. But how could I get the atmosphere, the color, the wind through the palms, the desert perfume, the sound of that weird chant? I tell you, Davis . . . "

"I don't see why you can't get atmosphere," said Davis, "by the use of perfumes."

"Perhaps we could," Creel agreed, and fell silent, turning the suggestion over in his mind.

"What are we going to do about Jimmy?" I asked, at last.

"My advice would be to leave him here," said Davis.

Creel shook himself out of his thoughts.

"Yes, that's best," he agreed. "He would probably refuse to go back with us, anyway. He's waiting for something."

"He's waiting for his Tina to work that stone out of place and come after him!" mocked Davis.

But I cast a startled glance out across the sand. Undoubtedly that was what Jimmy expected; I almost fancied I could see that dark, terrible, ape-like figure stealing along in the shadow of a ridge . . .

"Let us go back," said Creel, abruptly, and we left Jimmy throned in the midst of his court.

We found Mollie and Ma Creel waiting for us with anxious faces, for they had seen us go away together and had suspected that something was wrong. They listened in silence to Creel's account of Jimmy's eccentricity, told as lightly as Creel could tell it.

"I knew he was crazy," said Ma Creel, when her husband had finished. "I've known it for days! But this is the worst yet!"

"Well, he's doing no harm over there," said Creel, "so we decided to let him alone. Is the Princess still asleep?"

"Yes — if you want to call it that."

"What else would you call it?" Creel demanded, glad to get the talk away from Jimmy.

"It's not like any sleep I ever saw. She's in a trance — she's not asleep at all. She needs help worse than Jimmy!"

"We can't start before tomorrow, can we?" Creel retorted. "Come along, Digby; I'll help you get things together."

Davis had already disappeared into our tent, where I could see him, in fancy, bending above the hieroglyphics on the coffin of Sekenyen-Ré. I looked at Mollie and then I looked at Ma Creel, and just at that instant she glanced up and caught my eye.

"You two get along out of here," she said. "I don't want you bothering me. I've got some thinking to do."

"If you're sure you don't mind," I began.

"Mind! Of course I don't mind! But I don't see how Mollie can endure that pipe."

"Oh, I rather like it!" said Mollie, to my intense astonishment; and in another moment we were walking away under the palms together, and my heart was beating like a trip-hammer, for I knew that my great moment was at hand. "Let us go out to the edge of the desert," she added. "It will be beautiful under the moon. Have you noticed that the moon is full tonight?"

"Yes," I answered, and couldn't find another word.

So we walked on in silence till we came to the place where we had sat two nights before, right at the edge of the sand; and I spread her cloak on the ground, and she sat down, and I sat down very close to her, and my heart lightened suddenly, for she didn't draw away.

But my voice still stuck in my throat; vanished utterly were all those eloquent periods which I had rehearsed in private, in order to be ready when the moment came. And Mollie, too, was silent. Perhaps it was the awful panorama which stretched away in front of us that rendered speaking difficult — ridge after ridge of drifted sand mounting to the horizon, one behind another like waves of a sea — a sea suddenly arrested and frozen motionless, but ready at any instant to rush down upon us and engulf us. It was suffused with light — the darkness seemed somehow filtered through with rose — and occasionally a wisp of vapor floated up from the dark valleys between the sand-ridges like a sheeted ghost. I felt that anything could happen there — anything . . .

"It is lovely, lovely," said Mollie, at last. "But I'm glad it is our last night — I'm *so* glad of that!"

"Yes," I agreed; "so am I."

"Do you really believe it is just the heat and worrying about the picture?" Mollie asked, and I knew she was thinking of Jimmy.

"No," I said, "I don't. There have been too many things . . . "

"Things like — like those we saw?"

"Yes, like those. Davis laughs at them — he has an explanation for everything; and at first I thought he was right. But when things you can't understand keep right on happening, you feel that — that something is wrong."

"How would he explain what — we saw?"

"As cloud shadows — or wisps of vapor like those out yonder. And, of course, they *might* have been. In fact, I suppose it is silly to think them anything else — and yet . . . "

"Yes," said Mollie, "'and yet' — that is just it! I am sure, somehow, they were *not* shadows or wisps of vapor . . . "

She fell silent, but she looked so sweet and tender sitting there in the moonlight, that I suddenly found myself taking her hand and drawing her to me.

"Mollie," I began, but my voice was shaking so I had to stop.

And then she looked up at me, and her eyes were full of tears, and she just snuggled against me and laid her head on my shoulder . . . "I *do* love you, Billy," she said. "I've loved you all along!"

But presently she stirred and sat erect and held me away from her and looked at me.

"You're sure you forgive me, Billy?" she asked. "You're *sure*?"

"Forgive you?" I echoed in amazement. "What for?"

"For — for the uniforms and things."

I managed to pull a serious face.

"Well," I said, "you *did* go the limit, you know, Mollie!"

"I know it — it wasn't nice. I oughtn't to have let him hold my hand — "

"Let *who* hold your hand?" I demanded.

"But it made me so angry to see how *she* monopolized you . . . "

"*Who* monopolized me?"

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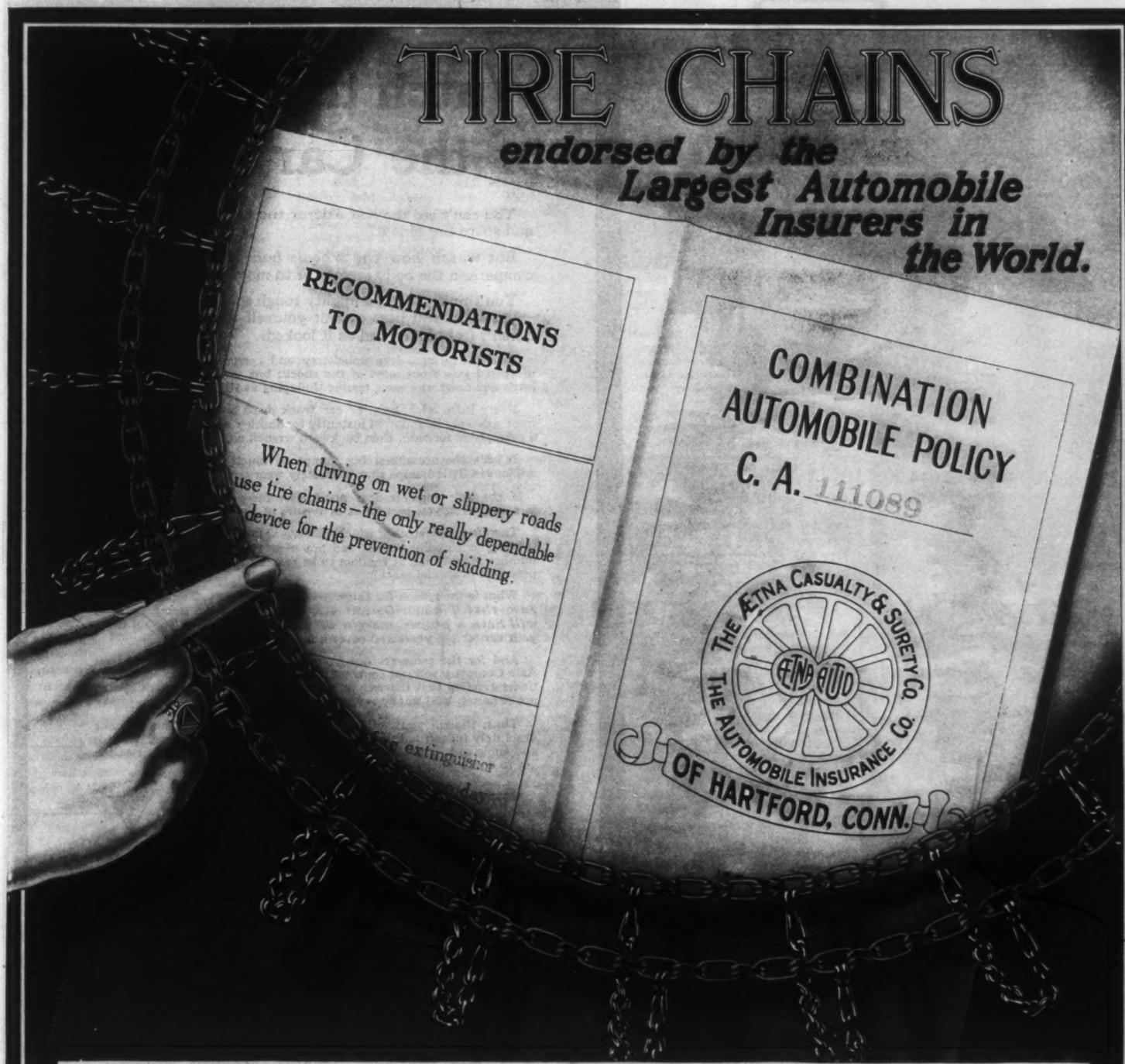
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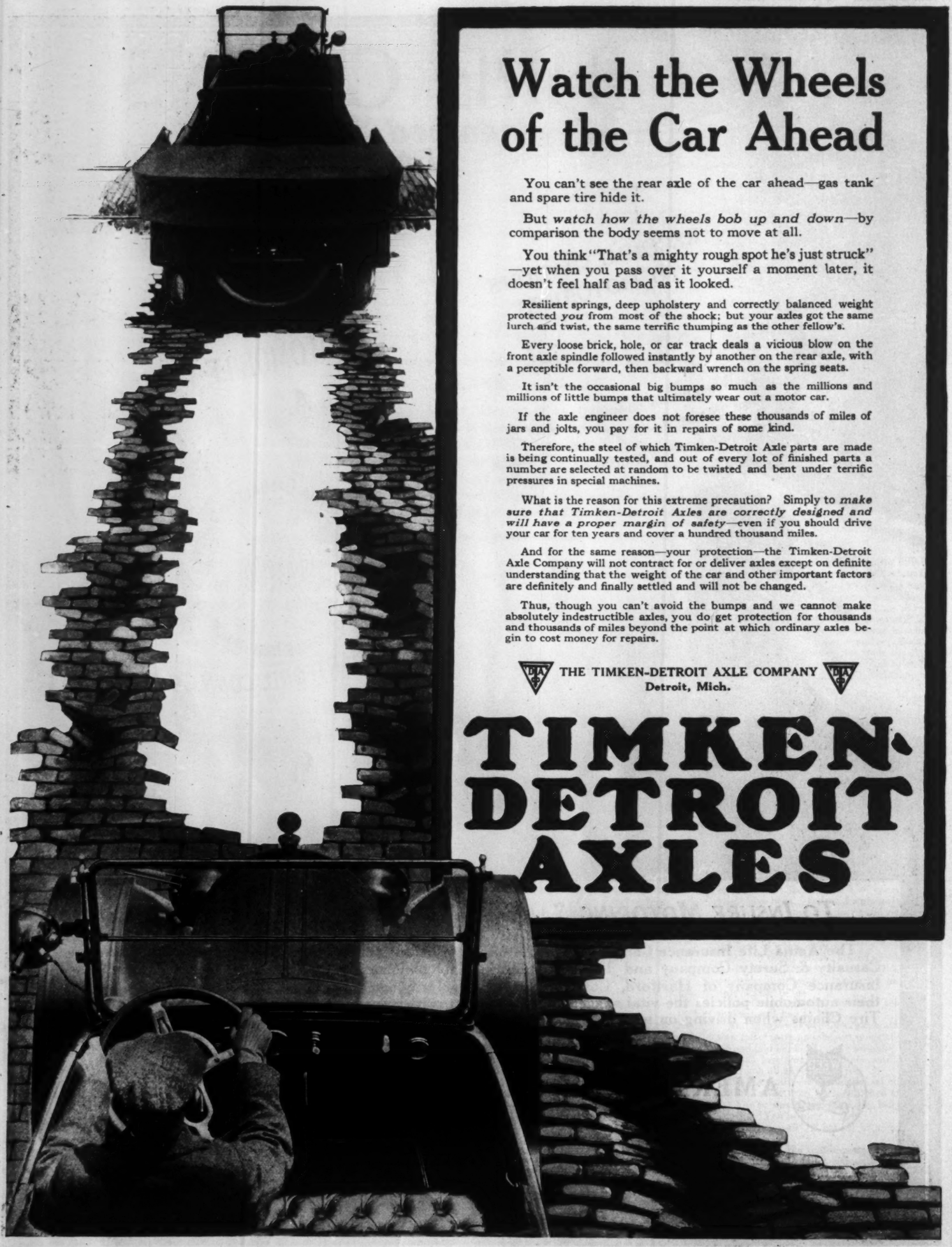

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"That — vampire! And she was laughing at me all the time — and at you. She was just doing it to annoy me and make trouble . . . "

"Nonsense!" I protested. "And you mustn't call her a vampire — it isn't nice."

"I don't care! It's what she is — I have felt it from the first! And I could see she hated me. That was why she made up to you. I tried to get her away, but she wouldn't even let me introduce anybody else — she said you were enough. It was horrid! No wonder I — I flirted a little."

"Well, *I* didn't," I said, severely. "I never held anybody's hand. There was never a hint of flirtation between Mlle. Roland and me. Anybody could have heard every word we uttered."

Mollie snuggled to me again with a little sigh of content.

"I was sure of it," she said; "but I wanted you to tell me. And you forgive me?"

"On one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you never do it again!"

"You're a goose!" she said. "You ought to have taken a whip to me!"

"I will," I said, "after this."

And then suddenly I thought of Jimmy's whip, and of him sitting over there in the midst of that circle of crouching blacks . . .

And involuntarily I looked out again across the desert . . .

The rosy glow was fading; the shadows in the folds of the sand seemed deeper, like valleys of blackness between ridges of light . . .

From one of the valleys, a shadow detached itself . . .

It was moving toward us; it came slowly, with deliberation, hugging the shadows wherever possible, seeking to hide itself behind every ridge, skulking low across the ribbons of light; for all the world like one of the natives trying to sneak back to camp unseen — or a monkey . . .

And then my heart leaped sickeningly, for I saw what it was . . .

Chapter XXVIII

I SUPPOSE Mollie felt the convulsive start which I was utterly unable to suppress, for she raised her head from my shoulder and looked up into my face; and I tried to smile as I met her eyes, but couldn't. And then she drew away, though I tried to hold her, and slowly turned her head and looked out across the sand . . .

I felt her stiffen with horror as she saw the thing, though I knew she couldn't guess . . .

Slowly and stealthily it crept forward, keeping to the shadow wherever possible; but there were instants when there was no cover for it, and it stood revealed in the moonlight — black, terrible, sickening; and then it would sink again into a shadow, and for an instant disappear; and then it would appear again, nearer — always nearer.

"What is it?" Mollie breathed at last.

"It's only one of the natives," I answered, hoarsely.

"No, it isn't! It's something else! You know it's something else!"

"What else could it be?" I demanded, feebly.

"I don't know — something terrible, or you wouldn't be so frightened! It looks like — it looks like — oh, Billy!" and she hid her face on my shoulder, shaking with horror. "It's the mummy!"

"No, no," I protested. "Nonsense! Jimmy tore it to bits this afternoon!"

"Then it has put itself together again — or, or . . . "

She shook convulsively, and buried her face deeper.

"Billy!" she breathed. "It's another one — it's a real one . . . "

"No, no!" I said, and patted her hair and held her close.

But I was shaking, too — for I knew; I knew!

"I can't stand it!" she moaned, softly. "It's too awful — I can't stand it! I'm going — I'm going to faint!"

"No, you're not!" I said, and held her tight, and pressed my cheek against her hair . . .

And always, out across the sand, the thing came nearer.

"Is it — is it still coming?" she whispered, at last.

"Yes."

"Don't stir!" she gasped. "If it — if it should see us!"

"It isn't us it's after!" I said, hoarsely.

Her convulsive trembling stopped for a moment.

"How do you know? Who is it after?"

"It's after Jimmy," I answered, in the merest breath. "God help him!"

"Jimmy?"

"He knows," I said. "He's watching for it!"

And then I suddenly realized his danger. If it should spring upon him from behind, before he saw it . . .

I don't know what dreadful thing I feared — black fingers at his throat — yellow fangs — I didn't dare think of it . . .

"We must warn him," I said. "Come, Mollie, be brave! We're not in any danger!"

"Don't move! Don't move!" she pleaded. "It will see us!"

"No, it won't. We're in the shadow. Even if it did . . . "

"Oh, I should die!" she moaned.

But she managed to totter to her feet, and I led her back among the palms. The last glimpse I had of it, it was quite near; I could see it clearly — it was not to be mistaken . . .

"Come!" I said. "Hurry! There's no danger!"

We stumbled on dazedly across ground grown incredibly rough — startled by the black trunk of every palm we passed — shaking at the whisper of the breeze in the long fronds overhead — glancing fearfully back . . .

But there ahead was a light — such a warm, friendly light! There were the tents, looking more home-like than I had ever thought they could; there were Ma Creel and Digby, sitting side by side, chatting placidly . . .

I delivered Mollie, half-fainting, into Ma Creel's arms . . .

"Where's Davis?" I demanded; and then I remembered, and burst into the tent. Yes; there he was, torch in hand, his nose close to the coffin. "It's out there, Davis!" I panted. "It's out there!"

He cast one glance at my working face, then grabbed me by the shoulder and thrust me down upon a cot.

"Pull yourself together!" he commanded.

I did my best — with every nerve and muscle tense, I did my best.

"That's better!" he said. "Now — *what's* out there?"

"That — that thing!" I stammered. "Don't look at me as though you didn't believe! I saw it — Mollie saw it! It was right at our heels! It's coming after Jimmy!"

"Nonsense!" he began, but I stopped him with a savage gesture.

"Don't say that!" I shouted, with sudden fury. "It isn't nonsense! I know — I saw it . . . "

And just then Creel came in, his face very white.

"What's all this?" he demanded. "What's the matter with Mollie — she's in hysterics — jabbering . . . "

"It's out there, Creel!" I gasped. "We saw it! It's after Jimmy!"

Creel's face went whiter still. He, at least, believed.

"Jimmy's ready for it!" he said, and ran trembling fingers through his hair.

"But if he shouldn't see it! If it leaped upon him from behind!"

Without a word, Creel sprang to the bag beside his cot, pulled it open, snatched out a revolver, and glanced at the chambers to be sure they were loaded.

"Come along!" he said.

"But wait!" Davis protested. "This is the wildest folly I ever heard! Do you mean to tell me seriously that you're afraid of a thing buried four thousand years . . . "

"I saw it!" I said again, and staggered to my feet and followed Creel.

"Oh, well!" said Davis, and with a gesture of despair, came after us.

Outside, we drew insensibly together, and hastened on under the palms — Creel first, his weapon ready; I next, Davis last, sending the beam from his torch to right and left and behind us — oh, behind us . . .

And then we caught the sound of the chant.

"It's all right!" said Creel, hoarsely. "We're in time!"

The next instant, the chant was drowned in a chorus of shrill cries — then it rose again — we heard the whip crack . . .

And then we came out on the slope above the camp . . .

"Good God!" muttered Creel. "Are they all dead?"

But they were not dead. After that wail of terror, they had flung themselves forward on their faces in the sand, groveling hideously, paralyzed with horror; and in their midst stood Jimmy, whip in hand; and just outside that circle of prostrate forms hovered a grisly shape . . .

"So you've come, Tina!" called Jimmy,

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with a bravado which his voice belied. "I'm ready!" and he cracked his whip again. "Come closer, Tina! You shall feel the lash again . . . "

His voice broke sharply; he stood an instant staring, then took a slow step forward.

"Is it you?" he muttered. "Is it you? You are both the same, then! I thought so!"

Creel had swung his pistol up — then his arm fell to his side again.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look!"

And I swear, as I stared out across the circle of huddled figures, I saw beyond them, on the spot where that grisly shape had hovered, a woman's form, clad in robes that sparkled in the moonlight; I could see her shining eyes; I could see the smile which parted her red lips — She raised her hand and beckoned . . .

"It's the girl!" said Davis. "It's just a piece of foolery! I was sure of it!"

"It is not!" I gasped. "She's in the tent back there — asleep . . . "

Jimmy took another slow step forward.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Creel's pistol arm swing up again; and again it fell to his side.

"I can't do it!" he muttered. "I can't do it! It's murder!"

Again the figure beckoned, then glided slowly away toward the desert, looking back with alluring eyes — eyes that promised everything . . .

And Jimmy followed. It was our scene of the afternoon over again — but this time, I knew, it was in deadly earnest.

We watched them, spell-bound, as they moved away . . .

It was Creel who shook himself free.

"Come on!" he said, and ran forward after them. "If she gets him out in the desert . . . "

But they were headed not toward the open desert, but toward the mounds which marked the ruins. Jimmy was running, now, his arms outstretched; and the sparkling figure glided on just beyond his reach. A moment more, and both of them vanished among the mounds.

What would happen to him there? What dreadful thing would happen to him there? Over and over I asked myself that question as we raced on. She would lure him into the tomb; and there, in the terrible blackness, what awful thing . . .

The silence was rent by a wild cry of triumph.

"He's got her!" gasped Creel; but the words were drowned by a scream so shrill, so fiendish, so inhuman . . .

We scrambled up a mound of loose sand, clawing for a foothold, and the excavation lay before us, bathed in moonlight . . .

Near the black entrance to the tomb, a ghastly struggle was in progress. We could hear a man's gasping breath; we could hear a shrill, inhuman voice chuckling as in triumph; and then there was a sharp cry of pain, and we saw Jimmy trying to tear himself away from something that caught and held and dragged him down — something dark and hideous and ape-like, that dragged him toward the blackness . . .

I shall never cease to admire Cree'. It was he who rushed for the steps — who sped down them three at a time. I am glad to think that Davis and I were close behind!

"All right, Jimmy!" shouted Creel. "We're here! Hold on!"

The struggle paused for an instant; then the dark shape shook itself free and darted for the hole. Creel's arm snapped up and he fired; and then we were at the entrance to the tomb; and Creel sprang inside and fired again; and I saw the flash of the powder; and then the beam from Davis's torch leaped through the blackness . . .

"Come back! Come back!" he cried, and caught Creel by the shoulder and dragged him back.

There was a crash like thunder; the world seemed falling to pieces about us . . .

Chapter XXIX

AS I wiped the dust from my eyes, gasping, choking, half-stunned, I realized what had happened — the roof of the tomb had fallen in. And Creel? Yes, there he was; safe, thank heaven, with Davis still dragging at his arm . . .

It was plain enough — the heavy vault, groaning under the weight of the tons of sand which the winds of forty centuries had piled above it, hanging by a thread since the removal of the supporting wall, scarcely braced at all by the rude prop which Davis and Mustafa had hastily reared, had been brought crashing down by the detonation of Creel's pistol-shot. The débris, hundreds and hundreds of tons of it, filled the tomb from side to side. The entrance to the inner chamber was irrevocably blocked. Whatever it was had flitted along that passage, would never emerge again.

That was the thought which filled my mind, as I stood blinking at the ruins, and I found myself murmuring, "Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!" over and over. Thank God that horror was forever buried; thank God no other ear would ever hear that beating on the wall; thank God that age-long dream of vengeance must remain unsatisfied . . .

But must it!

And suddenly I remembered Jimmy. Perhaps it had done its work, with claw and fang — perhaps . . .

Creel was already kneeling beside that body, flung limply on the sand, peering anxiously down into its face.

"Bring the light!" he called, and slipped a hand inside of Jimmy's shirt. "He's not dead," he added in a moment. "His heart's beating. I think he has just fainted. Let me see."

He took the torch from Davis's hand and turned it upon the unconscious face. There were ugly purple marks about the throat, but the chest rose and fell convulsively with the laboring breath. We had been in time! But what was that dark spot, spreading across the shoulder?

With a little cry, Creel tore back the shirt, almost before I realized that the spot was blood.

With his handkerchief, he wiped the blood away. In the top of the shoulder was a savage bite . . .

And just then Jimmy opened his eyes.

"Where is she?" he gasped, and his hand groped for the whip, which had fallen close beside him, found it, and grabbed it tight. "Where is she?" and he thrust Creel aside and sat erect.

"Lie still, Jimmy!" said Creel. "You're too weak . . . "

"I'm all right! Where is she?"

"She's gone," said Creel. "She will never trouble you again!"

"I am not so sure of that!" Jimmy muttered. "Help me up."

We raised him to his feet. He staggered for an instant and pressed his hand against his eyes, as though to conquer a sudden giddiness. Then he straightened up and looked around.

"I'm all right!" he said again. "Now — where is she? In the tomb, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Creel; "she's in the tomb."

I saw the convulsive shudder that shook Jimmy from head to foot. Then his lips drew away from his teeth in an ugly snarl, and his grip on the whip tightened.

"I'm going after her!" he said. "I'm not afraid! And by God, this time I'll finish it! She can't get away in there!"

"It's no use," said Creel. "Look!" and he threw the light from the torch over the towering, tumbled mass of sand and rock. "She will never get out again!"

For an instant Jimmy stood staring, as though unable to believe his eyes. Then a great breath of relief shook him.

"You are sure she went in?" he asked.

"We all saw her. I took two shots at her. That's what brought the roof down."

Jimmy's face was alight with triumph, as he sent his lash cracking forward into the darkness.

"Good-by, Tina!" he called. "Good-by — you're safe now for all eternity!" and he turned back to us, and I saw his eyes were shining. "I've won!" he cried. "I've won, Creel! You don't know yet — but you will . . . " His eyes fell upon the revolver-butt protruding from the pocket where Creel had hastily thrust it. "Have you any more shots in that revolver?" he asked.

"Yes — four."

"Let me have it."

Creel hesitated an instant, then placed the weapon in Jimmy's outstretched hand. He supposed, I think, as I did, that Jimmy wanted to discharge those shots toward the imprisoned Tina. Instead, he thrust the revolver into his own pocket.

"Thanks!" he said. "I may need it. I must hurry — I've got a lot to do."

"Wait!" shouted Creel, as he turned away. "A lot to do? What do you mean? The first thing you've got to do is to have that wound dressed."

"What wound?"

"On the shoulder — you were bitten . . . "

Jimmy glanced down, his head awry, and saw the dark red stain.

"Bitten, eh?" he laughed. "Well — she's

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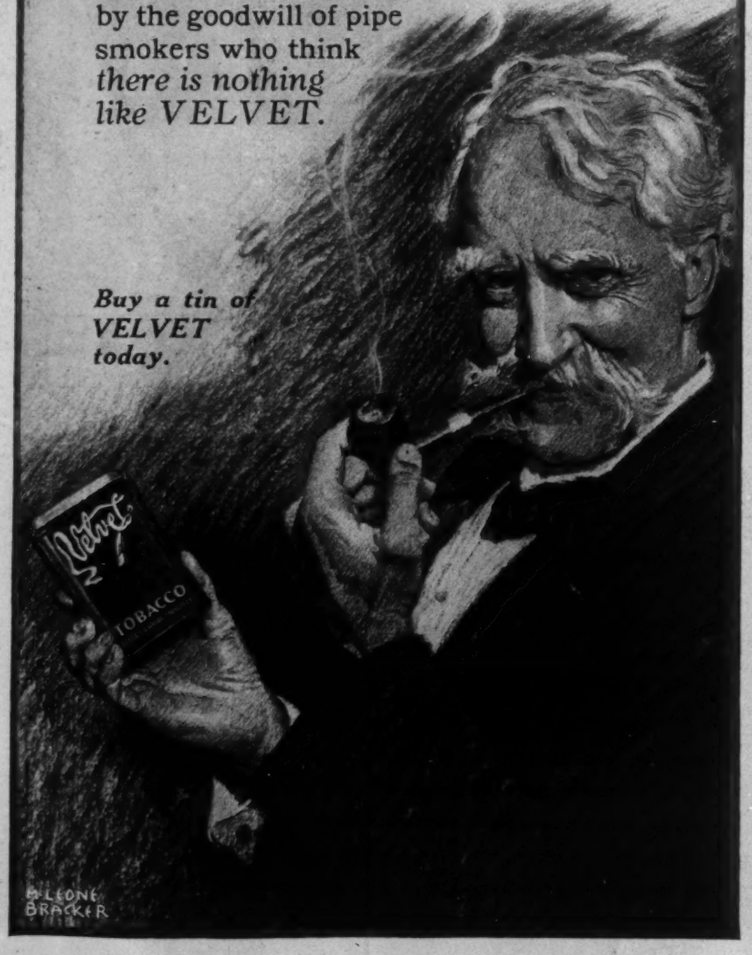

fond of biting! Mustafa can tell you that!" and he sprang up the steps and out of sight.

"What the devil is he up to?" Creel demanded, staring after him. "I was a fool to give him that revolver!" he added, half to himself.

"Yes," agreed Davis, crisply, "I think you were!"

"Somehow I couldn't help it," Creel explained, and mopped his forehead. "It was the way he looked at me. I didn't think he meant any harm . . . "

"Perhaps he doesn't," said Davis; "on the other hand . . . "

By a common impulse, we moved toward the steps. What was it Jimmy planned? To rush in upon the girl, rouse her from sleep — or, perhaps, without rousing her, to press that pistol to her temple . . .

It was some vision such as this which sent us scurrying across the sand . . .

"What do you make of it, Professor?" gasped Creel. "You saw the thing?"

"Yes," said Davis. "It looked like an ape."

"It looked like the dried-up, blackened body I saw lying on the floor of that inner chamber," said Creel. "Moreover, that's what it was!"

"But that's absurd!"

"I know it," Creel broke in. "But I saw it — and I know!"

Davis shrugged his shoulders.

"It was an ape," he said, doggedly. "It probably had its home somewhere in the ruins. That would explain the tracks . . . "

"What tracks?" Creel demanded. "You said nothing of any tracks."

"I thought they had been made by one of the natives; but it seemed strange . . . "

"It changed to a woman," I broke in. "You both saw her. She beckoned to Jimmy, and he followed her — she lured him on, just as the Princess did this afternoon."

Davis shrugged again.

"You've both of you got movies on the brain!" he snapped.

"But he saw her — you said yourself . . . "

"I was mistaken," he broke in. "It was just the moonlight . . . "

"It wasn't the moonlight!" Creel burst out. "I saw her — moreover, I recognized her, just as you did. It was the Princess. That's why I couldn't fire."

"Well, if it was," said Davis, doggedly, "there was nothing supernatural about it. If she and Jimmy went over together to the ruins . . . "

"Then she's buried alive over there!" cried Creel.

"She's not there," I muttered. "You'll find her asleep in her tent — she has been there all the time!"

"Asleep or dead!" said Creel, gloomily. "That doesn't matter; she was there, I tell you; it was she who lured Jimmy out across the sand . . . What's that?"

A shrill screaming rent the air — a cry to make the heart stand still.

Davis laughed.

"Another ghost!" he sneered. "A spirit in torment. At least, I suppose you'll call it that! As a matter of fact, it is just a camel howling."

Another one took up the cry, and then another. Creel and I glanced at each other nervously — perhaps we *were* over credulous! But it wasn't an ape — it wasn't just the moonlight . . .

We were quite close to the oasis, and Davis stopped and stared with frowning brows toward the native camp, where the camels were tethered.

"We'd better see what is going on over there," he said. "Camels don't scream like that for nothing. Surely, those natives . . . "

He broke off and hurried on, his lips compressed. In a moment, we caught the excited murmur of voices, and another voice shouting commands — Jimmy's voice. The chanting had ceased . . .

And just as we reached the first group of palms, a weird procession passed like a shadow before us. At its head marched Jimmy, with Mustafa a pace behind; then came three camels; and then the whole string of fellahin . . .

They were headed in the direction of the tents . . .

"He's gone mad!" said Creel, hoarsely. "He's starting a mutiny! And I was fool enough to give him my revolver!"

"Come on!" said Davis. "We must head him off!" and together we dashed toward the tents.

We reached them first, but Jimmy emerged from the palms a moment later, before we had a chance even to consider a plan of action. The three camels towered behind him, and in the rear came the rabble of natives. Creel went forward steadily to meet him. Good old Creel — I take off my hat to you!

"What does this mean, Jimmy?" he demanded, sternly, and from his look you would have thought it was he who had the revolver.

"I am going to leave you, Warrie," Jimmy answered sweetly, without a trace of the excitement I had feared.

"We are all going back tomorrow," Creel pointed out.

"I can't wait till tomorrow," said Jimmy. "I've got to go tonight."

"You *can't* go tonight."

"Yes, I can, Warrie — and what is more, I am!" said Jimmy, quietly. "Don't try to stop me. It wouldn't do any good — and it might do a lot of harm."

There was not a trace of threat in his tone; but his hand fell carelessly to the pistol-butt, and he stood for an instant looking smilingly into Creel's eyes. Back of that smile was a meaning there was no mistaking. Creel saw it — and drew back a pace. He realized the uselessness of argument.

"That's right," said Jimmy, with a nod. "That's sensible."

"But you will lose your way," Creel protested. "You'll die of thirst."

"I can't lose my way," said Jimmy. "The river is to the west — I couldn't miss it possibly — I have only to follow the moon by night and the sun by day. As for thirst, I want to load one camel with food and water. You have plenty — and I'll pay for it — and for the camels, too, if anything happens to them — out of my salary. I leave all that to you."

"Is it so, Mustafa?" Creel demanded. "Is it so that he can't miss the river if he holds to the west?"

"That iss so, saar," said Mustafa. "North and south the river stretches, hundreds of miles."

"What provisions will he need?"

"He should have provisions for a week, saar."

"Give him provisions for two weeks," said Creel. "Or for three weeks, if he can carry them. That is, if he is really determined on this crazy project."

"I am," said Jimmy. "If I can't have the provisions, I will go without."

"Of course you can have them," said Creel. "All you can carry," and Mustafa, calling a force of natives, hastened to the supply tent.

A moment later, the camels, protesting loudly, were forced to kneel, and one of them was quickly laden. I saw that the other two were fitted with saddles; and it occurred to me that Jimmy was not taking much of a chance, since he evidently intended taking a guide along. No doubt he had already picked one of the men.

"There is one thing, Warrie," said Jimmy. "If you have any extra cartridges for this revolver, I wish you would let me have them."

Creel nodded, went to our tent, and reappeared in a moment, a box of cartridges in his hand.

"There you are," he said, and Jimmy slipped them into his pocket with a nod of thanks.

"How about your wound?" asked Creel. "It ought to be dressed."

"It's all right," said Jimmy. "I washed it out and dabbed some iodine on it when I changed my shirt just now."

"All is ready, saar," announced Mustafa, coming forward and reporting to Jimmy as to a natural and recognized commander. "You will not forget — the river is to the west, always to the west. To the south, there is only the desert — the great desert."

"I know," said Jimmy. "Stand back, everybody!"

And suddenly he raised his arm and cracked the whip.

"Tina!" he called. "I'm ready! I'm waiting!"

And again the whip cracked.

And suddenly I understood. I stared toward the door of the women's tent, my hair on end . . .

"Tina!"

The call was commanding, insistent, not to be denied . . .

The tent-flap was thrust aside — the girl came slowly out, like one walking in her sleep.

"I'm ready!" Jimmy said again, and held out his hand.

She came slowly forward, as though impelled by a force she was powerless to resist, and placed her hand in his; and he led her forward to the camels.

Not till then did Creel understand.

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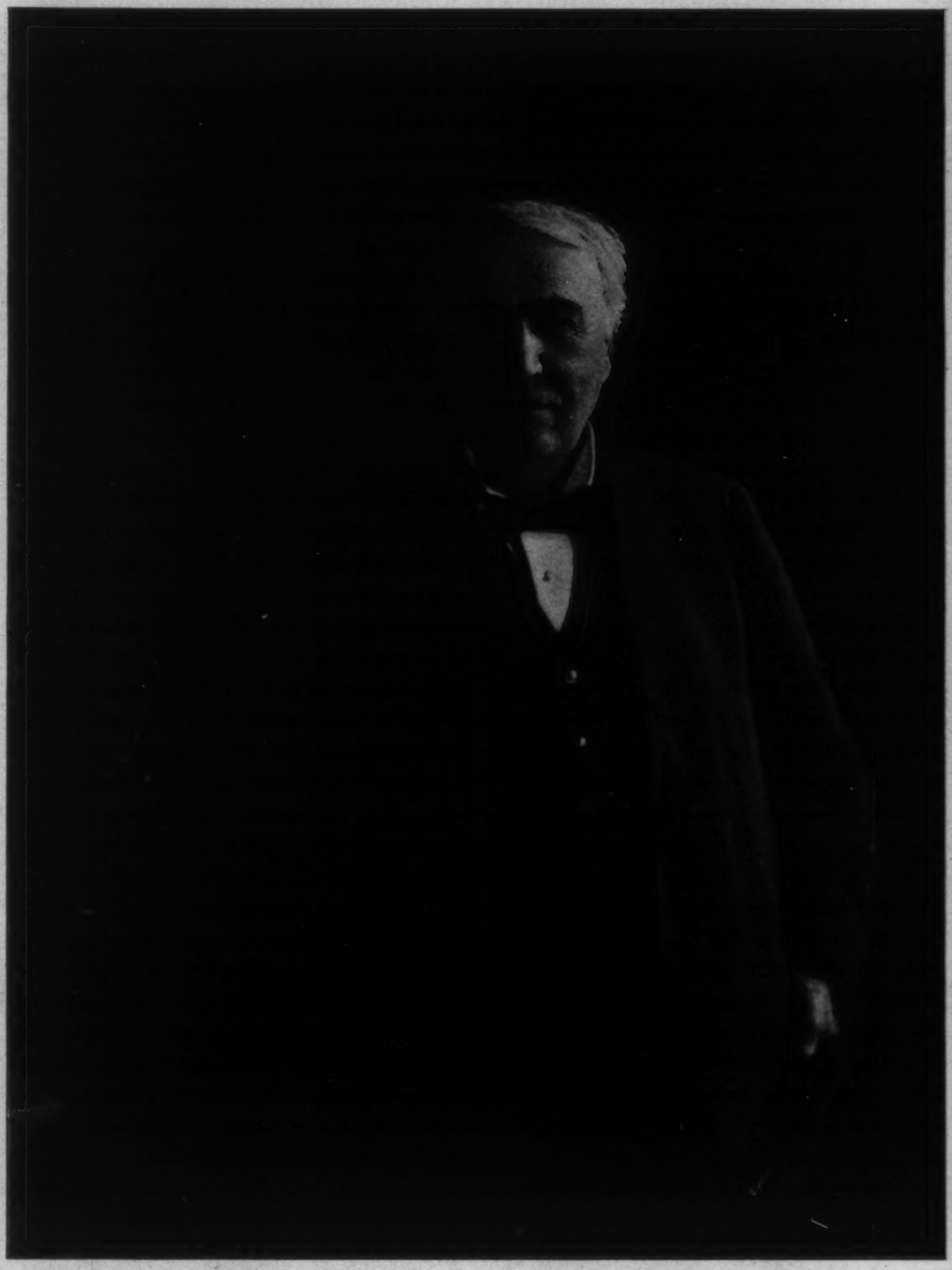

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The Edison Dealer In Your Locality *Will Help You Win a Prize*

Go to his store and hear the New Edison. He may be willing to lend you an instrument for a few days, so that you can study it at your leisure in your own home. He may also be able to give you some good tips about your advertisement, but don't ask him to help you compose it, as he will have to certify that he did not do so.

The Contest Closes October 27th

Edison Week ends October 27th and the contest closes the same day. Write today for Instruction Blank and copy of booklet "What the Critics Say." Address Edison Week Bureau, Orange, N. J.

Help Her Fill a Pipe for "Sammy"!

$1 keeps a fighting man happy for a month—
MAIL THE COUPON!

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND," 25 West 44th Street, New York

Gentlemen:—I want to do my part to cheer up the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. (Check below how you desire to contribute.)

I send you herewith..... my contribution towards the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name.....

Address..... McC. 10-17

MEN and women of America—what are you doing to bring comfort to American boys who are risking their lives in France to defend you from the fate that overtook the Belgians.

Our fighting men in the trenches and with the fleet need and crave tobacco. Help us to send it to them.

Dive into your purse. Out comes a quarter, half-dollar, a note. Mail it at once — currency, stamps, check or money order. The quicker it comes the quicker our boys will have their smokes.

A War Souvenir for You

A feature of this fund is that in each package is enclosed a post card addressed to the donor. If it is possible for the soldier or sailor receiving the tobacco to mail you this post card receipt, it will be a war souvenir you will treasure forever.

The space for this advertisement is given free. Clarence F. Underwood contributed the above illustration. Every cent collected goes into the purchase of tobacco comfort for our soldiers and sailors. The whole nation is helping. Do your part.

What the Secretary of War Says:

"The War Department approves of their enterprise (that of those who take part in raising the 'Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund') and thanks them in behalf of many a homesick soldier and sailor who will be cheered not merely by the kindly gifts themselves, but still more by the spirit of cordial and homely sympathy which inspires them." NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of War.

25 West 44th Street **"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"** New York City

"No, no!" he shouted. "That won't do, Jimmy! I won't have that!"

Jimmy never so much as glanced at him; he only thrust the whip under one arm, and drew the revolver from his pocket and held it ready.

"Mount, Tina!" he said; and the girl stepped up into the seat on the camel's back.

In an instant he had leaped into the other seat — the camels rose, growling, to their feet — and then I saw that they were tethered together by stout leading-ropes.

For a moment Jimmy looked down into our upturned, staring faces, and his eyes were like coals of fire.

"Good-by, friends," he said. "Good-by, Ma Creel!"

"Oh, Jimmy!" she cried, and ran forward toward him. "*Must* you go?"

"Yes — there is no other way!"

He sat an instant longer looking at us, then he struck his camel sharply, and turned him toward the desert. The others followed . . .

We strung along behind, overwhelmed, inarticulate . . .

In a moment we were at the edge of the oasis. Jimmy looked back at us and waved his hand.

"Good-by, everybody!" he called again.

The girl stared straight before her, out across the sand, erect and motionless, as though struck to stone.

Spellbound, we stood watching them as they faded away through the moonlight.

"My God!" said Creel, suddenly. "He's not going west — look, he's going south! Toward the desert!"

He started to run forward; stopped; came slowly back.

"He's mad!" said Mollie, bitterly. "So is she. I have known it from the first!"

But Creel, his eyes on those dim shapes fading out against the horizon, shook his head impatiently.

"They're not mad!" he said, hoarsely. "They're sane — supremely sane! Saner than any of us! Ahead of them is romance, adventure — and they're riding forth to meet it!"

"There's death ahead of them!" said Ma Creel, softly, and I could guess the tears which were streaming down her cheeks.

"There's life ahead of them!" said Creel. "If we weren't fools and cowards, we would ride after them . . . "

But, alas and alas for romance and high adventure! It was toward Luxor and civilization and the lights of Broadway we turned our faces next day at sunset.

Alas, for romance, did I say? For Creel, perhaps; for Digby; not for me.

For Mollie rode close beside me.

And yet, sometimes, I wonder . . .

[*The end*]

Every reader will regret that this story has come to an end. But Mr. Stevenson is writing another mystery story, and of course it will run in McClure's. It will be even better than "A King in Babylon"

All Under One Roof

[*Continued from page 23*]

her husband a meaning glance and waddled into the house. Herman drew a chair to his father's side.

"Don't you feel so well, *tat*?"

"I'm all right, Herman boy." Mr. Lichtman smiled mildly. And with so much permission, Herman burst into an enthusiastic account of his newest exploit in the theatrical business, to which Mr. Lichtman gave eager audience.

Meanwhile, Rosie was humming her way to her own mahogany-furnished room, upstairs, when she passed the picturesque apartment (overflowing with "keepsakes") of Mrs. Kirschbaum, and peering in at the door, observed that her mother was seated lonesomely by a screened window.

"Hello, ma!" she called gaily.

Mrs. Kirschbaum hardly smiled; her eyes were puffed and pink behind her spectacles, but they did light up a bit when Rosie kissed her. Then she resumed her homely, crestfallen air.

"What's on your mind, ma?"

"Nothin'— nothin', Rosie."

"Yes, there is, dear. What?"

Mrs. Kirschbaum began to whimper; Rosie hugged her.

"Tell me, ma. Sick?"

"I don't like — like it here, Rosie."

"What do you mean— Isn't it nice enough here?"

"Ev'ryt'ing's so nice, yes; but I ain't happy like I used to be. I don't know what. I wisht we was back in the bung'low, like before."

"Ma, you kept saying that last winter, too. You know. Whenever Max Finkelstein came visiting our apartment."

"No vonder I did! Max! Who *wouldn't*? . . . Why must *he* always come up when we talk? He sticks to you like an old sin! I'm glad *he's* gone, anyhow! Maybe if *he'd* 'av' kept away from us with his tvelf-cy*l*inder friends and ev'ryt'ing, we'd still be happy in our own little bung'low, you and me, and I could make *lockschen* in my *own* kitchen!"

"Mama! how *can* you talk that way! You look at it wrong. If Max Finkelstein hadn't fixed up that scheme last fall for us to make money in stocks and go to live in NewYork — if he hadn't lost our money again so I had to go out job hunting, I'd never 'av' known what a peach Herm is; and then maybe we wouldn't be married yet. *I-ma-gine!* — how awful that would be! Ah, ma, I don't see what's the matter with it here!"

"It ain't Hymie — it ain't here — it's *her!*"

"Her?"

"Yes — Hymie's *mutter!*"

"Oh!"

All was suddenly as simple as could be. Rosie could only stare, wondering, frightened and realizing how inadequate she was to meet such a calamitous situation. Naturally enough, she decided to reserve action until a conference could be held with her husband. But she saw that in the interim, her mother's mind must be centered upon something else.

"Ah, ma," she said, "you shouldn't fret like this. It must be just some mistake or something. You two will get on all right. Did you have an argument?"

"No, but she is always ——"

"Now ne-ver mind, ma! . . . Listen, ma, you know?— the Greenbergs have a new car — a twelve, like the one Max Finkelstein used to have! Remember?"

"There you go again! Shut up about *him*, will you? *Ugh!*"

"Ah, ma! . . . Ma, it's a peach, anyhow — a Slackard-Twelve! . . . Gee, I wish we could have one!"

"You'd like one, Rosie?" Mrs. Kirschbaum's eyes lighted.

"Sure. . . . We could afford it now — couldn't we?"

"A tvelf-cy*l*inder! That's an expensife one, I guess."

"No-o-o! Not so bad. It can't be so *ter*-ribly bad — the Greenbergs have one!"

Now when Rosie imparted the information that the Greenbergs had a new car and in the same breath that she would like one, too, she was in so many words betraying her willingness to "keep up with the Greenbergs"! Which is to say that Rosie still retained much of her youthful passion for climbing.

At table, Mr. Lichtman always sat at the head, wheeled up to his place in his chair; and his ponderous spouse sat opposite. Herman and Rosie sat as close as convenience would permit; and as though they were a couple of chicks and she were the mother hen, Mrs. Kirschbaum sat alone at the other side, watching.

And so they sat this night, under a general feeling of restraint. Conversation was choked, like smoke behind a damper, oozing out here and there through the cracks in a black, threatening manner. All went well enough until the end of the meal, when Mrs.

A Birthday Breakfast

For any gala-day breakfast, in most up-to-date homes, the dominant dish would be Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

This is the company dish—the extra-fine dish—the dish for rare occasions. But a better understanding, we believe, will make Puffed Grains your standby.

These bubbles of grain are not mere food confections. They are whole grains—minerals, vitamines and all—with every food cell exploded.

They are scientific food creations, invented by Prof. Anderson. With every granule blasted, every atom feeds. No other process so fits whole grains for food.

According to all authorities, everybody needs some whole-grain diet. Here is that diet in a perfect form.

Puffed Grains seem like titbits—airy, flaky, eight times normal size. But they are clear nutrition, fitted for complete digestion. And not an element which Nature stores in wheat or rice is lacking.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Serve in Every Bowl of Milk

Use them in candy-making, or as garnish for ice cream. Scatter them in soups. Salt like peanuts for children after school.

When whole-grain bubbles are made so inviting, why not serve them in every way you can?

At every meal there is a place for these delightful morsels. Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with any fruit. For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk.

Mix in Every Dish of Fruit

The Quaker Oats Company
SOLE MAKERS

(1683)

Kirschbaum tried to pass a dish of Mrs. Lichtman's peach preserves to Rosie and dropped it, smashing an old blue water pitcher, one of the curios from Mrs. Lichtman's memory-incrusted collection.

"*Ai! Dumkopf! Chazzer! My pitcher!*" Mrs. Lichtman yelled—nor could she have yelled worse.

"Rachel! *Bistu meshugge?* What is a blue pitcher?" her husband whined.

"*Mama!*" Rosie and Herman cried simultaneously.

Mrs. Kirschbaum grew livid. "I couldn't help it, could I?" she sobbed, bending her head over the table. "*Oi*, she calls me a pi-pig!"

"Well, she *is*, Hoim," Mrs. Lichtman recited heavily, with the frightened look of a child trying to vindicate a guilty deed. "She did it on poipose, *I* t'ink! They had it fixed, both of 'em! They *tried* to bre-break my pi-pitcher!" She, too, was in tears.

"Hy-Hymie — *hon*-est I didn't try. *Boo-hoo!*"

"Mama, go upstairs!" Herman commanded, rising abruptly.

"Hoim, I — I — got to clear off the table foist!" Mrs. Lichtman objected, with dilatory slyness.

"Go — up — stairs! . . . The table'll be cleared, all right!" He smote the serving-bell.

Since in his household Herman's voice was the only voice she recognized as superior to her own, Mrs. Lichtman "went," grumbling, muttering and casting baleful looks withal in some confusion. Rosie took her mother in arms; Herman kissed the hysterical old woman and patted her awkwardly. Rosie and she went upstairs. Mr. Lichtman called impatiently upon the maid to wheel him into the library. Herman desperately lighted a cigar and went out to the veranda, sniffing furiously.

Later on, Rosie stole quietly beside Herman, who sat smoking in the porch swing. She was sniffing. Herman slipped an arm about her and they sat thus, in dark silence, for a long time.

"We got to do something, Herm," Rosie ventured when she had at last conquered her sniffing.

"Yer."

"I wonder what's up?"

"Don't know."

"Has your mama said anything?"

"No, but I got some suspicions. Today I caught her talking to papa out here about something she said a certain Missus Eppelsheimer said, and the only Missus Eppelsheimer I know of used to live opposite us in New York, years ago! I'm suspicious she had been talking about your mama behind her back and was ashamed to own up." Herman laughed curtly. "And how about you, dear?"

"Mama, she was crying when I got home this afternoon. I can't make her talk. She's asleep now — I got her asleep."

"Ain't it too bad, and us so happy," Herman sighed. He impulsively kissed Rosie's cheek; a tear rolling from her eyes adhered to his lips. "Huh! Bad as that, baby?"

"I'm afraid it's pretty bad, Herm. . . . She wants to live alone."

"Your mama does? *Shtuss!* We'll patch it up somehow. . . . But how I don't know."

"We got to get them both interested in one thing, Herm!"

"Rosie! What a head you've got! That's just it! But interested in what?"

"Search me. . . . Maybe a car!" Rosie's heart shivered ever so slightly, expectantly.

"A car!" Herman repeated the magic, incomprehensible word.

"Sure. Maybe if we get a new car? You know. Get them interested getting it — deciding what kind — demonstrations — talking about it, and everything — and it might sort of bring them together? You could talk it up to your mama, and I could handle mama all right. Huh, Herm?"

"Maybe," he admitted dubiously. "Our car *is* getting kind of — now — worn, me using it in the bus'ness running to New York to get pi'ture fi-lums ev'ry day and back and forth between our theatres. Do you think it would work like you say?"

"Sure I do! . . . Herm, the Greenbergs have a new twelve!"

Herman, one of the sort who try to exert an ascendancy of common sense over natural inclination by the sheer force of will, realized there were present investments far better for him than a new car, but Herman was beginning to "feel" his success, and although content to let it pass as original with his wife, he recognized the suggestion as by no means a novel one to his mind. But a twelve-cylinder, at which Rosie was now so subtly hinting, was another story!

"Say!" Herman expressed, in that one eloquent word, a change of mind as to the soundness of Rosie's whole idea. "Say — I don't see how a *car* will help this quarrel bus'ness!"

"It'll bring 'em together. Sure it will, Herm. They'll get talking about it and first thing you know they'll be good friends again. That's how women are!"

It would be unfair to call Herman spineless. Just then he happened to think of the new Superb-Six car over at Ben Aaronson's brick garage on Main Street —the car on which he had set his heart upon its first public appearance in the quaint little town. And it was the thought of *that* which influenced

"Mama, go upstairs!" Herman commanded, rising abruptly

him, *not* Rosie's frivolous reasoning! In fact, Herman had taken a ride or two on the sly with Ben Aaronson, the agent; which conclusively shows the actual cause for Herman's sudden determination, in spite of the fact that he did use Rosie's whole suggestion as a sort of alibi to that inner, scrupulous self of his!

"I'll tell you what, Rosie," he said at length; "I'll have Ben Aaronson come over, see?— and we'll have a demonstration. We'll *all* go along. I'll see Ben in the morning, and you fix it up with the momsies. I got to go to the beach on bus'ness then, but we'll go out in the afternoon, when I get back."

"You dear! . . . Ben Aaronson — he's agent for the Slackard-Twelve, isn't he, Herm?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Herm! You going to get a twelve?"

"No! . . . Ben Aaronson is also agent for the Superb-Six. We'll try a demonstration in *it*. I can't see a twelve this year, Rosie — that's too much of a good thing!"

"Ah, Herm! The Greenbergs ——"

"Rosie — ple-e-ease! With all this trouble, now!"

"All right, Herm. . . . Herm, I'm so glad!"

They kissed and went upstairs.

As she served him his lonely breakfast early next morning, hovering about him with the care of a Broadway waiter and true motherly attention, Herman told his mother about the demonstration to be arranged for that afternoon.

"What's 'he matter wit' your car, Hoim?" she demanded. "We must get a new car already just because ——"

"Mama! Stop! No, because *I* want one, see? Mama, ple-e-ease try and be nice. That last night bus'ness you should forget. You get dressed up nice this afternoon and go with us — won't you? See if you don't like this new car. I'll get back from the beach after dinner."

"All right, Hoim *liebe;* if you say so, Hoim."

Ben Aaronson, the agent, had started with a small bicycle shop, had expanded through the several stages of the automobile-garage business, beginning with one of those queer vehicles with an engine beneath the seat and steered by a handle-bar, turning over to his sub-agents each successive, old-fashioned four-cylinder as each new make would strike his eye, till now he owned the imposing brick garage on Main Street and dealt exclusively with the Superb-Six and the Slackard-Twelve.

Everybody knew Ben Aaronson!

To the brick garage Herman Lichtman dispatched himself. He rolled up in his Overwell-Detroit, stepped on the cut-out and raced the motor to a din as an announcement of his advent.

"Say, Ben," he said; "I got just time enough to take a little ride in that six before I go down to the beach on bus'ness. Could you take me?"

"Surest thing y'know. Hey! Sam-mie! Get out that dem'strator — the six!" He winked behind his broad hand to signify further: "And see that she's in good trim!" The grease-besmeared Sammy grinned knowingly.

"Lichtman, that Superb-Six is sim-ply wonderful — *won*-derful. I myself use it, all the time — wouldn't use 'nother car. Why, say ——" and he launched into a well-rehearsed flow of chatter concerning the car, a flow which had not yet ceased when they had returned from a spin along the hard boulevard. When they did pull up at the garage again, Herman's smile was like that of a boy in a toyshop.

"I'll buy a six, Ben! . . . Now listen," he said, writing out a check. "Here's six hundred deposit. Here's what I want you to do: don't tell the folks I bought it — see? I want you to take us all out for a demonstration this afternoon, about three. I want them to think I haven't boughten it yet — only trying it out — for a certain reason. So don't say nothing. And don't go too fast."

Mr. Aaronson winked. (His wink was like that of a land tortoise.) "I get hep, Lichtman. Thanks. Sure thing. I'll take care *this* job myself. Leave it to me! S'long!"

By the time Herman had driven his Overwell-Detroit the five miles to the beach, it seemed, by contrast to the Superb-Six, to have lost every quality it may ever have possessed. And so he felt he had made a wise purchase.

Rosie accomplished the nigh impossible. By three o'clock she had her mother and Mrs. Lichtman dressed in their dull silks. They were a couple of expectant youngsters about to go on a picnic as they sat together on the veranda. Mr. Lichtman was radiant over Rosie's success; and Rosie was praying that it would continue.

"I wonder why Hoim don't come, now?" Mrs. Lichtman expressed the collective thought of the others.

"That boy, you couldn't tell. He's always so busy and running around," Mrs. Kirschbaum smiled, nodding her head to thrust home the compliment to his mother.

"Huh! *Is* that so? *I* know what you mean — that he nefer makes his dates — nefer on time! Didn't you, now?" Mrs. Lichtman was defending a true fault in her son, even though she had erred as to Mrs. Kirschbaum's meaning.

"Rosie — *did* I say that? *Did* I *schwer?* I leave it to you two!" Mrs. Kirschbaum turned from one to the other, dismayed.

"Mama," Rosie cautioned. "Never mind, now."

Mr. Lichtman did his best. Better, perhaps, he had not tried. "Rachel!" he scolded. "At it again!"

"Iz, I ain't!" his wife flamed indignantly. "You always blame *me!*"

"Why, Rachel, Sadie loves our Herman as much as you do, almost. She only spoke her pride in his diligence."

"Of course I did. Sure I did," Mrs. Kirschbaum agreed.

"*Pfui! Yes*, you did!" Mrs. Lichtman complained.

Words may have led on to goodness knows what, but at that instant a long shining thing wheezed up to the curb and stopped with a sigh. There was a substantial bang of the door, and out stepped Ben Aaronson. He maneuvered himself into their midst. A family friend, he was warmly received.

"Ah, ladies!" he saluted flatteringly. "And old Mr. Lichtman. . . . Where's hubby, eh, Rose?"

"Herm didn't get back from the beach yet."

"Ah, well, that's all right. I can wait," he said obligingly. "My whole afternoon's yours!" He smiled blandly at them.

"Say, what *is* that car out there?" Mrs. Kirschbaum squinted over her spectacles toward the street.

"That? That's a Superb-Six — the kind Herman told me to bring over." He rattled into a detailed account of its untold "assets," carefully avoiding, however, any "liabilities" that may have been attached to it.

When he finally paused, Mrs. Kirschbaum naïvely said: "Rosie — I thought you wanted to get a tvelf-cylinder!"

Mrs. Lichtman stiffened. Here was a revelation — a discovery. So, it was *her* doings, this new automobile! Opposition to new automobiles lodged suddenly in her contrarious mind.

"No, mama, I only said the Greenbergs have a new twelve."

"Sure," Ben Aaronson interposed, eyes glinting. "*I* sold that car to Levi Greenberg! Sa-ay — *that's* a *ca-ar*, that Slackard-Twelve! I was tellin' Mr. Lichtman only this morning what a peach'rino. Oh, boy! That's the car *he* should buy!"

Mr. Aaronson had also discovered something, and he was already following up the lead presented. A wife's opinion in the matter of a car had turned the prospective sale of many a Superb-Six into the eventual sale of a Slackard-Twelve!

"Ah, they're *some* cars, all right," Mrs. Kirschbaum sighed reminiscently. "Max Finkelstein, the stockbroker's son what used to live out here in the summer only and his father committed soo'cide last winter — remember, Mr. Aaronson?— *he* had a *twelf*, and we used to ride in it, too, so *we* know what they're like, don't we, Rosie?" She tilted her chin ever so slightly.

Mrs. Lichtman caught her breath. "*Nu — I* t'ink they're *all* not for *us!*" she exploded. "Our own car — my Hoim's own car — is good enough for us! Only high lifers must have sixes *und* twelves *und* fourteens! That's what *I* t'ink!"

"Ah, Mrs. Lichtman," said Ben Aaronson, disgruntled by this new bafflement.

"A new car is nice, Rachel — especially a tvelf-cylinder," Mrs. Kirschbaum insisted. "I'd like that my Rosie could have a tvelf. She likes them, don't you, Rosie?"

"Ma! I only said the Greenbergs ——"

"It's a scheme!" Mrs. Lichtman cried. "We don't need no new car! And if Hoim wants a six, then a six is good enough! You're bot' tryin' to voik my Hoim for a great big twelve car — that's what *I* t'ink!"

"Ra-chel!" Mr. Lichtman whined.

Mrs. Kirschbaum, slow to follow Mrs. Lichtman's sensitive temper, adjusted her spectacles, leaned forward, raised her eyes to the level of Mrs. Lichtman's and glared. She had been the doormat for the spitefully muddy shoes of Mrs. Lichtman's will quite long enough. Cornered, even a rabbit will try to bite back. Tears and pleas and moans were unavailing things of the past; now she "was mad."

"Rachel Lichtman," she pronounced, "I don't care what you *t'ink!* Rosie likes a tvelf — positif!"

"Posi*tively*!" Mrs. Lichtman corrected with a supercilious kink of her nose, elated by the superiority of her own vocabulary.

"Posi*tif*, *I* said! . . . . And what's more, she's going to *have* a tvelf — if I have to buy it myself and sell my bung'low! I wouldn't *ride* in that Superb-Six! Rachel, if you like fool-fours so much, you could stick to 'em, only *I* know *Hymie* wouldn't. My Rosie likes a tvelf-cylinder! Mister Aaronson, if you want *me* to ride out with you today, you better hurry home and get a tvelf-cylinder. If Hymie gets home before we start out, maybe he'll go along. If he won't go — *I* will buy it, if I like it enough. Hurry up!"

Ben Aaronson perspired facially. Here was Mrs. Kirschbaum innocently returning the car Herman Lichtman had bought, yet,

PROPERTY OF CAS

Resinol Soap

makes you *proud* of your complexion

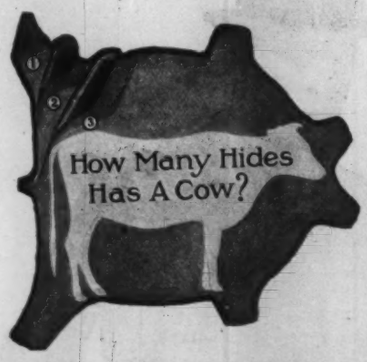
Resinol Soap is not only unusually pure, cleansing and softening, but its regular use helps *nature* give to the skin and hair that beauty of perfect health which it is impossible to imitate. Tendency to pimples is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and in a very short time the complexion usually becomes clear, fresh and velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the *Resinol* which this soap contains and which physicians prescribe widely, in Resinol Ointment, for the care of skin and scalp troubles.

The same extreme purity and gentle Resinol medication adapt Resinol Soap to the care of the hair, and of a baby's delicate, easily-irritated skin.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, use a little Resinol Ointment at first. Resinol Soap and Ointment are sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods throughout the United States and Canada.

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer

NOT ENOUGH!

Save Leather for Soldiers

To make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but, even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

For instance, the leather upholstery of one average size automobile would make twenty pairs of soldiers' shoes. For years America's largest producers of automobiles have successfully used Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstering their cars. Thousands of owners never even knew their cars were not upholstered in leather, because Fabrikoid looks and feels just like the finest leather and actually wears better than the coated split leather most used for upholstery of automobiles not covered with Fabrikoid.

Again, the furniture you buy with leather upholstery is probably covered with split leather that will not give service equal to

For Automobile Tops and Upholstery

For Boat Cushions and Upholstery

For Furniture Upholstery

For Bags, Trunks and Suitcases

For Book Binding

For Home Decorations, Novelties, Belts, etc.

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Craftsman Quality

That "genuine cowhide leather" suitcase of yours will probably reveal on inspection that its covering is only a pasted-on piece of split leather not much thicker or stronger than this sheet of paper.

It is true that some few high priced automobiles and pieces of furniture are upholstered in genuine grain leather of good quality, and bags and suitcases are to be had at a price that are made of thick grain cowhide.

But the pride of possession of luxurious, expensive leather should now yield to patriotic preference for satisfactory substitutes that will divert this leather to more necessary uses.

Uncle Sam Has Set the Pace

The new U. S. motor trucks and ambulances will be upholstered in leather substitutes.

For several years the standard for book binding in the Government Printery has been Du Pont Fabrikoid.

The upholstery specifications for the new Merchant Marine call for "Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid."

What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severe requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While not feasible for every use of leather, the illustrations herewith show its wide range of utility.

If you use leather in your home for any purpose, try the proper grade of Fabrikoid instead.

When buying an automobile, boat or piece of furniture prefer Fabrikoid upholstery. Help the manufacturer conserve leather by patronizing those who use good leather substitutes like Fabrikoid.

Every hide displaced by a good substitute helps supply our armies with shoes, our farms with harness and our factories with belting—it helps win the war.

Manufacturers! write us your requirements and let us cooperate with you.

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according to Herman's own orders, he could not explain to her she was in error. There was a chance of his losing the order; yet there was a chance to sell a Slackard-Twelve. Consternated outwardly, but chuckling inwardly, Mr. Aaronson departed in his demonstrator, before a cloud of gray dust and the promise to return.

"And *I* won't ride in a *twelve* — so there!" Mrs. Lichtman asserted. "I wouldn't do it — not unless my Hoim was to say so!"

"I should care what *you* won't do!" Mrs. Kirschbaum thumped into the house.

The telephone bell rang, and Mrs. Lichtman waddled inside to answer.

"Hello, this you, ma?" It was Herman Lichtman's voice.

"M-m-m-m!"

"Well, I can't get home this afternoon. We had a fire in the Bijou Roof and one whole side is burnt inside a little. Ev'rything's upset. Ain't it too bad? But it's all insured, so nothing's lost but the time!

"Now listen, ma, you and Rosie and her mama go out with Mr. Aaronson just the same and see how you like that there new six. And, mama, please be good and nice to Rosie's mama, huh? You ecsplain, mama, about the fire?"

"M-m-m-m!" It was neither assent nor dissent.

"Maybe I can't get back tonight at all, so don't worry if I don't. Will you, ma?"

"M-m-m-m!" (Meaning: "*I* should worry!")

"Goo' by!"

"'By, *liebe!*"

She waddled out to the kitchen, poured hot water over a bouillon cube, seized a woolen sweater from a chair and waddled back to the veranda, tight-lipped. She tenderly laid the sweater across her husband's shoulders and administered the cup of bouillon to him, with the dumb flutter of a mother bird.

"Rachel, who called?" Mr. Lichtman queried.

"Someone for me!" she replied evasively.

"Oh!"— apologetically.

"Now listen, Iz!" she scolded mildly. "Don't you go to voik and get all upset about this. *This* is *my* bus'ness!"

Shortly after, when the electric horn on Ben Aaronson's majestic Slackard-Twelve demonstrator bleated loudly, as a call to arms, Rosie and her mother bustled downstairs to the veranda.

"Coming, Rachel — or ain't you? Which?" Mrs. Kirschbaum called merrily, her anger quite abated.

"No, I ain't."

"Don't, then!"

Mother and daughter, lost in the great tonneau, were swept off by the magic of twelve oiled cylinders set like a "v," working like a Waltham watch. Mr. Lichtman gazed after wistfully; Mrs. Lichtman scowled.

"That woman is a high lifer!"

"Yes! . . . Ah, she's a dear woman!" he replied absently.

Together they watched a cloudy sunset creep into dusk; and when the cook appeared at the door and asked what time to serve supper, Mrs. Lichtman stolidly shrugged her shoulders. She knew very well that a cook — at least *this* cook — would not serve supper until someone indicated the time for serving, and she was machinating upon that premise.

"Rachel, cook spoke to you."

"Well — don't I know it?"

"Well!"

"Well?"

Embarrassed, Mr. Lichtman surveyed the cook. He began: "You will please serve at ——"

"Iz — shut up!" And to the cook: "Go inside!"

With Ben Aaronson's pleasantries, his semi-technical descriptions of the twelve's points of interest, and his masterly affability to entertain them, and the autumn air whipping their faces aglow, Rosie and her mother, nestled in the deep, soothing cushions of the Slackard-Twelve, heedlessly watched the miles slip by and forgot that Mrs. Lichtman was alive.

Out through Long Island, along the sea road, they skimmed, now shooting through a heap of crisp, golden leaves, scattering them into a broken cloud, now drumming smoothly through a glassy paved tunnel of tall, half-dressed trees. They looped over to the north shore of Long Island; and, returning along the Sound road, Ben Aaronson showed them what a "marvel" the Slackard-Twelve was on the hills — "eating 'em up!" Then they arrived home and faced reality again in finding that Mrs. Lichtman had worked herself into a splendid fury, what with her brooding and her envious visualization of these two enjoying their long ride. The damp, chill breath of the ocean, rolling up from the beach in a mist, had chased her and Mr. Lichtman indoors, to the Alaskan library.

"Herm home yet?" asked Rosie.

"No!"

"Supper ready?" asked Mrs. Kirschbaum, hungrily but amiably.

"No-o-o, supper ain't ready yet!"— mockingly.

"Why — now — Rachel, what's the matter?"

"Nothin'. Better see about your own supper yourself. I ain't boss around here no more," Mrs. Lichtman said, with sour inflection.

"Ah, Rachel," Mrs. Kirschbaum said. "We had such a nice ride. Ain't it too bad now you couldn't 'av' come? . . . No supper yet! What's the matter with cook? It's late, ain't it?"

"Say — didn't you *hear* me?"

"Ah, Rachel, why do you always ——"

"Sadie!" Mr. Lichtman interrupted, trying to avert a catastrophe. "Sadie, perhaps you'd better tell cook to serve now; will you please, *liebe*? . . . I don't see what can be keeping Herman!"

Mrs. Lichtman arose. At the library door she paused heavily and cast a final shot designed to sever relations once and for all. And it did! It was purely an insult. .

"Yes, maybe you'd *better* tell cook! *I'm* only a has-been in my own son's own house — *I* am! Yes — maybe Missis High Lifer what must ride in twelve-cylinders *better* go tell cook to get supper on table instead of staying at home and *helping* cook get it like *I* do! *Pfui!* Maybe Missis High Lifer *und* her daughter what marries money would like a Eng-clish he-butler to dress them *und* tie up their shoes *und* fix their hair for them, too, huh?"

Mrs. Kirschbaum and Rosie had not taken off their wraps. Mrs. Kirschbaum gazed mutely at Rosie. Then she burst into pitiful sobs. Rosie put her arm about her. Mr. Lichtman wrung his hands.

"I couldn't," Mrs. Kirschbaum wailed. "*Boo-hoo!* I couldn't stand it another minute. I couldn't stay beneath the same roof with her. . . . Me so happy and all; so much fun this afternoon; and come home like this! *Boo-hoo!* Rosie — I'm — going away. I can't — can't — sta ——"

Then she suddenly controlled her emotions, shook free from Rosie and, a great idea coming to her, thumped resolutely upstairs. Crying, Rosie followed. Hoping to plead with some success, Mr. Lichtman did his best to pursue them from the room, pushing in a panic on one wheel of his chair with his one good hand; but his lopsided driving power had only the effect of moving him in an erratic circle in the middle of the room as he howled for aid.

In her room, Mrs. Kirschbaum slammed several articles into a valise. She thumped downstairs again, Rosie tagging along, pleading and calling on heaven to send Herman; and thus the front door banged after them.

"I'll liff in my *own* house — my *own* little bung'low!— under my *own* roof!" Mrs. Kirschbaum proclaimed.

Alone in her room, at last worn by the pressure of her own malice and frightened at her own acts, Mrs. Lichtman wept. "Hoim said he mightn't be home all night! What *should* I do!" she moaned. Then she heard Mr. Lichtman's howls and waddled downstairs to find him, too, in tears. In utter penitence, she flung herself weeping into his crabbed arms, nearly capsizing the wheel-chair.

HERMAN'S Overwell-Detroit rolled into its tidy garage about ten o'clock the next morning. Herman hurried into the house. Worn by the long night's task of getting things at the damaged Bijou Roof Garden adjusted, he expected a rest; instead, he found panic. Mrs. Lichtman, who had been watching for him, had flown to her room, ever so much as a naughty little girl does. Mr. Lichtman explained in low tones all that had happened.

"Always, always — ev'rything must come at once," Herman sighed. "Now I suppose I got to start all over again and patch things up. . . . Did she *buy* the twelve?"

"I think not, but she threatened to."

Herman banged on the door of his mother's room.

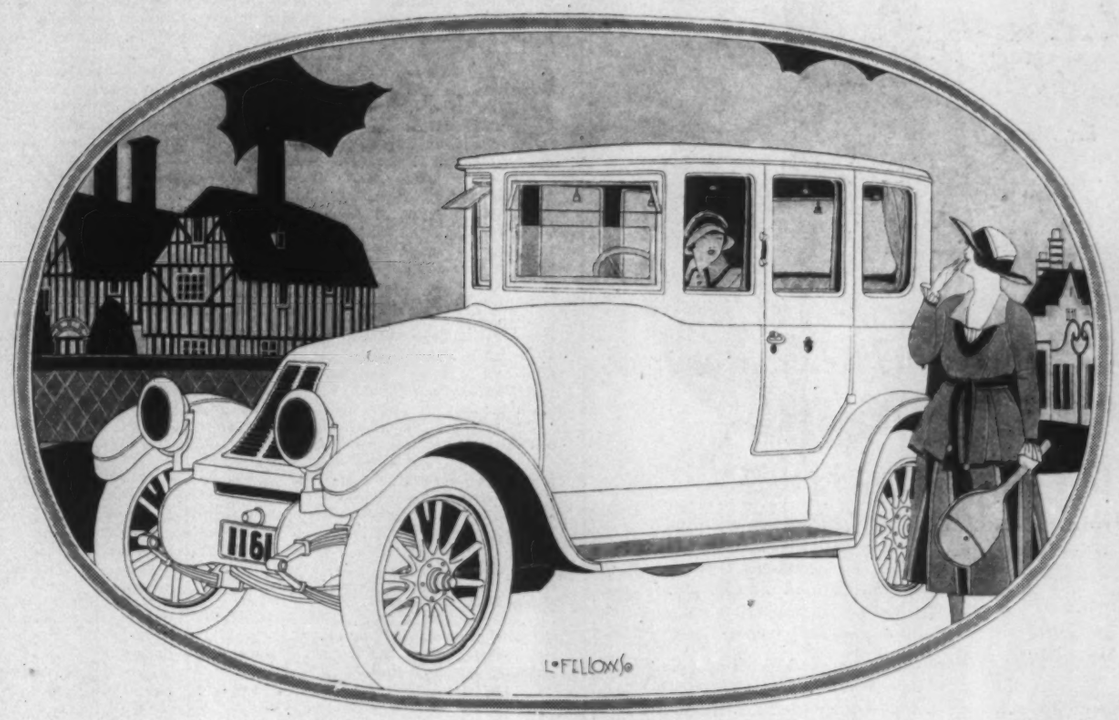
"Leaf me alone," she called. "I'm sick!"

"I should think you would be sick! . . . Open the door or I'll bust the lock!"

She stood before him, trembling.

"Now you done it, didn't you?" he scolded, half amused by his mother's abject intimidation. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, after all I try to do for you!"

"Hoim — I done you a favor, that's what



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"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

I t'ink! It's a good riddance! They're bad schemers, the two of 'em. Did papa tell you about this?" She displayed the letter she had intercepted from Max Finkelstein to Rosie. "There's somet'ing up, you bet. I have heard and seen t'ings, *und* I know!" She was to all appearances prosecuting Herman's wife and mother-in-law; in fact, she was trying indirectly to excuse before Herman her own mischievous deed.

Herman took the letter. It had been forwarded from its original address, Mrs. Kirschbaum's winter apartment off Riverside Drive. It was addressed to: Miss Rosie Kirschbaum. "Mrs. H. Lichtman" was penciled across the face of it. The corner was printed with Max Finkelstein's name and his address, in Los Angeles, Cal. As Herman glanced at it he was shot through and through by a pang that was neither jealousy nor fear, yet an admixture of the two.

"Addressed maiden name, huh?" he muttered. "Delivered here?"

"Yes."

"Only because at the post-office they knew she married me, I s'pose."

"*Nu* — go on — open it. See for yourself if I was right or not."

"I won't. It ain't my letter. I'll give it to Rosie. She'll tell me ev'rything — I'll watch her face when she reads it! If it is an all right letter, then I'm going to raise — *something* — around here! There'll be no more fights, y' understand! I'm going over to the bungalow now. I believe in Rosie — you got to show me! . . . . Mama, if — if this letter — is not an all right letter — if Rosie ——"

Tears sprang abruptly from his eyes. He pocketed the letter.

"My *liebe* boy!" Mrs. Lichtman embraced him in passionate sympathy.

"Come, mama, get a coat or something and come along with me!"

"Oh, I couldn't, Hoim. No, I won't! I couldn't look 'em in the face!"

"Mama! Get a coat and *come*, or I'll kick the whole blame bunch out and Rosie and me will live alone — if — ev'rything's all right!"

AT the bungalow, Rosie and her mother had spent a miserable night. Rosie's tears had been shed with as little effect upon Mrs. Kirschbaum's determination as water has upon the back of the bromidic duck. Her attempts to find the cause of Herman's prolonged absence had been as futile. The telephone and electric lights had been disconnected. Rosie had found some candles to light them to bed.

They had awakened with the sun from troubled and intermittent sleep. They had waited nervously in the dismal front room, anticipating Herman's arrival. When the Overwell-Detroit pulled up, Rosie ran to the door and threw herself tearfully into her husband's strong arms.

"Herm! . . . Oh, dear, where you been? Did you come right over soon's you found out?"

"Yes, dear. I just got back from the beach. Didn't ma tell you?"

"No; tell me what, Herm?"

"She didn't! About the Bijou? We had a fire — not so awful bad — but enough to keep me busy all yesterday and most of last night getting things ready for tonight, for that big annual blow-out to celebrate the beginning of the last week of the season. That's why I couldn't get home. I *told* ma to tell you, when I called her up yesterday afternoon."

Herman reassuringly sat down with Mrs. Kirschbaum and Rosie in the small front room, the door to which he had left standing ajar. Herman's first question was: "I've heard the other side of the story; now what's yours?"

"Why, Herm — it just happened, that's all," Rosie said. "You know we felt it coming — we sa'd so night before last. I guess ma was some to b'ame, too. They just won't understand each other. I can't do anything a-tall! It's all because they look at everything through their own eyes and simply refuse to look at things through each other's eyes. . . . Oh, dear; if people would only do *that* — look at things through other people's eyes!"

"*Ach*, Hymie — she treated me like a dog," Mrs. Kirschbaum said in eager self-justification. "Maybe I *did* say some things — maybe I *did!* But wasn't I always willing to beg her pardon, wasn't I? When she gets insulting — that's too much! . . . I want to — to st — stay here, Hymie!"

"Now, *liebe* — I understand!"

Herman had left Mrs. Lichtman sitting in the Overwell-Detroit, warning her to stand ready to come inside when he should call, threatening to "disinherit" her were she to refuse. His intentions were altogether for reunion, though (without his wife's aid!) he could form no reunitive plan. But Mrs. Lichtman, perhaps through curiosity, perhaps because she feared that "those two women" might "put over somet'ing on her Hoim," had slyly followed him to the house and now stood with her ear at the partially open door, hiding from those inside but within hearing of them.

"Rosie, before I go further," Herman said gravely, producing her letter, "I want you should read this letter over. It was delivered at our house."

With a glance at the sender's name, and a flutter of interest, Rosie tore open the envelope and read the letter, Herman keenly scrutinizing her face the while. A slip of paper — a check — fluttered to the floor. Then Rosie gave a tiny squeak.

"Listen, ma!" she cried. "It's from Max Finkelstein! Listen till I read it: 'Dear Rosie, Maybe you thought I had no conscience running off like that with your five thousand dollars and for taking back the seven thousand beside which I gave you last winter when I made you think it was winnings from the stock market but it wasn't but only my own money that I paid you so you'd be rich enough to live near me in New York which I wanted. So just to show you I'm on the level here is half your five thousand for which please find check inclosed. Will send rest as soon as possible. How I am able to do this so soon is because I now am president of a new moving picture producing company out here in Los Angeles which I promoted. Well, that is about all the news. You could also tell your snoopy mother that after all I didn't fall for her idea of my being her son-in-law and there is no danger of that ever happening because I am at present married and pretty happy too thanks. Max Finkelstein. P. S.— My wife is our leading lady.'

"Well, what do you think of that! Herm, *think* — he beat it with all mama's money — remember, I told you?— and now he's going to make good! Isn't that *fine!* I guess he didn't know *I* was married too. See — it's addressed 'Miss'! . . . Herm — what's the matter? You look so funny."

Herman was grinning sheepishly. "Nothing, Rosie. Only I was afraid of that there letter."

"You crazy boy, you!" Her arms encircled his neck.

Mrs. Kirschbaum was holding the check. She picked up the letter which Rosie had dropped and, adjusting her spectacles, scanned it. Then she burst out:

"Snoopy, huh! Calls *me* snoopy! Wanted *him* for a son-in-law — that skinny, good-for-not'ing tvelf-cylinder *ganef* what runs off with other people's money and takes long enough to pay it back, too! Him for a son-in-law, when I could get one like Hymie! *Ugh!* I should say not!"

Her outburst was punctuated with a sliding noise, a bang of the door, and Mrs. Lichtman was unexpectedly and embarrassedly in their presence, her jowly face aflame. When Mrs. Lichtman, outside the door, heard the contents of the letter, shame spread over her; when she heard Mrs. Kirschbaum's true opinion of the disturbing Max Finkelstein, her shame turned to self-reproach, tears sprang from her eyes, and a sudden passion broke upon her to make a clean breast of her erroneous conclusions and her malicious suppositions.

"*Not* snoopy!" Mrs. Lichtman cried. "No, Sadie — *not* snoopy, but a *liebe* old fool who can't keep her tongue from waggin' — just like *me!* It's mostly my fault *und* I own up. Until I myself just *snooped* outside the door there, and heard that letter of Rosie's and what you said about Max Finkelstein, I didn't know anyt'ing about you, Sadie, only I *t'ought* I did! . . . Hoim, p-please don't kick me out like you said — I want to *stay* wit' you and Rosie and *her!*"

Herman pretended to frown. "Not unless you promised to be good could you come back!"

"I'll be goo — good, Hoim — *hon*-est!"

"Rachel!" Mrs. Kirschbaum cried. And the two fat old women were in each other's arms, weeping with sheer joy.

"See this check?" Mrs. Kirschbaum said. "Here, Hymie, take it and bank it for me. Then go *über* Ben Aaronson's garage and order a tvelf-cylinder. I can get one now, I guess, eh, Rach?"

"A *twelve!* Say, I bought a *six* yesterday!" Herman exclaimed.

"You *bought* one! That was *your* car Ben Aaronson came in?" Her voice caught.

"No, that's a demonstrator. I ordered

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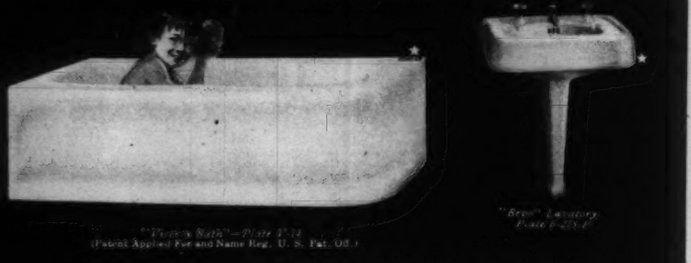

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one like it — delivery next week. I paid down part — six hundred dollars."

"Oh — didn't pay *all*, huh? . . . Hymie, go to Ben Aaronson — tell him to change that six-hundred-down over towards a tvelf-cylinder — take back your order for a six — *und* pay off the balance whatever is with that check! Ben Aaronson would do it — you see! He'd do anything to sell a tvelf!"

"Ma! You dear!" Rosie applauded.

"Bu — but ——" Herman stammered. "A — a — *twelve* ——"

"Sure, Hoim! We could afford one, huh? Sure, get the twelve — go on, Hoim!" Mrs. Lichtman put in. "Sure, the Greenbergs got one, Rosie says."

Herman gazed at Rosie. She was silently begging for a twelve-cylinder. A man has little chance against one woman, much less three of them!

"Well — I s'pose it's all right," he said, his thoughts running rampant with a sort of gay satisfaction. He had never dared to think of a twelve-cylinder, always limiting his irrepressible yearnings to the Superb-Six; yet here he was deciding to get a twelve! Again Herman silenced the inner self with the excuse that it was the women, not he, who were doing it! "Only," he insisted, "I must go fifty-fifty for my share — and no measly six hundred!"

"I should worry!" Mrs. Kirschbaum sang. "Take it out from the check and if there's some left, bank it for my Rosie!"

Arm in arm, and giggling, Mrs. Lichtman and Mrs. Kirschbaum, *schwiegers*, went from the bungalow. They helped each other with no little difficulty into the tonneau of the Overwell-Detroit, almost filling it.

"Say, Rach — we two wouldn't let this little 'bus last long, huh?"

"I guess no! Sadie, we'd wear out too much ti-ers yet!"

"Say — we'll be *reg'lar* sports in that new tvelf-cylinder, huh?"

"*Ach*, Sadie, you're such a fool!" They laughed loudly together.

Herman and Rosie, lingering inside, were watching them through the open door. Herman kissed his little wife. Then he locked the bungalow door.

"Isn't it great, Herm, how funny things turn out sometimes? . . . And, Herm! We're going to have a twelve! . . . I-magine! . . . If only they don't fight any more!"

"Oh, they will, I s'pose. That's the way people are," Herman reflected shrewdly. "But they won't have such hot ones — I *hope!* Anyhow, your mama won't have no place to run away after this. We all *got* to live under one roof, now, because I rented the bungalow yesterday and forgot to tell you — to a friend of Ben Aaronson's!"

Leon Kelley's next story is called "Tenants and Tears." Edward Childs Carpenter, who wrote that wonderful play, "The Cinderella Man," writes to the editor: "Your Kelley man is a 'find'"

The Day After Tomorrow

[*Continued from page 19*]

the people with the little shops who had lived in the street with her before the big buildings had come. Where were they now? There was Mr. Demarest who had kept the candy-store across the way where the Fairfax Hotel was now — a tall, sallow man; very silent. She remembered how the candy merchant would look longingly at the little children playing about, for he had none of his own, and give them sweets for nothing surreptitiously. His wife, a fat harridan, would find him out now and then and would attack him mercilessly.

And there was the cobbler who used to live beside Granny, a wizened atheist and a great one for arguments. Granny used to enjoy the rhythmic rattle of his hammer, and the odor of his leather. Where was he?

And the florist who lived down the street, the portly man who believed that flowers had souls. Often had Granny listened to him tell his weird stories of flowers that lay in ambush for insects as a man fishes from a bank; of flowers that moved from one place to another, like the rose of Jericho; of flowers that drooped and withered from grief when their owners died. A queer man, with over-long hair; what had become of him?

The little draper two blocks down, where was he? the draper with the horrible cough and the dour, forbidding wife. Granny remembered their place well, a dark store with innumerable spools of thread, and babies' knitted caps, and women's dresses on metal hangers. And where was the tall Swede who kept the shoe-shop? A great reader. And Sulzberg, the merry little Jew with the newsstand? Their places were gone and they with them, and now the street was filled with tall white buildings — apartment-houses to whose doors automobiles purred and flashed, and in whose vestibules colored hall-boys lorded it with arrogance. Great stores rose where once little shops had been, filled with clerks who went about like so many machines. Where were the old-timers gone, Granny asked, with their humor, with their quirks, with their pungent personality? What had become of them? How did they go? Had they too received that deadly greeting from the People of the State of New York?

There were only two more days to go, and though she still sat in the June sunshine, she felt chilled to the bones. She took no more interest in the panorama of the street. Men came and went, and they seemed to her like gray shadows in an unearthly world. Occasionally someone pushed open the door to make a purchase and mechanically she served them, but the most of the time she spent outside, in frightful immobility. A new policeman had come on post, and the old woman felt her eyes being drawn time and time again toward the blue figure — a morbid, hypnotic attraction, like a bird being charmed by a serpent. Riemer had gone, and a great van had come to take his books. The bookseller had stalked out quietly, saying good-by to neither her nor Mishkin, but walking off as if neither of them existed, his great paunch thrust forward, an umbrella clutched tightly in his right hand.

"And me knowing him for thirteen years," Granny said bitterly, "and he never even waved his hand!"

Granny missed him nevertheless, for the bookseller and Mishkin and she had seemed three allies against the terrible, relentless invasion growing all about them.

The old woman did not know how she had passed the last weeks. She had lain awake at night with her breath suspended, and when, after a few hours' sleep she had opened her eyes in the morning, terror hung over her like a disease. Queer, absurd visions came to her — of the mayor stepping in to save her, a great shining figure in a robe and chain; or of the landlord coming to her repentant and begging her to stay on. And at times, too, she would try to persuade herself that she was dreaming, and that soon she would wake up to find Montague Street smiling, and to hear the clang of the doorbell as the customers came in.

Only one thing happened to relieve the horrible monotony of those days. Grandy, the big tobacconist up the street, sent an assistant to see her, a tall weedy fellow with jet black eyes and a thin mouth. He swaggered into the shop and looked around patronizingly.

"Hear you've got to get out, Granny," he said.

The old woman fixed her eye upon him and said nothing. The assistant made a rapid mental inventory of the stock.

"Thought I'd drop in and see if there was anything I might take over from you," he observed lightly. "Gee! but you've got a bunch of old-time junk here!"

Granny advanced toward him, quivering. Her thin forearm pointed to the door.

"Get out of my shop," she said with terrible dignity. "Get out of my shop."

"But —" the clerk protested.

"Must I call a policeman?" Granny's voice shook with rage. The assistant glanced once at her blazing eyes, and slunk out of the door.

To take over her stock! Granny thought

bitterly. To take the pennies from her dead eyes! The ghouls!

She listened attentively. Next door she could hear Mishkin making final preparations to leave. The tailor was whistling gaily. In a few minutes he would be gone, and she would be left alone to face whatever was coming. A fit of trembling seized her.

A little girl came by, trundling a hoop. She stood and watched Granny.

"It's a hard thing, my dearie," Granny said to her, "and me here for thirty years!" The child ran away from her as though from a menace.

A customer entered the shop, clanging the doorbell. Granny made no move to go after him. The customer waited a minute. He stuck his head out of the door and called:

"Are you dead, Granny? Hi! Wake up! I want some tobacco."

"I haven't got any," Granny answered him. She didn't know what he was saying. She only knew she wouldn't go in, for fear of Mishkin going away without saying good-by, as Riemer had done. The customer looked at her intently for a moment and walked off.

Mishkin came out at last. He banged the door merrily, whistling all the time. He had on a derby hat and a sort of frock coat, and in his hand was a black bag, such as doctors carry. His shrewd face twinkled with good humor. He took Granny's hand in his.

"Good-by, Granny," he said cheerfully, "good-by!" He lowered his voice confidentially and winked. "Say, what are you doing? Holding out so as to make him buy you off? Say, I'm wise, I'm wise."

"No," Granny answered dully, "no!"

"Tell it to Sweeny," the tailor grinned. "Say, it takes the Scotch every time. What? Well, I'm off. Any time you're in Philadelphia, drop in and see me. You'll find the name in the telephone-book — Samuel Mishkin, D.D.S. Don't forget, Granny. We'll treat you nice."

"I thank you kindly," she nodded.

"Say, you ain't looking so well, Granny," the tailor broke in. "You ought to see a doctor. Well, I'm off. Don't forget now — Samuel Mishkin, D.D.S. You'll find me there. We'll treat you fine. Maybe I pull you out a tooth. What?"

And he was off.

Granny watched him go up the street, his bag swinging and coat-tails flapping a little. She walked toward the curb to see the last of him. The tailor became a black speck in the distance, topped the hill, and disappeared.

The old woman went back to her chair and sat there an instant. She turned and looked at the two empty shops and a quick panic seized her. She felt herself suddenly alone on the whole planet, with everybody gone but her, and monstrous terrors threatening on every side. She rose quickly, as if to defend herself, with a wild question in her eyes. To the right of her she saw the wooden Indian standing bravely to front the world. She groped her way toward it, as though everything had gone dark and she could not see.

"Riemer gone, and Mishkin gone," she said aloud, "and nothing left but me and it."

A fit of coughing took her and suddenly it turned into a burst of inarticulate sobbing, low and hard and desperate. A couple of people stopped to watch. She laid her hands on the block's shoulder.

"Only me and it," she sobbed, "and they're putting us out day after tomorrow."

The bystanders became a circle. People spoke to her, but she paid no attention. The policeman from peg post crossed the street and broke through rapidly. The old woman caught the sign by the shoulders and spoke to it as to a man.

"After thirty years, my dearie. After thirty years!" And she broke down again.

The policeman took her gently by the arm and turned her aside. Gradually she became aware of the crowd about her. She looked at them with distended eyes.

"The People of the State of New York!" she cried in sudden terror, and then, crumpling up, she allowed herself to be led away.

Riordan, back to his beat from plain-clothes duty, dropped into the big tobacconist's for a cigar. He chose two from the box which Grandy, the proprietor, tendered him with an ingratiating smile.

"Say, you missed something when you was away," Grandy told him.

"Yeh? Riordan inquired.

"It was funny," the tobacconist laughed. "Remember that little old Scotch woman with the cigar store down the street? She went off her bean. They found her talking to that old wooden Indian of hers, just as if it was a human being. They took her away and dumped her in the bughouse."

"Talking to her Indian, eh?" Riordan grinned. He put the cigars carefully away. "Oh, sure! She must have been bugs!"

McClure's isn't afraid to publish a sad story — if a sad ending is inevitable. The best fiction isn't the lightest fiction. Watch for "The Full Measure of Devotion," by Dana Gatlin — the finest War story McClure's, or any other magazine, has published. It opens the November number, with pictures by F. Walter Taylor

The Side-Shows of Drink

[*Continued from page 13*]

I dislike whisky. I hate the effects it has had on so many of the men and women I have known. I hate it because I can see no reason for its existence, and every reason for its abolition from the homes and marts of men.

I am amazed that we are no more moved than we are as we sit by and see this multitude of misery, this everlasting Gethsemane where the flowers are without fragrance and the apples are ashes on the tongue, this army of agony marching beneath its sable banners down the nettle paths that lead to doom. It is astounding with what effrontery the Great Tragedian, powerful still, reviews his husbandmen of husks, his caravans of sin.

Today men and women go under for the last time in his turgid streams, his stagnant pools, the slime of his dirty waters. Martyrs without avail, mothers put to the rack in vain, sisters led to the slaughter through no fault of their own, those who cry out, "Why have the stars lost their radiance, why the moon her glory? Why are the fingers of the dawn always gray, never pink, for us?" — to all of these, with the soul of Caligula and the mouth of Caliban, Rum mocks and sneers.

As I said at the beginning, this hatred for whisky is not caused by the cut and dried arguments of economists — which are all true — nor by the laboratory tests of scientific men — which are equally true. It has been brought about by the woe I have seen done by Rum. It is a woe that might be put into a great picture of refined and noble women reduced to threadbare and shabby clothing, of children who are half-clad, half-fed and not at all educated, of men doing bestial and awful things, of women careless of their virtue and men showing a mad, mocking delight in their vices.

Or it might be more clearly expressed by another great painting of a world topsy-turvy; of men blind to the beauty of the starry night and the dawn; of women who speak with the lip of cynicism and face the world with a brazen front; of children running, thin and ignorant, on the road that leads to crime; of people who are whipped by Rum to a restlessness that knows no peace.

But, best of all, it is illustrated every day by the tears of the weeping women—tears for a husband destroyed, a father ruined, a brother snatched out of life at an age when he should be most useful to his country and to the world. And, as Colonel Osborn said, the tears of the women will prevail.

Rum, so far as I have been able to see, has never accomplished one good thing. It has been writing its own indictment and conviction for centuries. The Great Tragedian, for all his side-shows, sees the end at hand, and his lament for the loss of business is the sure promise of greater happiness and and an ampler measure of content than the world has ever known.

In an early number: Cleveland Moffett writes a great article, "Is Prohibition Really Coming?" It is full of facts — and no fancies. It will create a stir

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The Separating Hyphen

[*Continued from page 29*]

Belgium, the *Lusitania*, Armenia, Pan-Germanism, governmental ties and double dealing, the Kaiser's speeches, and the enormous mass of the We-Are-Gods-All-Others-Are-Worms type of literature that has been for long at flood-tide in Germany — these are things that have produced in the American a real, a profound inner horror. (I am explaining him and why the word "German" has become antipathetic to him. To get results we must face the causes of difference.)

Now then, the American believes that the German-American has approved of all these things which inspire in him (the American) such profound horror. He believes that the German-American felt *triumphant* when these crimes were committed, and that the German-American was at heart (on his German side) a Pan-German. That is, the American felt that the German-American wished Germany to become the greatest power in the world, and that the German-American either saw no danger to America in German victory or else was indifferent to America's danger from Germany. The American heard that here and there a German-American denounced one or the other of Germany's crimes, and was himself denounced for his action by the great majority of German-Americans. The American began to think, and finally came to believe, that the German-American was more German than American.

Innumerable bits of evidence confirmed this belief: German-Americans declared themselves more German than American in many, many instances — sometimes in so many words, but most notably of all when it came to the United States Government's long dispute with the German Government, in which, almost unanimously, the German-Americans sided with the German Government. To the American nothing could have been more exasperating, nor could anything have been more suggestive of vital internal danger.

Since the United States declared itself to be in a state of war with the German Empire, the sub-surface friction between the American and the German-American has been *increasing*, though perhaps almost noiselessly. The American finds Germanism of any kind whatever (and however innocent) repugnant, and he even thinks any kind of Germanism dangerous to American nationalism. He cannot bring himself to like it or not to fear it. The German-American must take into calm and dispassionate account the fact that the American nationalist has been rubbed to a raw sensitiveness upon the very point upon which he is *most* sensitive, until the term "German-American" disturbs him visibly.

What has put the American into such a state of mind? The German-American's acquiescence in Belgium, the *Lusitania*, Armenia, etc., etc., etc., and the German-American's loud espousal of the German Government's side in its dispute with the American Government.

In brief, the American is rubbed raw: he is suspicious and skeptical; — the latter because he does not believe that the German-American has changed his mind overnight on account of a mere declaration of war. The American finds it difficult to believe any German-American whole-hearted for American victory who does not think America *and her Allies* not only must, but *ought*, to win the war. He finds it most of all difficult to believe in the whole-heartedness of German-Americans who still attack England in discussions of *this* war. (England tried every honorable and sensible means to prevent the war. The most blind of all Germany's arguments is that England could have prevented the war by declaring for the German side. This is a mere madness of ego.) Finally, the American, not believing the German-American whole-hearted for American nationalism, may incline to believe him still secretly somewhat pro-German. This means distrust.

The German-American feels that he is distrusted and is consequently sore and angry.

Now, where is the American mistaken in what he believes that the German-American feels and believes? If the German-American feels and believes that this is a righteous war which we must win, the task of reconciliation becomes simplified: it is only one of convincing the American of his former friend's good faith. If that can be done, the American will lose his sensitiveness to the term "German-American;" he will not automatically and instinctively shiver when he hears the German language spoken. He will, in a very short time, become friendly and be able to *feel* friendly.

To the American, the German-American who has enthusiastically proclaimed his approval of Germany's course in making the war, in the invasion of Belgium, in the sinking of merchant ships, in permitting the Armenian massacres, in Pan-Germanism, etc., etc., etc.,— that German-American should clear himself as of approval of any other crimes, and the radical American probably will not entirely accept him until he does.

Upon this point, I report what a friend of mine said: "Many of them are entirely loyal, but if the others are loyal, why haven't they *said* so? We unhyphenated Americans don't think *we're* insulted when we're asked to sign a declaration of support for the government! And how many of them have come out and declared their belief that Germany is *wrong*? Those who believe it don't dare say it because they know their own people would jump on them. And why don't they walk with Liebknecht and Bebel and Ledebour rather than with the Crown Prince? . . . Oh, yes; those who enlist have answered, but I'd like to *hear* something *said* by the others."

How much *can* the German-Americans say? One said to me: "But they wish to compel us to say things we don't believe!" No. That would be stupid on one side and cowardly on the other. No man must say what he does not believe, and only a fool and bully would seek to force him to lie.

Does it not come down to this? How *much* of what the American believes (about the war) does the German-American believe? Will the German-American *declare* that much, and thus find a common ground (of some sort, at least) to begin with?

If the German-American says, "No! I will declare nothing," he has satisfied his pride or vanity, but not alleviated the situation; for the American (always ready to declare his own loyalty and welcoming the opportunity) *cannot* understand a pride or vanity which prevents a man from "declaring for the flag," *especially* if any creature on earth question his loyalty. The American, by his own nature, cannot *choose* but have doubts about a man, who, for *any* reason, is unwilling to declare his faith.

It is true that the American, if his patriotism were questioned, might add to his declaration of loyalty the vehement gesture of knocking down his questioner. The German-American, on the contrary, declines to reply in direct words, withdraws, and broods upon his injury. This brooding is bad for him, for his family, for his health, and for his future. The American and the German-American perhaps feel equal resentment when doubted; it is only their expression of resentment that greatly differs.

Resentment and distrust breed hate. Let us see how much hate we can avoid by reasoning together. All loyal German-Americans want America to win the war against Germany. But all loyal German-Americans have not *said* so; and many of them are declining to say so. Why do they decline? Because they feel *challenged* and deny the right of the challenger. Well, suppose he has no right, is it a practical or even a patriotic thing to allow him to become increasingly suspicious and skeptical because he has over-stepped his rights? He sincerely believes that he is serving his country; he is not acting from selfish motives. Nor is the German-American suspected of concealing anything selfish or mean. Supposing him disloyal to the United States, he would be disloyal through his own faith and at his own cost, however misguided we may believe him. Therefore, he is not suspected of personal villainy (so to speak) or misdemeanor. If circumstances have given his fellow-citizens a wrong impression of the faith to which he holds, it would be an act of mere human "livableness" to set them straight.

Comprehensive articles on the reaction of the War will continue to appear in McClure's. Next month, "Plain Propositions for Pacifists," by Harrison Rhodes, in which some pertinent questions are asked — and answered

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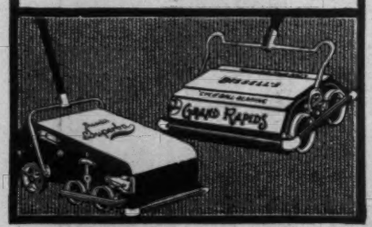

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What's Wrong With Gasoline?

Oil Refiners Cannot Keep Pace With the Car Makers

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of "Popular Science Monthly"

"SO you want to know what is the matter with gasoline?" asked the chemist.

He took a glass flask and filled it partly with gasoline from a tin bearing a well-known trademark. Into the flask he suspended a thermometer. Then he placed the flask in what he called an oil bath — an outer vessel containing oil. The entire apparatus was not unlike the double boiler in which breakfast cereals are cooked.

He lit a gas burner and thrust it under the oil bath.

"Watch the thermometer," he said.

Very slowly the mercury climbed in the little tube. At 129° the gasoline began to boil.

"That's real gasoline boiling now," volunteered the chemist. "Keep your eye on the thermometer."

Something strange happened. The liquid had ceased to boil very vigorously. Yet the pale blue flame under the gas burner was still licking the bottom of the oil bath.

"Don't mind the gas burner. Look at the thermometer," commanded the chemist.

At 190° the liquid began to boil vigorously once more. Again it ceased to boil. That happened six times. In other words, the fuel had no fewer than six ranges of boiling points — the highest, nearly 428°. The six marked ranges of boiling points indicated that it was a blending of six distinctly different weights of liquids.

That little experiment — one that a careful man can make himself — lays bare the fundamentals of oil refining.

Crude oil is a very complex liquid. Just as cream, butter, cheese and whey are obtained from milk, so hundreds of different compounds are obtained from crude oil. They are obtained by heating the crude oil over a fire in closed vessels, which means that the vapors given off at its various boiling points are separately collected and condensed into liquids again. Thus gasoline, kerosene, benzine, and other well-known liquids are distilled from crude oil.

The first light vapors given off condense into what are called "natural" gasolines. They are gasolines which the automobile engine is designed to consume. But they are not abundant enough — our automobiles are too numerous. So, the oil-refiner allows other vapors given off later in distilling oil, to flow into the gasoline — vapors which form a liquid not so volatile as it ought to be, and more like kerosene. Dealers in automobile fuels also blend "natural" gasoline with kerosene-like distillates, a process not unlike mixing water and chalk with milk. That explains the six ranges of boiling points of the gasoline described in the opening of this article.

A blended gasoline is not necessarily a poor motor-fuel, provided the blender has kept in mind the peculiar requirements of the automobile engine. If it is to be consumed satisfactorily, the blended gasoline must be imagined as a combination of kindling wood, cord wood and a lump of coal. The gasoline of nearly ten years ago, now obtainable only in drug-stores at drug-store prices, was nearly all kindling wood. That is why it was consumed so rapidly and so completely. The gasoline of today consists of too much cord wood and coal.

How can you tell whether a gasoline contains too much cord wood and coal? The ease with which the engine can be started in cold weather indicates much; the mileage obtained per gallon from the fuel is significant; the carbon-free condition of the explosion chambers is a tell-tale; and lastly, freedom from gasoline contamination of the lubricating oil in the crankcase is a sure test.

The kerosene of which gasoline is partly composed is to the automobile engine what strychnine or any other poison is to your stomach. It prevents the lubricating oil from performing its proper function. What becomes of the kerosene that the engine cannot consume? It remains in the cylinder. It is forced down past the piston into the crankcase. As an automobile driver, you know that the crankcase is the heart of the engine's lubricating system; you fill it regularly with expensive oil. That oil ultimately finds its way into the cylinder to form between the rapidly-moving piston and the inner wall of the cylinder a film about as thick as this sheet of paper. Upon that thin film depends the life of the engine. It reduces friction almost to nothing. Without that film the piston and the cylinder would generate so much heat, as the one rubs on the other, that they would almost melt together. You know what happens when a savage rubs two sticks of wood together; you know how they smoke after a time and at last burst into flames.

I know of one car which ran for nine days last winter without having the lubricating oil in the crankcase changed. An engineer made two tests of the black, repulsive liquid in the case. It was supposed to be the finest lubricant obtainable. And it proved to be—what? Forty-five per cent of it was a mixture of gasoline and kerosene. Your lungs are not the place for food; a crankcase is not the place for a liquid which is a fuel. If that test means anything, it means that a careful driver must change his oil at least every ten days in winter, in other words, about every five hundred miles.

The oil refiner is absolutely blameless. How can he provide pure gasoline if the supply of petroleum is stationary or dwindling? If the cars of 1916 used a billion more gallons of gasoline (28,000,000 barrels) than the automobiles of 1910? If the production of automobiles has increased 200 per cent more than the production of gasoline?

The manufacturers of carbureters have spent fortunes on this fuel problem. And why not? They must solve it or close their factories. They have been trying to discover what really happens when gasoline is vaporized by experimenting with glass-walled apparatus so that they could watch the process. One painstaking investigator found that if he used part of the exhaust heat of the engine to warm the intake manifold, all trouble with incomplete vaporization disappeared. He was an engineer — one of the great authorities on carburetion in the country. He communicated the results of his studies to different automobile designers. And what was the answer? That it was not the business of a carbureter inventor to meddle with automobile designing. Of course, there are objections to the heating of the intake manifold. Everything expands when subjected to heat—gas more than anything else. It was argued that because the mixture supplied to the engine was thus preheated, the motor would not receive enough of it. A hot-air balloon collapses as soon as the fire below goes out. So long as the fire burns, the expansion produced by heat keeps the balloon inflated. In a sense, a trick is played on the balloon; it is made to swell up with far less air than would otherwise be required. And so it is with a gasoline engine. Less preheated mixture is received to fill the allotted engine space than if a mixture at normal temperature were employed. The engine in order to run properly must have not only the right volume of mixture but the right amount of fuel, and that amount, it was reasoned, could not be supplied if the intake manifold were heated. But it was found that it was unnecessary to heat the air taken through the intake manifold more than ten degrees, which is an elevation of temperature so small that there is practically no effect on the volume of gas supplied.

Gradually motor car manufacturers are introducing contrivances to heat the intake manifold. At the next big automobile shows, you will see more cars equipped with inventions based upon this principle. Advertisements will lay emphasis upon it. There is no reason why ordinary six-cylinder cars, which can be started only with difficulty in winter with the present fuel, may not stand out all night in the coldest weather and still operate satisfactorily after a few hundred feet of driving. And there will be no trouble with foul spark-plugs or with the condensation of fuel in the crankcase.

But it must be admitted that this construction of the intake manifold, while it will operate satisfactorily with gasolines that contain a proportion of kerosene, is not satisfactory with what may be called pure kerosene. For some reason not yet discovered, pure kerosene ignites too soon when the intake manifold is heated; and either the compression must be lowered or water must be injected into the mixture so as to retard the rapidity of combustion.

You can see how desperate is the situation when you consider that the crude oil of America contains only about one and one-half per cent of real gasoline, but that in 1916 there was sold for gasoline about eighteen per cent of the total amount of oil refined. Doesn't it follow that the gasoline of today contains approximately thirty per cent of what is kerosene?

And the situation is getting worse. Here are a few figures that will stagger you:

In 1916, there were 2,750,000 automobiles on the road. That represents an increase over the year 1910 of 2,350,000. About 4,000,000 gasoline engines are now in use for all purposes. Suppose that last year's production will not be exceeded for four years. By 1921 fuel must be provided for 12,000,000 gasoline engines. An automobile consumes about thirteen barrels of fuel a year. Hence, by 1921 at least 156,000,000 barrels of so-called gasoline must be found. Contrast this with the 55,000,000 barrels that *had to* suffice for 1916!

Where shall we get gasoline for all these cars? Must we stop manufacturing? Gasoline must inevitably go up in price. When it reaches forty cents a gallon it will be diluted with alcohol; at seventy cents, with benzol.

The future lies in the hands of both the engineer and the chemist. The engineer must give us an automobile which can consume the fuels which are now objectionable; the chemist must find ways of increasing the gasoline output and perhaps of finding some cheap way of utilizing those vast deposits of shale which should prove an inexhaustible source of oil and likewise teach the world how hydrocarbon fuels can be extended in their application by the blending of alcohol and mineral oils.

For Greater Business

THE new booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, "The Motor Truck in Business," by Waldemar Kaempffert, will be sent free to any business man who writes to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery. This booklet is unlike anything ever before published and may be worth thousands of dollars to your house. Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

Birmingham: Assistant to Uncle Sam

[*Continued from page 26*]

moment his election was confirmed he jumped to his feet and moved that the next year's annual meeting also be held at Birmingham. There was a tumultuous time, but the Colonel's voice was the loudest.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have invited the New York Press Association to come down here next year, and it has accepted. You Alabama men are coming too, and together we'll have the time of our lives."

They did. When the New York editors went back they spread the fame of Birmingham.

The town has been full of contrasts from the beginning — full of high lights and shadows. Early in its career cholera swooped down on it and almost wiped it off the map. Death and panic ran riot, and only the courage of intrepid men brought it through.

Powell's purpose was not primarily speculation. His aim was to build an industrial city with Red Mountain as its base, but ultimately Birmingham got to growing faster than its founders reckoned. Meanwhile Powell's career ended consistently — he was murdered in Mississippi.

The early growth of Birmingham was due primarily to a group of three men, Henry DeBardeleben, James W. Sloss, and Truman H. Aldrich.

DeBardeleben was a son-in-law of Daniel Pratt, a prominent southern merchant who had been in the iron-making business in other parts of Alabama. Sloss had been a butcher's clerk and storekeeper in Georgia, and had become a railroad president. Aldrich was a mining engineer. They joined forces and developed the great seam of coking coal that took the Pratt name.

DeBardeleben, so they say down there, drove the band-wagon. He had a two-room shanty, half of which was his office and the other half his home. It was he who hunted up capital. He went to New York, New Orleans, Charleston, St. Louis. He was tall and had a striking personality; also an eagle nose and tremendous selling capacity. Almost every time he came back from one of these trips he brought with him some iron Crœsus. Factories, machine shops, iron furnaces and rolling mills sprang up all over Jones' Valley, and settlements clustered about them.

While DeBardeleben kept the thing at fever heat and brought in the cash, Colonel Sloss attended to the details and finance, working twenty hours a day.

Aldrich was the engineering genius of the trio. He, also, slept only a few hours a night, in a shack close to the mouth of a shaft.

The years 1884 and 1886 marked a memorable but disastrous boom. Projects of stupendous proportions were in the air. Men began to predict that Birmingham was to be the centre of industrial America. Get-rich-quick swarms came on every train and fought each other to buy the same lots. They camped in huts and tents and got up before daylight to hurry to the real estate offices. The same property was bought and rebought half a dozen times in a day. Farm lands worth twenty-five dollars an acre sold for a thousand dollars a lot and higher. Every window facing on a business street was rented at a fabulous price for a real estate office. The streets and hotels were jammed, and people went about carrying money in their hands and clamoring for land. Subdivision schemes covered the hills for miles.

Then the bottom dropped out and once more Birmingham fell back on its real resources, Red Mountain and the wealth that lay under the hills adjacent.

Some of the contrasts that set you thinking are found in the real-estate story of Birmingham. Land values have climbed into millions. It is easy to understand where some of the Birmingham wealth came from when you compare the present values of real estate with those of the early days.

In 1871 two men bought a lot for seventy-five dollars. It is now appraised around two hundred thousand, and on it stands the twenty-seven-story Jefferson County Bank Building. Another lot in the downtown district was bought in 1871 for two hundred dollars. It is now worth one hundred thousand and is occupied by the First National Bank Building.

In 1873 a man named Linn put up the first brick building, three stories high, and people called it Linn's Folly. He paid six hundred dollars for the lot, on which he erected a building for his bank. In 1895 the bank sold the ground for seventy-five thousand dollars; in 1905 it sold for one hundred and seventy-three thousand, and on it stands the Brown-Marx office building, containing a thousand rooms.

In 1873 a Birmingham man bought seven business lots for an aggregate of twelve hundred dollars. He kept one of these lots, and at his death in 1905 it was sold for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. It is now the site of a large office building.

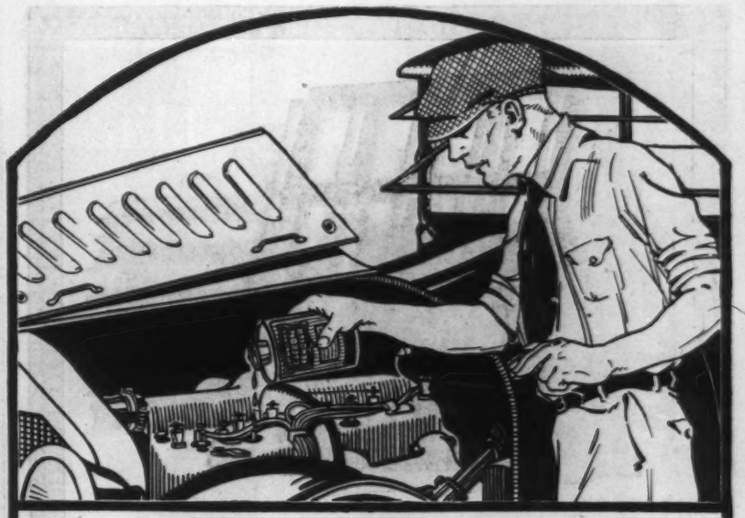
To know Birmingham you must get away from both the downtown and better-class residential sections. Around the fringes you find the variations from the types you are most accustomed to see in other towns. How to deal with its fast increasing swarms of workers in coal, iron and steel is a problem that industrial Birmingham is trying to solve. The Birmingham Civic Association has a slogan, "Men, Not Dollars, Build Cities," but many of the steel and coal laborers are the antithesis of everything idealistic.

How to deal with its fast increasing swarms of workers is a problem that Birmingham is trying to solve

The many model communities in and around Birmingham tell the story of the comprehensive uplift work being done by some of the industries, and by large stockholders. Fairfield, Edgewater, and Docena are indeed oases in the human desert. Here you must be convinced that Birmingham industry is trying to imbue its people with the desire for better living. These communities are great educational centres. You find pretty homes, shade, vines and flowers. There are playgrounds, kindergartens, schools, guild halls, classes in domestic science, hospitals and medical supervision, and idealistic atmosphere. Some of the companies have undertaken to demonstrate marvelous transformations in the ugly old homes.

Indeed, it seemed almost incongruous to see the toil-stained men from the mines coming home to some of these charming communities.

But this reminds us again that the whole story of steel hinges on human organization. The United States Steel Corporation develops its executives by sharp inter-competition —



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man against man. Building up human ability is a strong factor in steel success. Every mill and each department in this great concern competes with every other mill and department to show the best results in production, invention and economy.

And certainly nothing but original thinking on a big scale could have produced the monster machinery that hems in central Birmingham and works so ceaselessly to annihilate time. Here we find strange but mighty locomotives that feed the seething furnaces in the face of heat that runs up to 3400 degrees; cranes that lift the weight of a house; moving ladle trains of huge iron kettles full of molten metal that laps the rims; ponds of rippling fire that hisses at you.

The towering blast furnaces make the noise of a hundred locomotives overcharged with steam, and men who seem puny enough venture to release the terrible white liquid death. The blowing of the converters makes an uproar so terrific that you feel the panic of fear, but you see these Birmingham men working in such devilish places apparently fearless. You study them afterward in their homes with a new interest.

Amid explosions that spit millions of sparks the blooming mills eat white and orange colored ingots of hot steel, and automatic contrivances finger them as you would handle a glowing poker. In the rolling mills they make dreadful snakes of red-hot steel, and among such twisting creatures these Birmingham workers walk with seeming nonchalance.

I wished to send a night message, but the telegraph window was shut

All day and night you may go on and on through sights like these — reminding you of things that Dante found in hell. And this is Birmingham, where Vulcan lives.

It is always the exception to the general rule that makes a city interesting. Downtown Birmingham is not much different from other cities of its size. Some of the better residential sections are exceptional, however, because of their beauty and romantic locations. Up on Red Mountain, hundreds of feet above the business section, is a superb home district among the trees, with splendid roads winding up the face of the mountain.

Up here are the grounds and golf links of the Birmingham Country Club, and a clubhouse that rivals the most luxurious seashore hotel. In normal times a thousand of Birmingham's élite golf, dine and dance up there. Grim war preparations just now absorb the days and nights of most of Birmingham's upper-class steel and coal population. There is little rest in these far-spreading plants, which are sold out up to 1918, at least. But ordinarily these men sit on the broad verandas of the clubhouse in the evenings and look out on the distant flare from the furnaces and rolling-mills, and watch the lights that sparkle from the city and from the mouths of the mines among the hills.

In this clubhouse I was invited downstairs to the barroom. The party with which I happened to be at the time included one of Birmingham's best-known clergymen, who offered no objection to going down with the rest of us. We all lined up at the bar, the parson included, and with my own ears I heard him order a drink. My recollection is that it was grape juice. It was pleasing to reflect that among all those bottles ranged on the shelf under the mirror there was not one that held an alcoholic beverage. The curse had been squeezed out of that barroom absolutely — for Alabama stands for prohibition. Unfortunately, perhaps, it is not of the bone-dry variety. Every man is entitled to his stint of whisky and beer if shipped to him in the original packages.

On Red Mountain I discovered, incidentally, the settings for a Zenda novel, with possibilities for secret stairways and all. Up there stands a mansion with foundations running down sixty feet through an abandoned mine, and subterranean passages leading off to forgotten exits in the gulches below. What a chance for the fancy!

It would be dangerous to open for argument the question, "Can a town be too good?" Yet one of Birmingham's best citizens opined that the lid was on altogether too tight, and that individual liberty was interfered with in an unwarranted way.

I am not competent to judge, but at any rate the lid is surely on tight and the police are active in ferreting out resorts that don't lend themselves to this code. Raids are frequent, so that it is unsafe for anyone valuing a reputation to go into these places. It was hinted to me that if I really needed a cocktail, or wished a glimpse of such underworld as Birmingham possessed, I might possibly find a guide. At the same time I was warned that the police most likely would get me. The moral influence of a town of this sort is certainly strong, so cocktails and the underworld had no charms for me.

Since the abolishment of liquor three years ago the decrease in crime in Birmingham has been extraordinary. In the wet days the town was thoroughly wild, and men went gunning for one another in the business streets. You can hear exciting tales of bullets grazing the ears of bystanders in those former Birmingham days.

There can be no question about Birmingham's stand as a law-abiding city. The people down there, moreover, are working too hard to want the night life you find in so many large cities. The sober business that they have in hand — the making of steel and the conduct of allied affairs — seems to absorb their full energy.

During my peregrinations in Birmingham I observed that the midnight broiled lobster was conspicuously missing. There was an absence of cabarets and gay restaurants, and I found no summer shows except motion pictures and vaudeville. The night gaiety of the downtown district seemed confined to the ice-cream rooms. Here the young men were confidential but subdued, and the girls demure. In some cities I have seen ostensibly respectable girls dancing with abandon on the tables of night restaurants. Not one feminine cigarette did I see in Birmingham. A facetious resident of that city said to me about midnight:

"I feel especially devilish tonight. Let's go and get a 'hot dog.' If we hurry we can reach the sandwich joint before it shuts up."

At the beautiful Tutwiler Hotel I essayed to buy a cigar one evening at eleven o'clock, but found the tobacco counter in the rotunda in repose. I wished to send a night message, but the telegraph window was shut. In the dining-room were only two persons. In many cities the night life is just beginning at this hour, and the dining-rooms are filling with people bent on soft-shell crabs and the excitement of the cabaret whirl. About eleven-thirty most of the lobby lights in the Tutwiler went out.

There is, of course, the conventional upper-crust gaiety. From the Tutwiler ballroom came evidences of the dance, and I heard about pleasing functions at the clubs.

IN strong contrast against the uplift work of Birmingham and its industry is the older Birmingham that still remains. One of the hardest things in the world is to plant ideals in the minds of those whose lives run in contrary channels. It is difficult to do betterment work when all the initiative must come from industry or from the city. I believe it would be possible for fully two-thirds of the workers of Birmingham to own little homes of their own. There is work for every man and woman today, and the cry is always for more. Birmingham is helping this country to fight a war, and for three years all its sinews have been tight in the gigantic struggle to produce more steel.

In one of the slum districts I saw a gaunt and disheveled woman getting water from a street faucet, and I stopped to talk with her. She filled her pail before answering my inquiry. Then, with deliberation, she pursed her lips and directed a jet of liquid tobacco toward the other side of the street. I talked with her at some length, but meanwhile she laid the dust about us with great labial skill.

Two little children clung to the woman's skirts, and all of them seemed to bear the stamp of dire poverty. I contemplated offering her money. Then, to my surprise,

she told me that her husband worked in a steel mill and earned around four dollars a day.

At least, the poorer population of Birmingham is not colorless.

This woman's home was a mere box, set high on ugly brick stilts, and the glimpse I got of its interior caused me to wonder why any family with this income should live there. But the strangest part of it was that she had no fault to find with her living conditions. She was not troubled because she had to go to the corner for water, and the lack of a bathtub did not seem to disturb her. The desire for better things, apparently, was lacking. It seems to me that the only remedy for this class of people lies in the education of the younger generation.

I hired a taxicab and went out into the district known as Ensley, where lie the greatest of the steel mills — and some of the deepest of these human shadows. High up on a serrated plateau of red clay, barren of vegetation, I got a glimpse of the older Birmingham, which is fast passing away. Here were expanses of wretched shanties baking in the Alabama sun. Fierce rains had cut the clay into rags, and the gutters were deep gullies eating into the unpaved streets. There were no sidewalks. Utopianism certainly was scandalized.

These were homes of workingmen, and the rents ranged from six to eight dollars a month.

On the edge of a street chasm I left the automobile and, crossing on a plank, climbed a steep clay path to the home of one of these men, whom I saw in his doorway. There was no rug or carpet, and the floors were littered with household appurtenances. The three beds were unmade, although it was well along in the afternoon. Five children were playing on the floor or on the hazardous porch.

Babies and baby welfare are cheap in the poorer and older Birmingham, yet babies are future citizens. The welfare departments of the steel companies are doing much work to make better citizens, but they have an uphill job. Settlement work, moreover, has never gained much foothold in Birmingham, although the field is most promising.

I talked with this particular workman and he told me that although he was unskilled he was earning three dollars and twenty cents a day in one of the mills. His shanty was exceedingly squalid, and I doubt if all of the furniture in it cost fifty dollars. There wasn't even a baby carriage — he said he couldn't afford one. In many cities I have known men on wages smaller than this who live in comfort and save money. In this case the problem appeared to be one of waste as well as the utter lack of home ideals. This is a fair sample of the work yet to be done down in Birmingham.

Later I came to a district known as Avondale — a community of working people as dismal as any I have seen in America or Europe.

But the trouble seemed to go deeper than the neglect of landlord or city. Many of these Avondale cottages of themselves wouldn't be hopeless, for even a box with a vine running over it is pleasing to look on. But here one sees an awful desolation of cinders, unpainted shacks, and ash barrels, and scarcely a germ of anything bordering on the beautiful. The steps in many instances were decorated with dirty bed clothing and accessories of the sleeping room.

The tragedy of it did not lie in hopeless poverty. I questioned some of these people and found that they were often earning more than money enough to live respectably. It is the impulse that is lacking. A prominent resident of Birmingham told me that this was the great problem of that city today. He said it was the one thing that reacted heavily against the Birmingham beautiful; that Birmingham must go on teaching its workers how to want to live better. He asked me to emphasize this in whatever I wrote.

In all these poorer districts I saw the great human problem looming big. At one of the cottages a boy of ten was smoking a cigarette on the steps. He said his job was to take care of the baby while his father worked at an iron plant and his mother and sisters were in a cotton mill. The family was greedy for money, and the income was ample to provide for a decent home; but these people didn't want one.

The boy opened the door and showed me the infant, clad in a shirt, asleep on the floor with not even a pillow under it. The breakfast dishes stood on a rough-board table, and the beds were heaped with vile tatters. He admitted that he and his sister of sixteen chewed tobacco.

Around this cottage there was not a vine or flower, not a spear of grass,— yet Alabama is a land of shade and flowers.

In one corner of the greater town is a community known as Pratt City, partly inhabited by Italians and negroes, who have forlorn little houses stuck almost anywhere along the crooked clay lanes. My taxi took me through mire ravines and over hills half devoured by the torrents. It looked as if no surveyors had penetrated there, and certainly no graders. Birmingham has spread itself far over hills and valleys, and I never saw a city that claimed both skyscrapers and mountain scenery within its confines to the extent that Birmingham does. Everywhere were evidences that work was plentiful. Men who bore all the signs of the most strenuous toil were moving to and fro in constant procession, carrying their dinner pails. Yet almost always in older Birmingham the same lack of home ideals!

In another rugged and partly wooded district is a settlement dubbed Frenchtown, where resides a colony of French reservists' families. The men have gone over to the trenches, and the women, many of them, do not know whether they are widows or not. Their decaying little homes are dejected enough. For these women and children the struggle of life is bitter, so let us forgive them the desolation of Frenchtown.

Passing on, we came to the suburb of Wylam, which you might truly guess to be Welsh. Here you find the McIntoshes, McFarlands, McGurries and Campbells; but I observed that the architecture was still strongly local — which means that the cottages were set high on brick posts. Habit is a hard thing to overcome, despite the fact that the better classes of Birmingham set plenty of artistic examples in their buildings.

Then there is Bessemer, which like most things in Birmingham, bears the heavy stamp of steel. It reminded me of South Chicago, where other mighty rolling mills are. And still there were men coming and going; hundreds of them on the move, for you know that Birmingham, like Akron, never sleeps. This is one thing about the town that you can't get away from. It moves along with the ceaseless sweep of the ocean, and you feel the vastness of steel and the terrors of war.

There seemed no end to Birmingham's fringes. In the lowlands and high up on the mountains, I passed through a succession of communities that ranged all the way from wild west mining camps, in the deep forests, to pretty home colonies of modern houses. Repeatedly I asked my driver if we were not out of Birmingham, but almost always he said no; we were still in the city.

NEARLY half the population of the greater Birmingham district is made up of negroes, and most of the men among them work in ore, coal or steel. The colored population of the city itself represents quite a small percentage. In the main this colored contingent lives to itself, but in spots one sees white families mixed in.

My own impression is that the negro measures up closer to the average proletariat type than do some of the low-class whites. The negro at least feels the desire for the good things in life. He likes gaudy things, loves a cheval glass, and luxuriates in good clothes. His soul is full of sentiment and music, and he has the redeeming quality of wit.

The negro in Birmingham rides in one end of the street-cars. He has his own room in the railroad stations, and his "Jim Crow" coaches. He finds it cheaper not to vote; also much easier, and perhaps healthier. There is a law making suffrage contingent upon the payment of a poll tax, which is cumulative year by year. There are other restrictions, and the negro vote is extremely small.

It was related to me that the negro down there never works more than three or four days at a stretch if he can earn enough in that time to last him the rest of the week. He claims an inalienable right to shoot craps, to carry a razor, to dance, and to sit in his rickety porch swing. He uses his razor on himself ordinarily, unless he has been to the express office recently for his legal stint of whisky. He looks askance on the road tax, and loves not the rent collector. He does like to eat.

Much progress has been made in cleaning up the older negro districts, but I judge that the work is still far from complete. One of the city officials said to me that they had a great campaign for the installing of plumb-

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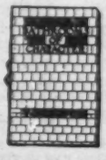

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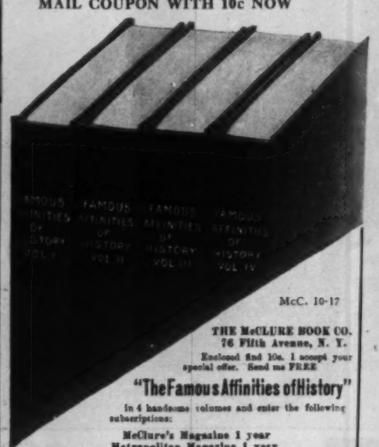

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ing. The city obtained the right to do this work and assess it against property owners, on the plan of small monthly payments.

One cheerful spectacle I saw in Birmingham was an industrial high school where negro boys and girls are taught how to find themselves. Useful callings are practised there, from cooking and nursing to electrical work and plumbing. The aim is to discover special talents, and it would surprise you to know how many negroes develop real ability.

All of these pupils take home new ideals, but the pity of it is that only a hundred students are studying there — out of all the swarms of negroes in Birmingham.

This is the most picturesque school, in a way, that I ever saw. It occupies several rows of old tenement cabins, dilapidated and full of chinks, but neatly whitewashed and connected by continuous board platforms, built by the students. Back of these curious school-rooms is a garden plot, but before solid earth was reached the negro boys and girls dug out three feet of tin cans and rubbish.

During recent weeks the newspapers both North and South have had much to say about the emigration of negroes northward. Half a million of them have left the South to work in northern factories. Perhaps for the first time the southern manufacturers are beginning to recognize in the colored laborers an economic necessity. The South needs them just now especially.

While in one of the office buildings in Birmingham I came upon a crowd of negroes overflowing from the office of an employment agent. I talked with some of them and they told me they were going North; that transportation was provided and jobs assured at high wages.

And by the way, there is now in New York the Associated Colored Employees of America, Inc., of which John A. Ross is the president, which helps the right kind of negro to find the work he is best suited to in the metropolis.

Birmingham is under commission government, and the mayor is George B. Ward. He was also mayor under the old aldermanic régime, in the days when Birmingham was even more picturesque than it is now. They told me a story about him that typifies the old days. "He went to Europe," it goes, "and when he came back found that another faction had control of the city government, with an acting mayor in the chair. This element objected to giving up control, whereupon Ward cleared the enemy out of his office at the point of a pistol."

Most of the people with whom I talked in Birmingham spoke highly of commission government, though I imagine being a commissioner down there is no sinecure these days.

Nor is anything in that surcharged city a sinecure. Birmingham is sweating liquid steel these days. If there were a dozen Birminghams we would surely get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas.

"New York: What Do You Know About It?" is the next big article in this series on the fame of the cities. Mr. Woolley goes at his subject with vision and enthusiasm. He will tell you things that you never knew even if you are a New Yorker

Two Wives — *Continued from page 10*

boyish in its welcoming good humor. Later he had drawn her aside and had said with a touch of awkwardness:

"No use in talking about it, of course. I just want you to know I'm so glad you're here." She had clutched his hand.

"That's nice of you, Joe." And then she had turned from him, and with a sudden quiver within she had added quite inaudibly: "Oh, Dad, dearest! I'm so homesick! Just this minute — if I could go back!"

But she had liked Joe that evening.

She remembered the hungry light in his eyes. He and Amy had soon gone to their room. And as Ethel thought about them now, lying here alone in the dark she felt again that vague delight and warm confused expectancy. "How much of all this is coming to me? . . . Everything, I guess, but sleep!"

Chapter III

HER first month in town was a season of shopping and of warm anticipations — and then came a sudden crash. Afterward it was hard to remember. For tragedy entered into these rooms, and it was not easy to look back and see them clearly as they had been. That first month became confused, the memories uneven; in some spots clear and vivid, in others hazy and unreal.

"I want you to be gay, my dear," Amy told her at the start. "You've been through such a lonely time. And what earthly good will it do poor Dad to have you go about in black? You're here now and you've got to make friends and a place for yourself. If he were alive I know he'd agree. He'd want you to have every chance."

So they started in to shop. And though Ethel had her memories, her moods of homesick longing for the old soldier who was gone, these soon became less frequent. There was little time to be lonely or sad.

Amy herself felt new youth these days. Relieved of the first uneasiness with which she had gone to Ohio to bring her young sister to New York, surprised and delighted at finding how the awkward girl of eighteen had developed into a striking and distinctive type of beauty, and vaguely feeling her an asset instead of a burden to herself in her own career, she now took Ethel about to get her "clothes fit to be seen in." And as with intent little glances she kept studying "Ethel's type" in order to set off her charms, the slightly bored expression, the look of disillusionment, left Amy's pretty countenance. For Ethel's freshness had given to Amy new zest and belief in her own life, in its purpose and importance. To get Ethel clothes, to show her about, to find her friends, to give her a gay winter in town, and later to make a good match for her — these aims loomed large in Amy's mind. She felt her own youth returning, and she prolonged this period. She wanted Ethel all to herself. She even shut her husband out.

"You can rest up a bit," she told him, "for what's coming to you later on." And Joe with a good-natured groan at the prospect of late hours ahead, made the most of the rest allowed to him.

Each morning the two sisters fared forth in a taxi. And Amy began to reveal to her sister the dazzling world of shops in New York, shops large and small, American, French and English, shops for gowns and hats and shoes, and furs and gloves and corsets. At numberless counters they studied and counseled with gay animation, and lunching at Sherry's, they shopped on. And the shimmer and sheen of pretty things made life a glamorous mirage, in which Ethel could feel herself rapidly becoming a New Yorker, gaining assurance day by day, feeling "her type" emerge in the glass where she studied herself with impatient delight.

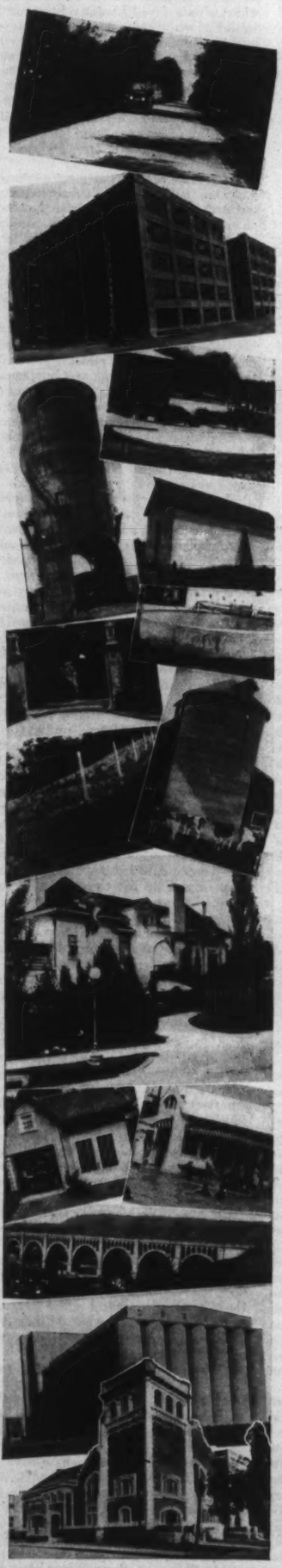
There were little reminders now and then of what she had left behind her. One day in a department-store, as they stood before a counter looking at silk stockings, all at once to Ethel's ears came the deep tones of an organ, and turning with a low cry of surprise she looked over the bustling throngs of women to an organ loft above, where a girl was singing a solo in a high sweet soprano voice. In a flash to Ethel's mind there came a vivid picture of the old yellow church at home.

She was again reminded in the same queer way of church, when one afternoon in a large darkened chamber she sat with scores of women whose eyes were fixed as though in devotion upon a softly lighted stage where "models" kept appearing. What lovely figures some of them had! Others rather took her breath, and gave her the feeling she had had before in her sister's bedroom. But then as her eye was caught again by the rapt faces all about, she chuckled to herself and thought, "There ought to be candles and incense here!"

She was appalled at the prices. And as the exciting days wore on, uneasily in her room at night she would sit down with pencil and paper. Her father had left her nothing but the shabby old frame house. This she had sold to a friend of his, and the small fund thus secured she had resolved to husband.

But the things she saw as she went about, the adorable things; and the growing hunger she felt as she began to notice with a more discerning eye the women in shops and on the streets — just why they were so dashing and how they got this and that effect — all swept aside her caution, the easier because of the fact that everything she bought was charged.

One evening in a large café she sat watching Amy, who was dancing with her husband.



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It was at the time when the new style dances were just coming into vogue. In Ohio they had been only a myth. But Amy was a beautiful dancer. And watching her now, Ethel reflected, "She expects me to be like that. If I'm not she'll be disappointed, ashamed. And why shouldn't I be? What do you ever get in this world if you're always saving every cent? You miss your chance and then it's too late. I'll be meeting her friends in a few weeks more. I've simply got to hurry!"

And with Amy's dancing-teacher she arranged for lessons — at a price that made her gasp. But the lessons were a decided success.

"You're making a fine little job of it," she heard Joe say to Amy one night.

She caught other remarks and glances from strangers, men and women. What she would be, what she wanted to be, what she now ardently longed to become, grew clearer to her day by day. For the picture was there before her eyes. Each day it grew more familiar, as at home in Amy's room she watched her beautiful sister, a stranger no longer to her now, seated at her dressing-table good-humoredly chatting and meanwhile revealing by numberless deft little things she was doing the secrets of clothes and underclothes, of figure, cheeks and lips and eyes — with subtle hints behind it all of the ancient magic art of Pan. She felt Amy ceaselessly bringing her out. This gave her thrills of excitement. And looking at her sister she asked:

"Shall I ever be like that?"

AND they kept talking, talking—in shops, at luncheon and at tea, or at home in the evening for hours and hours. And through it all the same feeling was there, the sense of this driving force of the town.

With the sturdy independence which was so deep a part of her, Ethel strove to hold up her end of these conversations and show that she had views of her own. She was no old-fashioned country girl, but modern, something different! They had discussed things in her club which would have shocked their mothers, discussed them long and seriously. They had spoken of marriage and divorce, of love and having children, and then had gone eagerly on to suffrage, jobs and mental science, art, music and the rest of life. She had gathered there an image of New York as a glittering region of strong clever men and fascinating women, who not only loved to dance but held the most brilliant discussions at dinners livened by witty remarks — a place of vistas opening into a world of great ideas. And now with her older sister, she questioned her about it all, the art and all the "movements," the "salons" and the clever talk.

"Oh, yes," Amy would say good-humoredly, "there are such people, I suppose — plenty of them, all over town. And they talk and talk and hold meetings, and they go to high-brow plays — and some women even work. But it doesn't sound very thrilling, does it? I don't know. They never seem to me quite real."

But behind her smiling manner of one with an intimate knowledge of life, Amy would glance at the girl by her side in a curious, rather anxious way. For vaguely she knew that years ago when she herself had come to New York she too had had dreams and imaginings of what her young sister was earnestly calling "the real thing." And she knew that these had dropped away — at first in the struggle, which for her had been so intense and narrowing, to gain a foothold in the town; then by rebuffs from the clever friends of Joe Lanier when she married him; and later by a deepening feeling of lazy acceptance of her lot. But Ethel's talking and Ethel's eyes recalled what had been left behind. And Amy thought of her *present* friends, and again with a little uneasy pang she put off their meeting with Ethel. For they did not seem good to her then, and the picture she found herself painting of their lives and her own appeared a bit flat and trivial in the light of Ethel's eagerness.

"My dear," she said decisively, "it's not what you say that interests men; it's how you look and what you have on."

But despite her air of assurance and her own liking of her life, she felt the picture again growing flat, and so she added quietly:

"Oh, my friends aren't all I'd like. They never are, if you've anything in you. If you really want to be somebody — " and here her whole expression changed to one of resolute faith in herself — "you need just one thing, money. And you can't do anything about that; you have to wait for your husband. Joe's a dear, of course, and he's working hard. And he's getting it, too, he's getting it!" A gleam of hunger, almost fierce, came into her clear violet eyes. "I want a larger apartment — I've picked out the very one. And I want a car, a limousine. I know just how I'll paint it — a mauve body with white wheels. And I want a house on Long Island. I've picked out the very spot — just next to Fanny Carr's new place."

"Who's Fanny Carr?" Ethel asked alertly.

Amy was slowly combing out her soft fine luxuriant hair, and she smiled with kindly tolerance, for her little confession had given her back her faith in herself and her future.

"Fanny was a writer once —— "

"Oh, really!"

"Yes. She ran a department on one of the papers." It had been the dress-pattern page, but Amy did not mention that. Instead, she yawned complacently. "Oh, she dropped it quick enough — she thought it rather tiresome. She's one of the cleverest women I know. She'd have got a long way up in the world, if it weren't for her second husband —— "

"Her second?"

"Yes. The first one didn't do very well. She told me once, 'If you want to get on, change your name at least once in every three years.' Her second, as it happened, was no better than the first. But she was clever enough by then to get an able lawyer; and when it came to the divorce, Fanny succeeded in keeping the house, the one out on Long Island."

"Oh," said Ethel tensely. Her sister shot a look at her.

"I don't care especially for Fanny's ideas about husbands," she said. "But at least she has a love of a home." And Amy went on to explain to her sister the value and importance of being able to give week-ends. Again the gleam came into her eyes. "It's money, my dear, it's money. They are the same women in Newport exactly — just like all the rest of us — only they are richer. That's all — but it is everything. Put me in a big house out there, and my friends wouldn't know me in a few years."

A cloud came on her face as she looked in her glass.

"But that's just the trouble. A few years more and I'll be too late. You've got to get there while you're young. And there's so little time. You lose your looks. It's all very well for some women to talk about ideas and things — and travel and — and children. I did, too; I talked a lot — oh, how I wanted everything! But one has to narrow down. Thank heaven, Ethel, you've years ahead. I've only got a few more left — I'm already thirty-one. And my type ages fast in this town, if you do the things you're expected to do. But you — oh, Ethel, I want you to marry well! Not a millionaire — that's rather hard, and besides he'd probably be too fat — but the kind who *will be* a millionaire, who has it written all over his face and makes you feel it in his voice! Don't sell yourself too cheap, my dear! Don't go running about with men who'll keep you poor for the rest of your days. They talk so well — some of them do; and it sounds so fine — ideas and books and pictures and — I knew one who was an architect. And it's all very well for later on, but what you've got to do right at the start — while you have the looks and youth — is to find the man who can give you a house where all those other people will be tumbling to get in — *because you'll have the money — you'll be able to entertain — and give them what they really want — in spite of all their talking!*"

Once more, with a weary sigh, she dropped the religious intensity, and smiled as she wistfully added:

"That's where some man can put you. They do, you know, they do it. Some man does it every day. You can see his name in the papers. Dozens of wives get to Newport each year. And what do they do it on? Money." In a low eager tone she gave cases of sudden fortunes.

"That's romance enough for me, my dear. And if you want work and a career, the most fascinating kind I know is to study the man you've married — find what's holding him back and take it away — what's pushing him on and help it grow! You've got to narrow, narrow down! You may want a lot of children. They're loves, of course, to have around. But you run a big risk in that. I could give you so many cases — mothers who have just dropped out. If you want to really get on in this town, you've got to stick to your husband and make your husband stick to you! There are things about that you will learn soon enough. It comes so naturally once you are in it — married, I mean. And that's your hold.

"And if you love him as I love Joe," she

added almost in a whisper, "you find it so easy that often you forget what it is you're trying to do, what you're really doing it for. You're just happy and you shut your eyes. But then you wake up and use it all — everything — to drive him on. You can do that while you are still young and have what he wants — the looks, I mean — and can make him see that any number of other men would be glad to step into his shoes. But you give them only just enough to keep your husband from feeling too safe. You hold them off, you make him feel that he's everything to you if he'll work and give you what you ought to have. And unless you're a fool you don't listen to this talk of women's rights and women doing the work of men. You keep on your ground and play the game. And you keep making him get what you need — before it's too late!" All at once she gave a sharp little laugh. "It's a kind of race, you see," she said.

THE night after this talk Ethel lay in her bed, and tried to remember and think it out. How new and queer and puzzling! So many vistas she had dreamed of had been closed on every hand.

"What's the matter with me?"

The matter was that her old ideals and standards were being torn up by the roots, roots that went deep down into the soil of life in the town in Ohio. But Ethel did not think of that. She scowled and sighed.

"Well, this is real! I was dreaming! And after all, this is much the same, but different in the way you get it. This is New York. One thing is sure," she added, "Amy needs every dollar Joe can make — and she must not have *me* on her hands. I've got to find what I really want — a job or a man — and be quick about it!"

It threw a tinge of uneasiness into the expectancy of those breathless shopping tours. And it changed her attitude towards Joe. He had not counted for much at first; he had been a mere man of business; and business men had had little place in her dreams of friends in the city. But watching him now she changed her mind.

Joe Lanier was what is called "a speculative builder." He was an architect, building contractor and real-estate gambler, all in one. He put up apartment buildings "on spec," buildings of the cheaper sort, most of them in the Bronx, and sold them at a profit — or a loss, as the case might be. He dealt in the rapidly shifting values of neighborhoods in the changing town. "The gamble in it is the fun," he remarked to Ethel one evening. Joe was just the kind of man, as Amy had told her sister, to make a big sudden success of his work. Unfortunately he was tied to a partner, Nourse by name, who held him back. This man Amy keenly disliked. He was the slow, careful kind, a grind, a heavy, tiresome creature who thought business was everything in the world.

"Sometimes," said Amy, "I really believe he forgets it's for making money. He's as anxious about it as an old hen, and he wants it steady as a cow. He detests me, as I do him. He has stopped coming here, thank heaven. And the time is not so far away when I'll make Joe see that he's got to lose his partner."

Joe's image gained steadily in importance to Ethel's awakening eyes. Of his force as a man, all that she saw made her more and more certain that Amy was right. Joe was the kind who was bound to succeed. He not only worked hard, his work was a passion. At night and on Sunday mornings he could sit for hours absorbed in the tiresome pages of real-estate news in his paper. He went out for strolls in the evenings, and once he took Ethel along with him; and his talk about buildings, the growth of the city by leaps and bounds, now in this direction, now in that, gave her a feeling almost uncanny, and a real thrill. Joe felt the town as a living thing, as she had felt it that first night. Different? Yes, this was business. But even business, to her surprise, as Joe saw and felt it, had a strange romance of its own.

And she soon noticed something else that drew her to Joe. Almost every evening he would sit down at his piano and start playing idly As a rule he played dance music, popular songs from Broadway. But sometimes leaning back he would drift into other music. And though his hand would bungle and only sketch it, so to speak — in his black eyes, scowling slightly over the smoke of his cigar, would come a look which Ethel liked. But vaguely she felt that Amy did not, that it even made her uneasy. For almost invariably at such times, Amy would come behind him, her plump softly rounded arm would find its way down over his shoulder — and little by little the music would change and would come back to Broadway.

When Joe heard one evening that Ethel was "mad to learn to sing," he took her by the arm at once and marched her over to the piano. And they had quite a session together — till Amy suggested going out to a new cabaret she had heard of that day. Her voice sounded hurt and strained. And Ethel from that night on dropped all mention of singing.

Her curiosity deepened toward this city love affair, this husband and wife who apparently had left so many things out of their lives, things vital in the Ohio town. The sober wee girl in the nursery kept just as quiet as before. Often Ethel opened that door and went in and tried to make friends with its grave, shy little inmate and the hostile nurse. And returning to her room she would frown and wonder for a time. But the pretty things piling in from the shops, and the gay anticipations, soon crowded such questioning out of her mind. Swiftly this household was growing more real, the rooms familiar, intimate; the day's routine with its small events were becoming parts of her life. Her own small room was familiar now, for by many touches she had made it her own. And the dining-room and the living-room, where she grew acquainted with Joe, these too assumed an intimate air. Most of all, her sister's room grew more and more vivid in her thoughts, though this was still far from familiar. It held too much, it meant too much.

"Shall I ever live with a man like that?"

The way they looked at each other at times! The way they seemed keeping watch on each other! If Joe were out very late at night Amy would almost invariably grow uneasy and absent-minded, and there would be a challenging note in the way she greeted him on his return. On one such occasion Ethel was in Amy's room. She went out when Joe came in; but a queer little gasping sigh behind her gave her a start and a swift thrill, for although she did not turn around she knew they were in each other's arms. . . . And again, late one afternoon when the sisters came home and found Joe at work in his small study, with a worn, harassed look on his face, his wife came up behind him. And the picture of her soft gloved hand upon Joe's heavy shoulder remained in Ethel's memory. It seemed so soft and yet so strong.

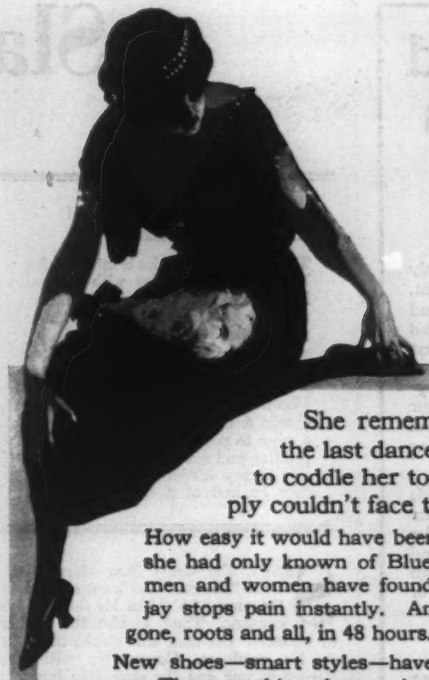
"She can do anything with him she likes. When I marry somebody, how will it be?"

Upon the living-room mantel was a photograph of Amy. And on the smooth plump pretty face with the lips slightly parting, and in the clear smiling violet eyes, there was the expression of something which Ethel did not quite name to herself — for she had forgotten the night long ago in her high-school club when they had sturdily tackled the word "sensual" and what it meant. But the picture grew familiar and real, filled in by the living presence here of this woman who so carefully tended her beautiful body, her glossy hair, her cheeks and lips; this sister with so many moods, now intent and watchful, now good-humored, indolent, now expectant, hungry, now smilingly content and gay. And as the picture grew more real, warm and close and thrilling, it symbolized for Ethel that mysterious force which she could feel on every side, driving the throngs of humanity — in this city where so many things she had once deemed important were fading rapidly away. That hungry hope of a singer's career, that craving for work and self-education, trips to Paris, London, Rome, books, art and clever people, "salons," brilliant discussions of life; and deeper still, those sacred inner feelings about having children and making a home — all began to drop behind, so quietly and easily that she barely noticed the change.

For this was happening in a few weeks, in the first whirl and excitement of those dazzling streets and shops, those models, gowns, hats, gloves and shoes. "It's not what you say that interests men — it's how you look and what you have on." The image of her sister grew vivid in Ethel's eager mind. And with it came the question, now ardent though still a little confused, "Shall I ever be like that?"

[*To be continued*]

There is a tremendous surprise in the next instalment of this brilliant novel. Mr. Poole has never written a more vivid chapter than that which appears in November



She Couldn't Go- Her *Corns* Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Other millions of men and women have found relief this way. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns. Many tests conducted by experts show that the first application removes 91 per cent. Stubborn cases require a second or third treatment. Why wait longer? Why suffer?

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Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns

For Sale by all Druggists
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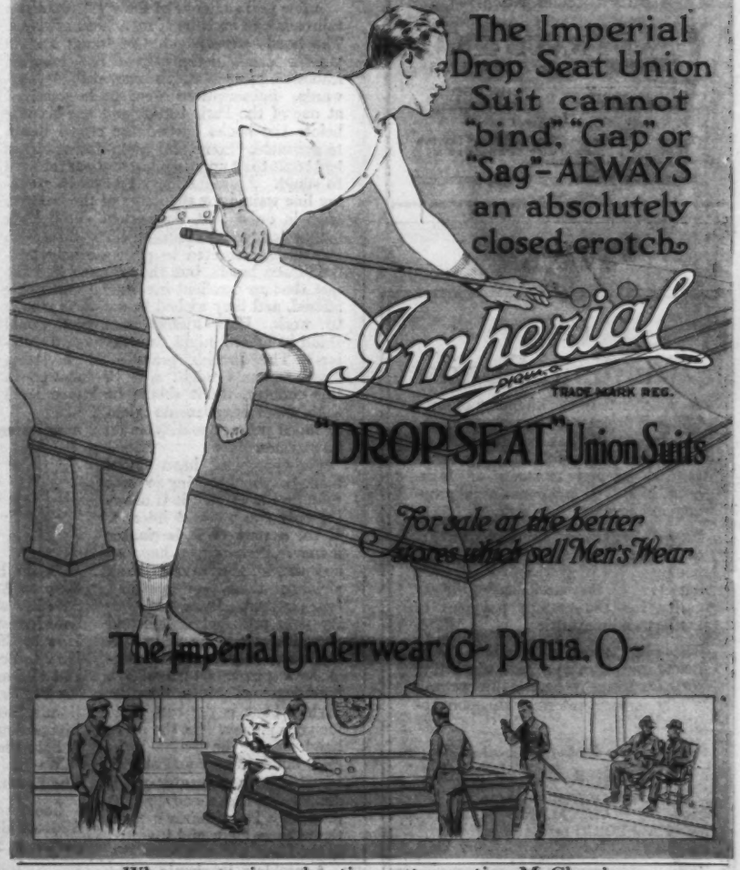
Comfort *in every position and posture*



The Imperial Drop Seat Union Suit cannot "bind," "Gap" or "Sag"- ALWAYS an absolutely closed crotch

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"DROP SEAT" Union Suits

For sale at the better stores which sell Men's Wear

The Imperial Underwear Co- Piqua, O-

Buy Sound 6% Bonds

Based on the Daily Life and Daily Work of the People

HERE is offered you a truly fundamental investment, based on the daily life and work of the people of the United States—a first mortgage on the first necessity of existence, a roof over head. The earnings of each property mortgaged to guard your invested funds, are earnings that grow directly out of the housing and the industry of the nation.

This is the firm and secure basis of every bond safeguarded under the *Straus Plan* and offered under our recommendation. Each bond is a direct first mortgage on a high grade income-earning office or apartment building in one of the largest cities in the country.

6% with Safety

We emphasize the soundness of these bonds rather than the attractive interest rate they bear—6%. This yield is the logical rate under war-times conditions. It aids investors to meet advancing living costs and burdens caused by the war. It averages up the return on government war bonds and other low interest rate securities.

Write today for our booklet, "Acid Tests of Investments in War Time," and our current Investment List, describing a variety of these sound bonds, in $1,000 and $500 amounts, maturing in two to ten years.

Ask for Circular No. J-704

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As specialists in the financing of large building projects we are able at nearly all times to offer, at par and interest, a good selection of 6% Building Bonds secured by first mortgage on high-grade industrial and commercial property in Cleveland and vicinity.

Expert appraisals and our own acquaintance with the personnel of the issuing corporations enable us to assure ourselves of the excellence of the security for the prompt payment of interest and maturities.

The promptness with which these issues are sold out prevents our listing them specifically here. But we will gladly furnish information upon application.

Write for Latest Circular

The Tillotson & Wolcott Co.

Investment Bankers

CLEVELAND

NEW YORK: 115 Broadway

CINCINNATI: Mercantile Library Bldg.

Slacker Money

by Paul Tomlinson

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investmen subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophesies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

SINCE the Great War started, the term "slacker" has been applied to the man who shirks his duty to his country. There is also the slacker in business; the man who shirks his duty to his employer. Comparable with the slacker in war and the slacker in business is money that is not working as hard as it should. It is slacker money.

Americans, as a rule, are shrewd business people and they save their money fairly well, but in the matter of investments they have much to learn. Many a man will devote days and even weeks striving to increase the profits from his business; that same man may not spend ten hours a year in studying fundamental conditions and the various other factors that make for sound and profitable investments. To earn money is the first step; the second, and equally important, thing to be considered, is to make your money earn for you. The parable of the talents is probably the most famous example of the benefits of putting your money to work, and no doubt the man who had but one talent is the best known of all the owners of slacker money. The result he achieved is not enviable.

A few years ago one of the great American railroads sold an issue of its bonds in France. The bonds were payable in francs and in various denominations from one hundred francs — approximately twenty dollars — upwards. Subscriptions were to be received at one of the Paris banks, and the evening before the books opened the crowd began to assemble. Some had camp-chairs, others had boxes to sit upon, while many were obliged to stand. All night long the ever-lengthening line waited for the doors of the bank to open in order that they might enroll their names on the subscription lists. Many in the throng expected to purchase only hundred-franc bonds, but they appreciated the fact that an excellent investment was being offered, and they wished to put their money to work. How many Americans would stand in line all night to invest twenty dollars? The French practise of investing small amounts might well be followed in this country, for it should be remembered that small investments yield as much proportionately as do larger ones.

Perhaps you have more money in your checking account than you need, and it is drawing only two per cent interest. If so, a part of it is slacker money. Perhaps you have an account in the savings bank yielding three, or possibly four per cent. In all probability your principal is safe and your interest is assured; furthermore, if you cannot purchase a greater return with a high degree of safety, then the savings bank is the best place for your money. On the other hand, it may be that a high-class bond offers equal safety, together with a greater yield; and if so the money might profitably be withdrawn from the savings bank and invested in the bond.

A problem in simple arithmetic will demonstrate the advantage of this course. At the present time many gilt-edge bonds may be purchased at prices to yield five per cent or even more. A thousand dollars in the savings bank at four per cent earns forty dollars a year; that same thousand dollars invested in a bond yielding five per cent earns fifty dollars a year, an increase of ten dollars, or *twenty-five per cent.* If you can increase your income by one-quarter and at the same time keep your principal safe, it is clearly the wise thing to do.

The question is to find the right bond. Your banker should be consulted in the matter, for it is his business to advise his clients. Many people who would never think of prescribing medicine for themselves consider that they are qualified to judge of investments. One practise is as dangerous as the other, as many a man has learned when it is too late.

High-grade bonds have been selling recently at the lowest prices in years. Foreign liquidation of American securities has been responsible for this state of affairs to an extent, also the fact that government loans have absorbed large amounts of investment funds. Then, too, the war and the unsettled conditions arising therefrom have had a restraining effect on many would-be-investors. Foreign holders of American securities have for one reason or another been forced to convert their holdings into cash, and offerings have been made in such volume that the supply has exceeded the demand, with a consequent fall in prices. The security behind these bonds, however, is the same that it was, and without question just as good. As a matter of fact, it is better in a great many instances: the United States has done an unprecedented volume of business during the last three years, and most industries have prospered beyond all expectation. Vast sums have been expended on the physical improvement of properties, and as the majority of high-grade bonds are secured by physical property, it may easily be seen that the bonds are rendered correspondingly safer by every dollar thus expended. Many investors have been quick to take advantage of this, and as a result have picked up some excellent bargains in bonds, at the same time adding materially to the earning power of their money. Many of the first lien bonds of our railroads formerly held abroad have been returned to this country and sold at prices almost undreamed of a few years ago.

Perhaps someone will say that there is a chance that these bonds may go even lower in price, and should you be obliged to sell it would be necessary to do so at a sacrifice. Such an argument might hold in the case of some of the long-term bonds, but there are numerous short-term securities now to be had at most attractive prices. They offer a high yield, are as safe as any investment can be, and because they become due and payable within the coming year or the next few years, their price is not likely to fluctuate. The chances are excellent that should you desire to sell at any time before maturity, you could do so without fear of losing any part of your principal, while there is also the possibility of making a slight profit. Meanwhile your money has been earning for you a good rate of interest all the time it is invested.

There are various loans of the governments of our allies now offered for sale in this country, many of them coming due within a comparatively short time. Some of them are the direct obligations of the governments, and some are, in addition, secured by sound collateral, amply sufficient to pay the principal at maturity. They offer excellent returns to the investor, together with a broad margin of safety. Some of our own corporations, industrial and otherwise, have sold short-term notes and many of these may be purchased on a profitable basis. Equipment notes oftentimes offer attractive inducements to investors; they are secured by rolling stock and equipment, and frequently are in serial form; that is, a certain proportion mature every year. Usually all of the equipment is pledged until the last instalment is paid, so that the security for the remaining bonds or notes increases with the reduction of the amount outstanding. Securities of this latter type may be had which mature in the near future, so that the argument against fluctuation in price holds good in their case as well as in the case of strictly "short term" notes.

It is a common saying that a man should put his securities away and forget about them. Not at all. Opportunities to make advantageous sales or trades of one kind or another are constantly presenting themselves if one keeps in touch with his investments. All of your money may be invested, but if it is not all earning as much as it should, it has the character of slacker money just as much as funds which are lying idle. Submit your list of securities to your banker; consult him not only about new money you may have to invest, but about investments you may have held for years. Perhaps he will suggest some-

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

The Virginian Railway

We have prepared in pamphlet form the interesting history of this railroad.

It deals with traffic development, operating economies, growth of earnings, and shows in tabulated form the market trend of the bonds of this Company from 1913 to 1916.

If you have funds available for investment or already hold bonds of this Company, this pamphlet will be of interest to you.

Send for Virginian Railway Booklet MC-62

The National City Company

National City Bank Building
New York

7% Cumulative First Preferred Stock

of a well managed, high grade public utility company—operating in the heart of the cotton belt of Texas. Net income nearly eight times dividend requirements.

to yield 7.14%

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of a well known, high grade industrial company, earnings over four times dividend requirements. Tax-exempt in Illinois.

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Value of security over twice entire loan.

Payment of principal and interest guaranteed by a widely known corporation, with large established earnings.

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Send for circular No. 997CM.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago

(A516)

ESTABLISHED 1865 — GUARANTEED 1865

thing which will work out to your advantage.

Did you ever stop to think how it is that a bank is enabled to pay interest on its deposits, pay expenses and salaries, and in addition earn large dividends for its stockholders? It is because its funds are kept working all the while; banks are required by law to maintain a fixed cash reserve, but beyond that they have no idle dollars, no slacker money. All banks have certain funds which they keep "liquid," that is, ready and available for any emergency, but the money is always working. Night and day it is earning interest for its owners.

Why cannot an individual keep a certain cash reserve, as low as is consistent with safety, and then invest his surplus funds as a bank does? If he will buy sound and readily marketable securities, he can realize on them should he need the money, just as a bank does under similar circumstances. But until he needs the money let him keep it working for him. Remember the example in arithmetic; on a thousand-dollar investment a five per cent return instead of four, means an increase in income of twenty-five per cent; five and a half in place of four and a half per cent means an increase in income of over twenty-two per cent.

You may prefer one type of security to another, but whether it is railroad, public utility, or industrial bonds that you favor, there are likely to be opportunities in every class to increase your income. Tell your banker what you own; tell him that you want your money to earn as much as is consistent with safety. Write a letter if you cannot call in person. Every reliable investment house invites you to consult with it, and you are under no obligation when you accept these invitations.

Put your idle funds to work, and keep in constant touch with your investments. Don't let your money loaf. The slacker in war time and the slacker in business are regarded with justifiable disfavor. Why should not slacker money be looked upon in the same light? There is no good place in any country for the man who is a slacker. Don't own any slacker money.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

The Bankers Trust Company, 14 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with the many advantages of using "A. B. A." Cheques when traveling.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment, and "Acid Tests of Investments in War-Time." All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

The Oklahoma Farm Mortgage Company of Oklahoma City, has issued a booklet [No. 801] on Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana 6 per cent. Farm Mortgages which it will send to any address free on request.

The National City Company recently issued a booklet [free] containing the official list of bonds legal for Savings Bank and Trust Fund investment in New York State.

"Bond Messenger," an unusually interesting and "meaty" magazine, and "Systematic Saving," a timely and valuable booklet for large and small investors will be sent on request by writing Liggett & Drexel, members New York Stock Exchange, 61 Broadway, New York City.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

A brochure by J. R. Milligan, Vice-President The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland, contains interesting facts concerning 6 per cent first mortgage steamship bonds, in which his house specializes. The brochure treats of the history, present conditions, safeguards, investment standing and stability of steamship bonds, and lists issues which The Tillotson & Wolcott Company has been instrumental, as an investment banking house, in distributing. A copy will be sent free to any investor upon request.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, have just published

New Income Tax Book

AS soon as the New War Revenue Bill, which materially increased the Federal Income Tax, is passed by Congress, we will publish a booklet explaining its provisions.

We believe it the patriotic duty of all who are subject to this tax to become familiar with the law. Complimentary copies to our patrons and friends.

We suggest early requests as we anticipate a large demand for this booklet (Mention edition C-10).

William R. Compton Company

Municipal Bonds

"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

NEW YORK: 14 Wall Street — ST. LOUIS: 408 Olive Street
CHICAGO: 105 So. La Salle Street — CINCINNATI: 102 Union Trust Building
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BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

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NO matter how far you live from Cleveland you can open a Savings Account at 4% compound interest with this bank—the Oldest Trust Company in Ohio.

Send today for our booklet "D" explaining our system of receiving deposits by mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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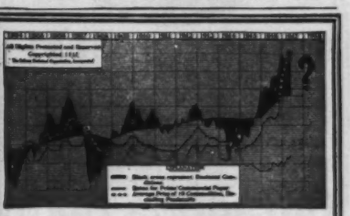

What about fall business?

General business this fall is going to be a big factor in all lines of industry and also the investment market.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Address Dept. M-2 of

Babson's Statistical Organization

Engineering Offices — Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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5% to 6% on your savings

Booklet showing result of consistent saving and wise investing.

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Partial Payment Plan

No other securities as a class have shown such consistent market appreciation in addition to cutting handsome "melons" and paying regular substantial dividends. Our Book

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Established 1908

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6% FIRST FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%

We close all loans with our own funds. Our corps of examiners investigate every detail, and when our mortgages are placed on the market, they have measured up to our high standard.

We collect and remit the interest to the investor without charge; see that taxes are paid and insurance kept in force. Write for our free booklet, and current list of offerings.

THE F. B. COLLINS INVESTMENT COMPANY

Oklahoma City — Oklahoma

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WE'RE RIGHT ON THE GROUND

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES $500 and up

And have been for 33 years. Have invested millions of dollars for clients without a dollar lost.

Real Estate Security

Is safest—most substantial. Nothing better than the rich agricultural lands securing our First Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds. Send for booklet "T" and list of offerings.

ESTABLISHED —1883—

E. J. LANDER & CO., Grand Forks, North Dakota

Capital and Surplus $500,000

Partial Payment Investments

We have prepared a list of high grade stocks suitable for investment, either on a cash basis or on the Partial Payment Plan.

Most of these stocks, if bought on the Partial Payment Plan, will net you as high a return, on the money involved, during the period of payment as afterward. Some will net you a higher return while you are paying for them.

Send for Lists M-12 and T-12 "Partial Payment Suggestions."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

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BY purchasing the high-grade 6% Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana Farm Mortgages in which we specialize you not only obtain a first class investment but also help the farmer to greater success
Write for list No. 801 and booklet.

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Oldest and Largest Mortgage House
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BONDS In A Crisis

A detailed analysis of a class of bonds which yield higher interest than the average with equal or better security is given in our booklet, "Is Interest Return an Index of Safety?" We'll gladly send you a copy—also the current issue of our 12-page monthly, "Bond Topics."

Please specify Combination CL 315

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A DEFINITE aim—high, yet within reach—is a necessary factor in any great accomplishment. If you commit yourself to a definite saving program, and determine to accumulate a certain amount within a specified time, you accomplish more than if you save or invest without a specific plan or purpose.

Our plan of buying bonds or dividend yielding stocks by monthly payments enables you to set a definite aim and provides a definite schedule for attaining it.

WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET NO. 49
which fully explains the Partial Payment Method.

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For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718 $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

An interesting booklet [Book D] is being distributed free by The Citizens' Savings & Trust Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, which is of particular interest to people desiring a steady income at 4 per cent interest and no worry.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet [free] on Municipal bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

Babcock, Rushton & Company, 137 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, and 7 Wall St., N. Y., will be pleased to send upon request special information on a high-grade Public Utility issue.

Investors, large and small can obtain clear and accurate information on the various opportunities for purchasing in moderate amounts by applying to John Muir & Co., for any of their comprehensive booklets. Among those issued by the firm are, 12-A, "Cumulative Investment Plan;" 12-B, "Partial Payment Plan;" 12-C, "$100 Bonds;" 12-D, "Odd Lot Investment;" 12-E, "Odd Lot Trading;" 12-F, "Investments for Women;" 12-G, "Curb Stocks;" 12-K, "Odd Lot Orders." Requests should be sent to John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kan., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Its booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D., third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to determine the best individual piece of financial advertising copy. This booklet, offered free to every reader of McCLURE'S, is distinguished because of the comprehensive way in which the advantages of Farm Mortgages as a safe investment, are outlined.

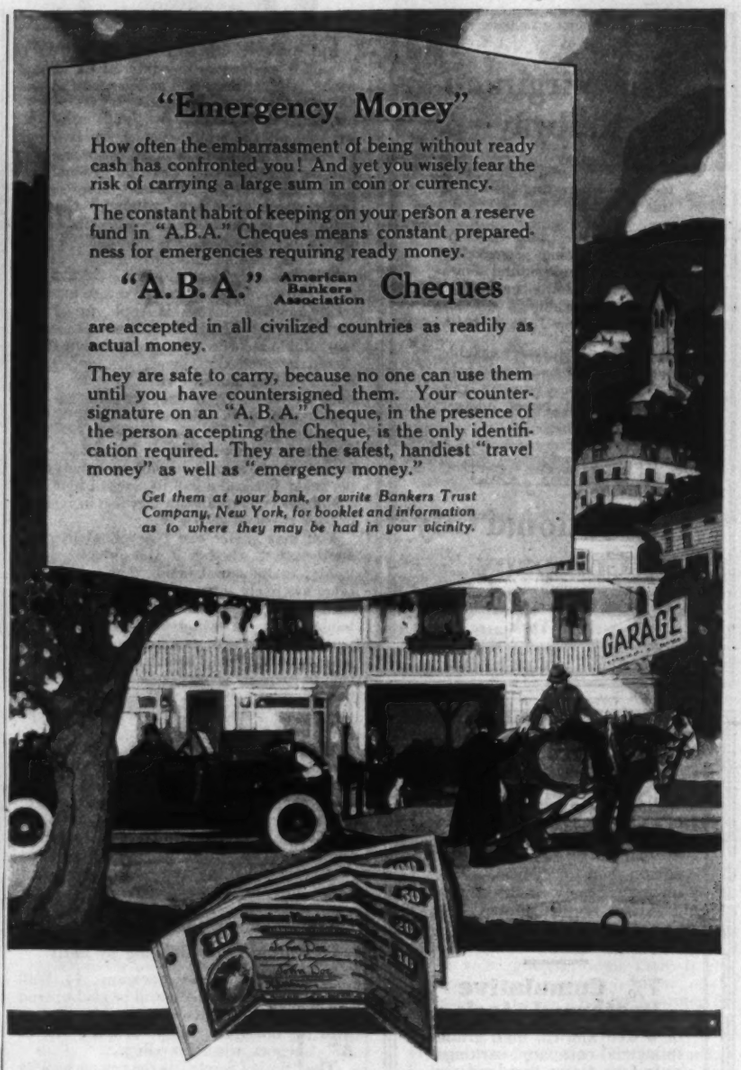
A booklet has recently been issued by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

Wild Apples

ON account of an innocent boyish prank which displeased his mother, Julian McCulloch has been exiled to the McCulloch ranch for the summer. There are a number of other young folks from his home town on the near-by ranches, but Julian has never cared for them particularly and finds them less congenial than ever this summer. Paula Pollard, one of the young girls, is especially insistent in urging him to join them and finally manages to get him to go on one of their picnics. Paula had also invited Lynnie Willis, a pretty little girl who is helping the matron at Restlands Camp, to come with them; but by the time they get to the camp the car will not hold any more and she tells Lynnie that they will have to take her another time. Julian cannot forget the disappointed look on the girl's face and later on in the morning, finding an excuse for leaving the group a short time, goes back and asks Lynnie to go driving with him in the evening. They have a delightful ride all around the neighboring country and then go up on the porch of the inn where Paula Pollard and her friends are dancing. Julian urges Lynnie to go in with him, but she prefers not to, and they watch the others from a secluded corner where they feel they cannot be seen, while they eat their ice cream. Lynnie's disappointment of the morning is entirely forgotten and she promises to go again.


"Emergency Money"
How often the embarrassment of being without ready cash has confronted you! And yet you wisely fear the risk of carrying a large sum in coin or currency.
The constant habit of keeping on your person a reserve fund in "A.B.A." Cheques means constant preparedness for emergencies requiring ready money.
"A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques
are accepted in all civilized countries as readily as actual money.
They are safe to carry, because no one can use them until you have countersigned them. Your countersignature on an "A. B. A." Cheque, in the presence of the person accepting the Cheque, is the only identification required. They are the safest, handiest "travel money" as well as "emergency money."
Get them at your bank, or write Bankers Trust Company, New York, for booklet and information as to where they may be had in your vicinity.
GARAGE

McClure Readers

WE have been told by McCLURE readers that the Financial Department, since its inception four years ago, has accomplished remarkable results from the standpoint of imforming them thoroughly on investment and insurance subjects.

The financial article for November will give McCLURE readers a clear idea of the various classes of bonds. What does the average man or woman know about a 5½% refunding bond—about a debenture bond—about an equipment bond?

The financial articles which will appear in this department for the coming year will be unusually interesting and helpful from an educational standpoint. You cannot afford to miss the articles in the Financial Department for the coming year.

The Grim Visage — *Continued from page 15*

and her pupils dilated widely. She was still somewhat sceptical of the emergency; and she couldn't grasp the notion that Stanton had any civic responsibilities until such time as he was forcibly constrained to assume them. Her view was limited to a foreground; she had no perspective, no horizon. The war to her was exotic, external; she couldn't comprehend how Stanton, or anyone else of her family or of her friends, was involved. She couldn't credit her senses; she couldn't persuade herself that Stanton, who so recently had conferred with her upon the details of a June wedding, could now suggest so plainly a desertion from the standard of their dreams.

"Don't you think *I* should be consulted?" she asked, passionately. "Isn't it . . . haven't *I* anything to do with it, Don?"

"I'm sorry — I ——"

"Then you *don't* think so?"

"It's like this," said Stanton, painstaking in his explanation. "It's as disconcerting to me as it is to you. It's a tremendous thing, dear — I'm only trying to decide what I *ought* to do. If it looks as though I *ought* to go in and help — I'm afraid there can't be any question of consultation. I'll just have to start. You see, it's bigger than we are, dear — it's as big as the country! And ——"

"And leave me? When you don't *have* to?"

"It isn't like going into the trenches," said Stanton, essaying to soothe her. "I've told you there aren't any trenches. It may not amount to more than training-camp. It's simply anticipating thing. I'd ge into the Reserve."

She wasn't soothed; she was increasingly excited.

"But if you did that, you *might* have to go ——"

"Of course I might," said Stanton. "That's what the Reserve is *for!* This isn't any indoor sport, Edith!"

There was a lengthy silence.

"I'm going to ask dad," she said, abruptly. "I don't believe there's the least sense in the world of your being so hasty about it."

Stanton smiled wryly, and shook his head. "I can tell you now what *he'll* say," he commented. "Because your father. . . ." He stopped dead.

"Yes?"

"A slip of the tongue — never mind." His awkward experiment at conciliation was fruitless.

"What were you going to say, Don?"

"Nothing; it's immaterial."

"What was it?"

"Well," said Stanton, helpless, "I was only going to say that your father'll be more or less indifferent about it because he's a non-combatant, without a son. That's all."

It was the basis of their first misunderstanding; and the consequences of it were swift to expand.

When he sat down in solitude to collate his thoughts, Stanton couldn't satisfactorily define, even to himself, the sensations which had combined to stir him. He wasn't a militarist; he wasn't a fire-eater; he bore no innate grudge against the future enemy. He had made allowances for newspaper sensationalism; he had kept himself as long as he could in the attitude of an arbitrator who so far has heard only one side of the quarrel. But when that message had come in over the New York wire, Stanton's heart had pounded. He had become in a single pinpoint of time a Nationalist. He was beset by a violent desire to confirm his sincerity by hard work.

He had worked his hardest when his reward was utterly uncertain. He had struggled not so much for the direct benefit to himself as for the eventual benefit of several people, incidentally including Stanton. Now that he faced a similar set of premises, hadn't he a similar obligation? The goal was higher; the way more arduous; the risk more threatening; but wasn't the conclusion obvious? Stanton was under thirty and as yet unmarried; he was a non-producer in the academic sense; he was already drilled and hardened, and he was without dependents. Moreover, he was imbued with the courage of his forebears; and it was a courage superior to his environment. Dubious at the outset, he grew stronger by the marshaling of his tenets; and by the time that Mr. Lindsay came to argue with him he thought that he was inflexible.

"If I were a farmer or a mechanic in a steel plant," he said, "I wouldn't lift a finger until they sent for me. I'd be producing something worth while. But, Mr. Lindsay, I'm selling bonds! *Bonds!* Not groceries or shoes or cartridges or clothing or medicine — but bonds! What's the use? In a time like this, we're parasitic. We ——"

"Wall Street," said Mr. Lindsay, sententiously, "is just as utjlitarian as any other market! It makes a balance ——"

"Wall Street, yes — if you mean the Exchange. But I'm talking about *me!* My job is to sell bonds to customers — industrial bonds at that! Why, if we do have a real war, the only bonds people ought to buy for a while are government and subdivision bonds! There won't be any demand for crack salesmen — just a few clerks'll handle all *that* sort of trade. How much of a producer am I, anyway? Beside, if there's any great upheaval, the bond business'll be flat. So ——"

"But if you didn't keep on with your underwritings," said Mr. Lindsay, "where would manufacturers raise money to carry on business? Where would the mines and the factories get their capital? Answer me that!"

"That's all right — but if three-quarters of us quit tomorrow, business would go ahead just the same. There'd only be a little less competition."

Mr. Lindsay skipped adroitly to safer ground. "But since you came down here, Don, you've taken up a different sort of responsibility. It may be greater than the other. I ——"

Stanton was prompt to forestall him.

"Granted. I certainly have! And yet you may have overlooked — and I think you *have* — the weightiest debt of all."

"What's that?"

"The responsibilities I've inherited."

"I don't understand you."

"My grandfather," said Stanton, "went out at Lincoln's first call, and stayed until Chancellorsville. And *his* grandfather used to live in Lexington, Massachusetts. . . . Heaven knows I'm not posing as a hero. I'm not crazy about being a tin-soldier, either. The whole thing dazes me; I can't see it clearly. I don't know what to do, or how to do it; but I do know this — they'll want volunteers. We're more asleep than England was; and worse than that, we've taken a big dose of narcotics in these war orders. And perhaps I'm impulsive, but I've made up my mind about one thing; I'm not going to have to be sent for! I'm going to be there on the spot *if* we're wanted, *when* we're wanted!"

Mr. Lindsay, being an independently wealthy non-combatant without a son, looked at Stanton and flushed angrily.

"Don," he said, "you're a headstrong idiot!"

THE two women, stunned and baffled, first encompassed him with frail logic, retrograded to open cajolery, and after encountering defeat even when aided by the reinforcement of tears — a woman's heaviest artillery — retreated in discomfiture. Stanton found himself suddenly in their bad graces; his inept attempts to mend the breach were sadly ineffectual. He couldn't take a position of strength; he was perpetually on the defensive, and by Sunday morning he wasn't sure whether he was right or wrong. He was merely certain that he was in love, and that the road was infinitely rockier than the epigram.

On Sunday afternoon, however, he went for a long walk with Edith; and as he listened to her renewed pleading, he was cumulatively impressed by the pathos of it. Her reasoning was composed largely of ancient fallacies, but one point she brought out again and again — that Stanton hadn't yet been drafted. He couldn't yet be sure that he was needed. If he were — that was another story. In actual danger, she would spare him on demand. In the meantime — and at this juncture her fashion of beseeching him was almost irresistible — she implored him to wait quiescent, and not to risk the entire fabric of their visionings.

In reply, Stanton asked her to marry him in February.

"Oh, Don — I couldn't do that, Don!" she said, wide-eyed.

"*I* could," said Stanton. "And if I'm in the service in June ——"

"Why, I thought we'd settled that!" she said, halting.

"So we have, dear."

"You . . . after all *this* . . . you're . . . you haven't changed your mind!"

"Why, no. "I'm sorry, but ——"

"When it's so absolutely *useless?* I said I'd want you to serve if we had real trouble, but now ——"

"We've got to get ready," said Stanton, sorrowfully. "Let's make it February — please!"

Lingering, she tapped the ground with her foot. "You don't seem to . . . to think very much of *me*, Don ——"

"I *don't!*"

"No. If it were imperative . . . but it *isn't!* It's just a — it's a sort of nightmare!"

"Edith, I'm only doing what ——"

"But I won't let you!"

"Oh!" said Stanton, stupefied.

"I won't *let* you — I won't have it! Thousands and thousands of men will join ——"

"Edith, I'm one of them! It's my *job!* Can't you see ——"

"You can't do it, Don! You can't!"

She was clinging to him now, and crying on his shoulder.

"Dear girl," said Stanton, weakening. "There isn't any action yet — there isn't any fighting — I'm merely joining the Reserve!"

"You — you m-might be called any m-minute ——"

"True," he said, caressing her. "But if I should be, wouldn't that prove I've been right?"

"I won't *let* you go!"

"But I *have* to, dear ——"

She tore herself free, and faced him.

"Don!"

"Listen to me! I ——"

"Don, if it were vital, I'd *send* you! But if you can be so quixotic — so t-thoughtless . . . when nobody *cares* what you do — you can't want me as much as you . . . y-you said you did!"

"Edith dear!"

She escaped him, and warded him off.

"Let's go back to the Carolina, Don. I don't want to walk any more. And . . . lease don't talk to me. *Please.*"

A dozen times he strove to expound and validate his sincerity, but she refused to harken to him. She was building up a monument of distress which was impervious to supplication; she loved him to such distraction that temporarily, out of her bitter anguish, she ceased appreciably to love him. At the portico of the hotel she turned to him dispiritedly.

"Don . . . don't misjudge this . . . we're not in war; and you're not — please don't dispute me any more! — It's nothing but a whim of yours! If it's ever necessary, that'll be time enough. As it is, you're . . . you won't be any more than a policeman! I — I won't have it! You can't go tonight."

"And if I should?" Stanton was trembling, too.

"Why, then," she said, her face averted, "I'll know you don't care enough to make our future very . . . promising. So — you'll stay, won't you?"

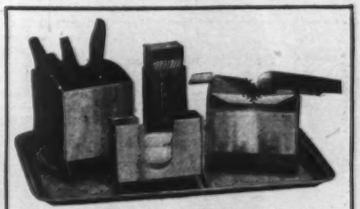
Stanton shook his head. Before he could speak, she had sped away from him, up the steps and into the lobby; and when he gained the corridor, she had disappeared.

"Preparedness!" Stanton said unsteadily to himself. "That's one thing they didn't have to worry about — those Germans!"

The cigarette wouldn't lie dormant in his fingers; it fell precipitately to the floor.

At a quarter-past seven Mr. Lindsay, walking stiffly, came through the corridor, espied Stanton sitting aloof, and cautiously approached him. Stanton rose; the two men regarded each other soberly. In the demeanor of each was a trace of righteous indignation and a trace of defiance; there was an intimation of regret for high words already spoken. Speech trembled on their lips; yet neither was ready to revive contention. At last Mr. Lindsay motioned towards a chair. Stanton observed that he was singularly limp, and that deep lines were engraved about his mouth and eyes.

Aren't Mrs. Lindsay and Edith coming out?" he asked the older man.



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Mr. Lindsay, about to seat himself, delayed. "Not tonight. Would you rather go in to dinner?"

"It might be more sensible," said Stanton, moving towards the dining-room.

They gave their orders, and as though actuated by a simultaneous impulse, inclined toward each other across the table.

"Don," said the older man, "a so-called patriot is likely to be a well-meaning fool!"

Stanton reddened angrily.

"I'm afraid you won't accomplish anything by that sort of criticism, Mr. Lindsay!"

"Don't be too sensitive, boy. . . . I'm a good deal more concerned about you than you give me credit for . . . what *is* it that's making you so arbitrary in this affair? Can't you try to put yourself in somebody else's place?"

"Whose?"

"Anybody's . . . Edith's, or mine . . . Don, I can't take this news as hard as you do . . . and even if your analysis is sound, you can't afford to be hysterical. Look what you've done now! You could have been calmer about it — you could have saved a lot of worry. And if enough of you young men go off half-cocked at the same time, you'll put the country into a panic. Isn't that so?"

"It . . . well, go ahead."

"I will. Now don't think I'm a pacifist — I'm not. But I'm not a radical, either. I believe in looking into these matters mighty carefully. I don't think you've weighed them at all. Why, Don, we've been expecting this information for months and months — it's my private opinion that it'll be another year before there's any definite break. And when the break comes, if it ever does, the Government won't need amateur soldiers — it'll need professional administrators. *You* aren't the type of man to be a fighter! You're a student, and a brain-worker; you aren't a field-leader. You're a headquarters man; you're a planner and an organizer."

"Well?" said Stanton.

"Do you agree with me?"

"Partly. But I wasn't ——"

"Wait a moment! Now, I'm not supporting the idea of caste in the army. But it's an indisputable fact that in the beginning, the executive officers *must* come from the educated classes. Later on, the others'll get their chance, but for the present, you're one of the elect. And you can be of more use than as a drillmaster! You want to be helpful, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Then take my advice . . . and I'm giving it to you not simply as Edith's father . . . do what you can do best."

"That was what I had in ——"

"If," said Mr. Lindsay, with his fist on the table, "there comes a time when the energies of men like you are required, I'll guarantee to put you where you'll be of the greatest value. Not in the Federal service — in the volunteers. I'll guarantee to get you a commission on the staff of some general officer in the National Guard. I can do it — it's possible; and I *will* do it. If a crisis comes, I'll have you where you'll make a record for yourself. But, Don . . . if you sacrifice yourself in what's nothing but a nervous spasm, you'll be crazy! You'll bear a burden that doesn't belong to you. You might get into the wrong niche and stultify yourself. You probably would. And when you're wanted, you'll know it. You'll be wanted for your experience, and your skill — not your fanaticism. Don't you think that real patriotism asks you to wait until you're absolutely positive of your ground? And until then, don't you belong to your family — to us?"

Stanton frowned at his untouched plate.

"I can see what you're driving at," he conceded. "But if everybody feels as you do about it ——"

"I repeat, I'll guarantee your commission — at the climax."

Stanton continued to frown.

"My own idea was to go back to the cavalry. I'd like to be a lieutenant, at least; but I'd go as a private, if ——"

"Private!" said Mr. Lindsay, scornfully. "The[illegible] really do have to have *some* privates, you know," said Stanton.

"Don, you'll be a major!"

Stanton stared hard at him, sighed, and tasted his fish.

"Not in the line, though." Nevertheless, Stanton was deliberating and speculating.

"What difference does that make? And, my boy, loyalty is thoughtful; it's judgmatical; it's meticulous. It isn't wild impulse, and ignorance."

"If I went into training now," said Stanton, pushing away his plate, "I'd be ready for the line in six or eight weeks. I served one enlistment in the Squadron, you know." He wondered if, after all, he could reconcile conflicting influences.

"Yes — and to go back to it would be like starting your business life over again as an office-boy! I'll see that you have a position *fitted* to you. And you won't have to dismiss a single one of the plans you've made so happily down here. . . . By the way, before I forget it, Edith wants you to come to her before you leave. . . . As I was saying. . . ."

Stanton glanced at his watch, and stood up.

"Perhaps I'd better see her now, then," he said, pensively. "The time's getting short."

AFTER he was bidden to enter, and had pushed open the door, he paused irresolute on the threshold. Edith, in a billowing negligee of lace and ribbons, was smiling faintly at him from the bed; by her side, Mrs. Lindsay was watching her intently. The atmosphere of the room was constrainedly hushed. On a table between the windows, a dinner tray stood neglected. Stanton, noting these details, was conscious of a curiously unrepentant species of remorse; he felt deprecatory, but he couldn't force himself to feel guilty. Furthermore, Mr. Lindsay had offered him an alibi; and Mr. Lindsay was unquestionably reliable. He went in, and closed the door behind him, and stood in doubt, for Mrs. Lindsay was looking at him in maternal reproach, and Edith's expression was unyielding.

Then, under his very eyes, she trembled, and two big tears stole out upon her cheeks, and her chin quivered; and Stanton, incapable of further autocracy, and hating himself for what measure of it he had thus far displayed, took two quick steps and one short one, and had Edith sobbing in his arms. Mrs. Lindsay, who in her own bailiwick passed as a lady of refined diplomacy, arose without too marked alacrity, ensconced herself at the nearest window, and applied herself to the study of botanical specimens which were all but indistinguishable in the darkness outside.

To Stanton, swayed now by principle and now by mellower emotions, the scene had something of the esoteric in it; and he couldn't bring its various factors into unity. He spoke broken sentences to Edith, and petted her unceasingly.

Gradually, she grew calm; and presently, Mrs. Lindsay turned from the window and resumed her chair. Stanton looked at her, and detected sympathy in her eyes.

"Don," she said gently, "we thought we'd like one more word with you before you go. It won't be long. We just want to ask you if you're sure you're being brave, and kind and wise. . . . Are you sure you're being brave, Don?"

Stanton sat up, and gave her his attention.

"It hadn't occurred to me, Mrs. Lindsay."

"I'm glad it hasn't. But is it brave to plunge into blind difficulty, or is it braver to march into known peril? I can't think that this haste of yours is bravery, Don; and I can't think it's kind. And no bravery is *un*kind. It's altruistic — it *must* be, or it's nothing but self-preservation! And you're not being kind to Mr. Lindsay and me when you ask to be our son, and then deny us any consideration. You're not being kind to Edith. As to the wisdom of it — Mr. Lindsay went out to discuss that with you; he did, didn't he? All we want you to do, Don, is to make sure you *are* sure."

"The country's going to be paralyzed," said Stanton, gloomily. "I wasn't headstrong — but it seemed to me that the few of us who'd *had* training. . . ." He ended the sentence there; and he was ignorant of his use of a past tense.

"The brave course," said Mrs. Lindsay, "is for you to steel yourself to what *may* come, and adapt yourself to what *is*. Don't be boyish, Don — wait!"

Edith added a statement in an undertone; Stanton had to bend low to catch it.

"I . . . I'll make it April," she breathed.

He gazed down at her, and his eyes shone. The seductive warmth of her, the illusive fragrance of her, the incredible sweetness of her, tempered the stronger metal of his resolution, and made it malleable. Her murmured pleadings hammered upon his heart. Mrs. Lindsay had entreated him to be brave, and kind, and wise. Stanton thought of the two hundred Northerners, guests at the Carolina, who weren't diverted from the St. Valentine's tournament by these pregnant rumors from Washington; weren't they intelligent and prominent citizens who were satisfied that wisdom wasn't summoning them back to town? Hadn't the Government

bluntly declined a volunteer division for foreign service? Should he alone take the initiative in rallying to the standard, when — just as in his declaration to Edith that there was no front to go to — there was as yet no standard to rally around?

"I *ought* to be studying," said Stanton, reflectively. "Anyway."

Edith looked up at him, and suddenly hid her face in his coat.

"Don . . . you *do* love me?"

"Yes, dear."

"You won't go tonight, will you?"

"Stay one more day," begged Mrs. Lindsay. "And try to see *both* sides."

From the doorway Mr. Lindsay, who had just come in, spoke with transcendant authority. "You'll have your majority when the time comes, Don! Until then — be patient."

Stanton turned to Edith.

"All right," he said. "All right. I'll stay."

On the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, two men, old acquaintances who hadn't encountered each other recently, stopped at noonday to shake hands and exchange platitudes.

"Haven't seen you in a dog's age, Don!" said one of them. "Say, I hear you're to be married in a week or so. Congratulations! How's business?"

Stanton grinned ruefully.

"I don't believe we've made our office rent since January," he said. "It's rotten!"

"Got your commission yet?"

"No."

"Really? That's funny. When did you go up for your reserve exam? Get in before they shut the gates, did you?"

"I . . . I didn't apply, Jack. I'm scouting for a commission in the Guard."

The old acquaintance sniffed.

"That's a great note of the President's! And you . . . why, everybody else in the old Squadron's been working his head off! Why don't you come back to us, and get on the job?"

"Why, I would, but . . . you see, ever since the declaration of war I've been gunning for this other thing, and ——"

"Piffle! Don, that's nonsense! Guard! You can get back into the cavalry in two shakes! Good Lord, they're crazy to get fellows like you — fellows who've been through the mill and *know* something! Where's your public spirit, anyway?"

Stanton, abashed, maintained his outward nonchalance.

"I've got it safe enough. Besides, I'm getting married. I'd rather be in the Guard."

"Oh, yes," The old acquaintance nodded. "Well — it's too darned bad, that's all. Are you sure you can connect? I've heard these graft commissions in the N. G. aren't going through. If they don't, you know what you'll have to do, don't you? Three solid months at Plattsburg with no pay, and only one chance in ten of grabbing a commission at that. You're too late, Don, you're too late!"

Stanton was staring at him incredulously.

"Where did you hear this Guard stuff — about the commissions?"

"Straight from Albany. From the Governor. What's the matter?"

Stanton was smiling foolishly, but he shook his head, and gestured towards the south.

"Nothing. I've got to run along. Glad to have seen you!"

The old acquaintance waved to him, and proceeded due north.

"Gosh!" mused the old acquaintance. "A trained man like Don — and he won't be ready now before August! Isn't that the limit? Well — that's one fault *they* didn't have — you've got to *hand* it to those Boches!"

There are other stories by Holworthy Hall under way. In November, "Persons of Rank" — a clever, gay, decidedly different yarn. Illustrated by C. F. Underwood

My Own Story — *Continued from page 17*

the kind of part I could do well. He couldn't take my suggestion seriously — he was always skeptical about my acting Jewish parts.

"You can't play those characters for a minute," he said.

That nettled me. "That's what you think," I replied. "But some day you'll see what I can do with this Jew."

During my second year at Weber and Fields David Belasco was starring Mrs. Leslie Carter in New York. I had never had any idea of being connected with him — in fact, I did not suspect that he knew anything about me, or had ever been to see me act. But one night I found a little white envelope in the mail-rack at the theatre, with a note in it from Mr. Roeder, Belasco's business manager. All that it said was:

"Mr. Belasco would like to see you at his office tomorrow afternoon about 5:30."

Since the days when I had known him in San Francisco, Belasco had been getting ahead. He had already emerged as a power in the New York theatre world, and I had been watching his career from a distance — I had not seen him to talk with him — with an "I knew he would do it" feeling. That note gave me a premonition, with its plain envelope that no one at the Weber and Fields theatre could have guessed the source of. It gave me a feeling of a new start in the right direction, and when I told my wife about it that night I was actually exulting.

Belasco had no theatre of his own then. His office was just a little room in the Carnegie Hall Building, only big enough to hold a desk and a chair. There I saw him the next afternoon.

Almost the first thing he said to me was:

"You are a fine actor. You are not acting now, but you are a fine actor. You don't know it, but it is so."

I was really sincere in my answer.

"Oh, yes I do! But I did not know that anyone else knew it yet!"

So he had the same confidence in me that I had in myself! He had been watching me, at the Casino and at Weber and Fields, and now he suddenly asked me to join forces with him.

"But I have a contract that still has a year and a half to run!" I said.

"All right — then we'll have to wait."

He told me he would get a play for me at once — a play written around a Jewish character. Just what I wanted, with a blend of decent humor and sincere pathos running through it. "Leave the play to me," he added, but said nothing about what he thought I could do. His mind seemed to be made up on that point.

The whole arrangement was completed in ten minutes, without a contract, and I did not see him again for fifteen months.

I must give myself some credit for knowing that Belasco was the manager for me. It wasn't what he had done in New York that decided me — it was the memory of the wonderful things he had done in San Francisco under almost impossible conditions that clinched my determination to put myself in his hands. I knew I was safe with him. If I had any real ability in me he would soon find it out.

My offer from Belasco was not known for a long time, and I did not want it known, because I thought that if Weber and Fields heard of it they might keep at me to stay with them. As I had made up my mind to leave I did not want the constant friction of arguing about it, with the danger of bad feelings. I never could play with anyone with whom I was at the slightest odds.

The news finally leaked out through a story in the *World*, to the effect that I was to be starred the following season under the Belasco management. Weber and Fields thought it was a joke at first, and said not a word to me about it. But the rumor persisted and denials could not kill it. Weber spoke to me about it one day, and I admitted that I had had a chat with Belasco. But my contract with them was nearly run out, and the question of renewing it had to come up. Then I explained what I was going to do, and why I was going to do it.

It was the same old situation over again — just what had always happened when I started to make a change. My friends laughed at me, and then solemnly predicted disaster. Fields was sure I would be a failure in a kind of acting that I knew nothing of. He urged me as a friend to reconsider my contract with them — I could have a guarantee of a forty weeks' season in New York.

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and stay with them on my own terms. As a last word he said that if I wanted to come back to them later on, even on my own basis, I could do it.

And now Fields himself has become a serious actor!

IV — With David Belasco

ABOUT three months before "The Auctioneer" was produced I walked into the Belasco offices. A girl was typing the play, and I picked up some of the sheets and read an act of the most impossible kind of drivel imaginable. It disgusted and discouraged me. To be starred in this play as my first dramatic experiment would bring certain disaster. Mr. Roeder, Belasco's manager, came into the room in time to get the full brunt of my wrath — I told him the play was fit only for children to act on the roof or in the back yard. In the next room was the author, Lee Arthur, listening to us! Roeder soothed me somewhat by promising that the play would be re-written, with Charles Klein to collaborate on it.

A week before the play was to go into rehearsal they read it to me again. It was three acts of absolute nonsense, and I was greatly discouraged. But I did not want to hurt Klein's feelings, so I told him I thought it would do — I even said I would tell Mr. Belasco I thought it was all right.

But the more I thought of it, the less all right it seemed. I took the play home and spent several days of worry over it, and then decided that I needn't worry, after all — Belasco would make it what it should be.

But Belasco was away when we began rehearsals, and the more we rehearsed the worse the thing seemed. The two authors could not agree, and rehearsals were dismissed several times. The third week Belasco came back and took charge.

When he had seen the rehearsal for the first time he must have had a heart pang. He made us start over again from the beginning, rearranging situations and scenes. We worked desperately, but there was nothing there but the background for a play. The last act was so weak that it could hardly be called an act at all. My mind was all chaos, and for the life of me I couldn't dig up anything that would help. The worry, and the certain failure I foresaw both for the play and myself, made me almost useless.

We hammered away at it and finally opened at the Hyperion Theatre in New Haven, on September 9, 1901. I had everything at stake, and the realization of this almost gave me stage fright.

After the first performance both Belasco and I knew it would be a failure in its present form. The newspaper notices were good, but we could see beyond those into the attitude of the audience. The authors seemed to be satisfied and wanted to go home, but Belasco told them they would have to stay with the company — there was lots of work to be done.

New business and lines were written into the play, and by degrees the real drama loomed into shape. We spent two weeks on the road in New England, working like Trojans, and then went into New York to open at the Bijou Theatre on September 24th.

Everything went just right — it seemed as though Heaven had planned it all out and we couldn't be defeated. It was a genuine success, and what credit for it doesn't belong to Providence must be given to David Belasco.

There is something about that man and his methods that is entirely different from other managers. His peculiar ways of rehearsing and his manner of building up a play make him a unique theatrical director. He can take an ineffective scene from one place in a play and by putting it in a different place make it stand out with startling effectiveness — and it is intuition, rather than reason, that guides him. I really believe that he goes to the theatre without a thought in his mind about the play he has in hand. He gets his results on the moment. I am sure that I couldn't have succeeded so quickly, if I could have succeeded at all, under another manager.

I remember two incidents that show Belasco's methods and his understanding of audiences. They came during the two weeks when we were patching up "The Auctioneer" on the road. The end of the first act was flat, and we really had no curtain for it. At a rehearsal in Springfield Belasco suddenly said to me:

"Just a minute — I have that curtain! The auction scene is over and you have sold the store where you have lived and done business for years. You have said good-by to everyone and you are alone in your shop. Now you realize what you have done — you almost regret that you've sold out, from sentiment and because of the uncertain change it will bring into your life. You sit down, and look around, and your mind thoughtfully makes a panorama of the past. Your wife will call you to supper, but you will not answer her. She comes down and asks you what the trouble is. You tell her that you are thinking. She inquires about what. Then you tell her how hard it is for you to leave the old place now, where you have been happy for so many years."

We played it that way that same night, and the audience loved it. It was the first ray of sunshine we got for "The Auctioneer."

The rôle of *Simon Levi*, being both comic and pathetic, was one of the characters I had been studying the elements of for years, and it gave me plenty of chance to portray many various phases of human emotion.

We played in New York for four months, and then made a long tour of the entire country.

One night in 1904 while Belasco and I were having supper at Burns', I told him that I thought the time was right to give the public a new type of German, quite different from the absurd stage type to which they were accustomed. My own conception of the character was the growth of the idea I had got, back in my Casino days.

"What I have in mind is a gentle sort of man, who speaks correct English but still with a trace of German accent. I think a German artist in America, in distressed circumstances, is the character I want," and I outlined my idea more fully.

Belasco listened very attentively, but said nothing. Two weeks later he announced to me that he had decided on my next part — it was to be the German I wanted to play so much. He engaged Charles Klein to write the play, and laid out the plan for him to work on. The result was "The Music Master."

The success of "The Music Master" was due to its sincerity more than to anything else. It tells an appealing story — full of incident from life — of a father's love for his child, of sorrow — self-sacrifice — poverty — human sympathy — forgiveness and friendships. That is the essence of it.

Now that I had been accepted as *Simon Levi* it was the theory of my friends that I should take no risks but go on playing *Simon Levis*, and I had the usual head-shaking from them when they heard that *Von Barwig* was to be a different kind of thing. It seems to me as I look back that I have been blessed with the blindest friends that a man ever had, so far as being able to see what I could act was concerned. But after "The Music Master" they stopped predicting.

The new play opened in the fall of 1904, and on September 26 began a run at the old Belasco Theatre on Forty-second Street that lasted for 635 consecutive performances in New York, and kept me busy through the rest of the United States till the spring of 1907!

WHILE I was playing it in San Francisco I met a boy friend of mine, Sam Loverich, who had a partner named Tony Lubelski with whom he ran the Novelty Theatre there. I was chatting with Loverich when his partner happened along. Lubelski did not know me, and for a joke Loverich said to him: "Here's a pretty good actor."

Lubelski at once asked me how much I wanted a week. I fell in with the joke and said forty dollars.

"It's too much. But I'll give you a try-out this afternoon."

"No," I declined. "I'm afraid some of your other performers will steal my stuff."

He asked me to give a private demonstration after the performance then, and Loverich nudged me to accept. As I seemed to be holding back Lubelski promised me my forty dollars if I made good.

When the afternoon bill was over I went on. There were only four people in the theatre — Loverich, Lubelski, the piano-player and myself. I didn't need any music, so the piano-player left. I went on the stage in the empty theatre and told some dialect stories, gave some of my old imitations, and tried generally to show myself capable. Loverich sat laughing, but not a smile from Lubelski. He merely muttered with all the contempt he could put into the words:

"Forty dollars!"

Loverich went on laughing, and Lubelski in disgust asked him what he was laughing at.

"I'm laughing because it's so good."

"Good! Why, it's rotten! I wouldn't give him five dollars a week. He might be able

to take tickets at the door, but he can't act for a minute."

The story of that try-out got out and spread through the Associated Press all over the country, but everybody thought it was nothing but a press agent's yarn. Every word of it, however, was true.

I have always had pretty definite ideas of the kind of characters I wanted to play, and as a result I have found it very hard to get the sort of plays I wanted. After "The Auctioneer" everything that came to me or the management was an "Auctioneer" play, and after "The Music Master" more "Music Masters." There seems to be a hardened belief that all actors want is to go on playing the same part in different plays, forever and ever.

I know a good deal about playing the same part night after night. It is very much like going fishing. You have the same stream and and the same line and the same kind of bait — and the fish are all fish, but each fish is different. If you love the sport you can never find fishing monotonous, and so it is with acting the same part. You have the identical stage, setting and lines, but beyond the footlights is an audience entirely different from the one last night. This one may be caught immediately, or it may take longer to catch — and that is the fascination for the actor.

It may be an unfortunate thing for me that I haven't had a chance to try other parts besides those I have played. I have usually had to stay in the same part for three or four years consecutively — the public demands these plays again and again, and the actor is the public's servant. But there is a great pleasure in acting a beautiful character, one that you know is giving happiness and often help to those who see it. I do not want to play the part of a villain, not even if it were to give me the greatest chance for artistic success. A man who is all bad is not human, and I put too high a value on human nature to be willing to portray evil that I know is not true to it.

"The Grand Army Man" gave me a chance to portray my first straight American rôle — quite a different kind of character from that of "The Music Master." *Wes Bigelow* is an old Hoosier — a sage, philosopher, and arbiter in general of the love and politics of his community. Two women wrote this play, Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, and they gave me a very beautiful part, in which I opened the new Stuyvesant Theatre, now the Belasco Theatre, in New York. We stayed there the whole season, and then went on tour.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" Belasco wrote for me himself. While he was at work on it he came to me one day and told me he had an unusual character for me, and if we succeeded in putting it over it would be something tremendous for him as well as for me. When he outlined the story I was enthusiastic about it.

It turned out to be a remarkable play, the finest setting forth of a supernatural theme that I know of. The stage business was excellent, particularly in the scene where the stage was darkened and the other characters felt the presence of something queer around them but could not see or hear what it was. Presently the audience saw the face and later the figure of *Peter Grimm*, come up out of nowhere.

Peter Grimm was the most trying part I have ever done. In the second act where I came back as a spirit I had to stay on the stage for forty-five minutes, moving about very slowly. The concentration it required was very wearing. If I could have appeared on the scene and just stood around it would not have been so hard. But I had to act the part of an invisible spirit, trying to make his presence felt and his voice heard by the living people in the room with him — struggling to get "across" to them, and I had to make the audience realize the tremendousness of that struggle to get through the veil between flesh and spirit. Often I was so exhausted after that second act that I would fall asleep on the sofa in my dressing-room.

This kind of acting has to accomplish a kind of hypnosis, for I had to rid the audience of the conventional notion of an old-fashioned ghost in a night-gown, and create the illusion of a man come back from the dead with the same appearance I had worn in the first act. It required an unusual appeal to the public's imagination.

In spite of the unusual quality of the play it was a disappointment to me. I felt submerged in it, smothered, and anxious to get back to a character from real life. Belasco, knowing that I was dissatisfied, kept telling me that it was the biggest thing I had ever done, and today critics tell me the same thing. But after acting it for two seasons I was glad to return to a revival of "The Auctioneer," which turned out to be just as dear to the public as it had ever been. And that led to reviving "The Music Master," which I did last year. Its hold was stronger than ever.

THAT is my story, and you see it is purely the story of an actor. George Moore says in one of his essays that acting is the lowest of the arts, because you can teach a child to act, but you cannot teach him to model statues, or write prose, poetry or music. In fact, he adds, it makes such slender demands on the intelligence of the individual exercising it that he hesitates to call it an art at all. The actor is likely to be glorified, but that is because people separate him from the playwright, upon whom Mr. Moore thinks he feeds in the manner of a parasite.

As a matter of fact, teaching a child to recite lines is not teaching him to act. Very few children can act, and those are born gifted, with little need of teaching. I remember a boy in San Francisco who played *Richard the Third* at the age of twelve. He also played *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. He is now a bookkeeper. I was too young at the time to know whether this boy played well or badly, but the reviewers said he was marvelous. For a child to memorize those parts was in itself an extraordinary feat, but it isn't possible that he could have really given a genuine illusion of embodying Shakespeare's characters, and time and experience did not develop him. He did what he was taught, which is no more acting than a poll-parrot's endless repetitions are acting. The moving quality of great acting comes from intuition, and there are no rules in the world by which intuition can be taught.

Of course the actor depends on the playright — but where would the playwright be without the actor? On the book-shelves, or nowhere at all; and a play is really nowhere when it is not acted. A real play is made to be seen and heard, not read — the great drama that exists only on paper is as dead as the great music that never gets beyond the printed notes, and great art is as necessary for the interpretation of drama as for the interpretation of music.

A play is alive only when an audience is seeing it, and an audience is one of the greatest helps there is to an actor. It steers him, if he is intelligent and receptive, and by its response tells him when he is going right. Human emotions never grow stale, and there are no new emotions. When you portray sincere feeling and touch the hearts of your audience, you can know you are succeeding.

The reason the public idolizes the actor rather than the playwright is because the actor is always before them in the living personification of the playwright's character. The character outlives the play and is remembered long after the details of the drama are forgotten.

In one sense we are all actors: the clerk who sells you a suit of clothes or a necktie; the salesman who comes with his wares to your office or home — each has a system of acting all his own. But they are not interpreting character — put them on the stage and they could not even be naturally themselves. If everyone can act, why do immortality and fame go to Garrick, Siddons, Booth, Rachel, Irving, Terry, Bernhardt, Coquelin, Duse and the rest? The world is not crazy — it does not make idols of its clerks and salesmen for their acting.

The actor is different from other artists in that he gets his results on the moment. The writer does not see his readers, the composer his hearers or the painter those who view his work, but the actor is working immediately with his audience. To move people to laughter or tears, to thrill them with the sense of real life and experience through your voice and body — is not this art?

And it is the best things that the public remembers and cherishes. It does not hold for long the memory of a player who is famous only for his impersonations of base qualities. Joseph Jefferson will be remembered in America perhaps longer than any other actor, for just this reason, and Booth and Irving for the heroic men they made live on the stage, not for their villains. And it is for the same kind of thing that I would like to be remembered — I would rather have the love of the people than their admiration.

One of the features of McClure's is its theatrical articles — always novel and entertaining. Next month: "What the Public Wants," by the brightest of all dramatic critics, George Jean Nathan. It sparkles like champagne

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Basy Bread

WOULD you kindly advise me regarding the use of Basy Bread put out by Doctors Essential Food Company, Orange, N. J. This is eaten in connection with diet for flesh reduction. I have been bothered with kidney trouble, following uraemic poisoning, and do not want to take anything which might be harmful. An early reply would be appreciated.
R. M. D., Kansas.

With reference to Basy Bread, would advise that we have made a complete analysis of this preparation as compared with ordinary Graham bread. The Basy Bread is higher in protein and has a higher calorie or food value than ordinary Graham bread. It is also over twice as acid as Graham bread. We fail to see how the preparation can be more effective in reducing obesity than ordinary coarse bread. The diet chart accompanying the Basy Bread is a good one, with one or two exceptions: it includes the use of oily fish, like shad, and the injurious drug saccharine. A wise selection of foods—lean meats, fresh vegetables, acid fruits and the like together with proper exercise is, in our opinion, a more efficacious treatment of obesity than eating Basy Bread at $1.00 per loaf.

The Canners Have Emerged

I WOULD like to know if corn and peas put up at factories do not contain preservatives other than salt.. E. E. P., New Mexico.

No. Salt, water, sugar and sterilization are alone employed. No commercial packer drugs his canned goods. A few firms tottering along in the rear of the car of progress still use benzoate of soda or saccharine, both harmful drugs. These are usually found in their jams, jellies, preserves, pickles and fruit juices. Your safety lies in carefully reading the label before using. A considerable number of housewives, misled by agents' soft and persuasive talk, use canning powders. These are usually combinations of benzoate of soda and boric acid. It is a pitiful thing to see a well-meaning mother poison her children's food.

Cigarettes

WE are interested in our ward, who smokes cigarettes incessantly. He appears to be dull, and we are wondering if the brand of cigarettes, namely Mecca, contains any drug that could affect him. T. M. S., New York.

There is nothing more injurious in the Mecca cigarettes than the tobacco from which they are made. That is to say, they carry no dope or drug. We note that your ward is an habitual cigarette smoker. This, in itself, would be amply sufficient to give the dulness or stupidity you mention. You possibly know of the cigarette treatment which we are venturing to send under separate cover.

A Technical Term Puzzles

IN the July number of McClure's you give the analysis of lager beer and various temperance beverages, showing alcohol by weight and the per cent. of solids or extract. Now bonded whisky is marked "100 Proof." I have some alcohol that is 178 proof. Some bottled beers are marked "Contains 4% alcohol." Kennedy's Medical Discovery, 42%. Listerine, 25% alcohol, etc.

What is the difference between the per cent. by weight and by solids or extract, and what relation has "per cent. alcohol" to "proof" as printed or stamped on the above articles? What is 95 proof or 100 proof alcohol, proof of? J. L. C., Missouri.

If you will refer again to page 58 of July McClure's, you will note that the two columns containing the beer and soft drink determinations represent two entirely different analyses.

The first column shows the amount of alcohol by weight, for example—100 ounces (or grams) of lager beer will contain on the average of 4.45 ounces (or grams) of alcohol. It will also contain 5.92 ounces (or grams) of solid matter, commonly called extract. The extract is not a guide to the amount of alcohol present; it rather indicates the amount of "body" in the beer. You will note for instance, that Checo contains no alcohol but does contain 7.28 ounces of solid matter in every 100 ounces of the material.

Proof spirits, as understood here in the United States, is an alcoholic liquor containing 50% of alcohol by volume: thus, if you have bonded whisky marked 100 proof it should contain 50%, or one-half its volume, of alcohol.

95% proof indicates liquor containing 47.5% alcohol. Your 178 proof alcohol should contain 89% alcohol.

If the amount of alcohol in Kennedy's Medical Discovery is 42% by volume it could be called 84 proof.

In other words, to determine the amount of alcohol by volume when the proof is given, divide the proof by two. To determine the proof when the alcohol by volume is given, multiply by two.

Vitae-Ore

I ENCLOSE a sealed package of Vitae-Ore, exactly as it was bought from the Theo Noel Co., Chicago, Ill., by an old friend of mine, who puts great faith in its various cures, and all argument on my part cannot persuade him out of it. Will you kindly advise through McClure's what this drug is composed of, and if of any value as a remedy for what it states on the package? W. B., Montana.

Referring to Vitae-Ore or the Ore of Life, we remark its joyous, exuberant name, apparently the substance the ancient alchemists were looking for but failed to find in their Elixir Vitae. It would appear that some of the claims made for Vitae-Ore are false and savor strongly of the patent medicine fakir. The stuff would have no beneficial effect upon catarrh, nor can it purify the blood. Its use in diphtheria is to be strongly condemned. We regard it as a nostrum. It consists principally of sulphur, salts of magnesium and iron and a small trace of calcium and potassium. We doubt whether it is of any particular value except to the exploiters thereof.

A Valuable Bulletin

WILL you kindly inform me where I can obtain information in regard to amount of starch and sugar contained in different kinds of foods? F. E., New York.

As a book containing the information you desire, we would suggest Bulletin Number 28 (Revised Edition) U. S. Dept. of Agriculture —"The Chemical Composition of American Food Material." This bulletin may be procured from the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., price 10 cents per copy. You will find starches and sugars generally listed under "carbohydrates."

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 22*

Ben's straggling script: "Thought I'd let you sleep. Gone in my high-powered Ford over to Slosson's. Breakfast in the Pullman, covered from the cats." So the old man had not missed him — had never known he was gone. No explanations would be needed.

His mind was full of plans for the long outing with Lynnie. He'd like to make it something awfully nice — awfully well worth while. Liveoak, the Forest Lodge? Impossible. Old Bitter? No, there wasn't much to that for an all-day camp. It was not till he was dropping off to sleep that night that there came before his eyes, just like a picture, memory of a strange little place about six miles down the coast, called Smuggler's Cove, where he and Thatch Dye had gone once, years ago; Thatch had been blamed for taking him, on account of the danger of getting down to the place. It was near the road, but nobody could get to it from the landward side, except by climbing down steep cliffs or being lowered by a rope. He knew just how he would cut some footholds in the rotten limestone of the cliff so that he could get down himself to fix up the place. When it came to Lynnie, he'd lower her with a rope. It was at Smuggler's Cove that he and Lynnie would spend their stolen day.

Sunday morning was so fine that Julian began to be afraid they might not have set the hour of meeting early enough to get off unobserved. However, he had got almost to "Restlands" without meeting anyone, when a mounted soldier turned in from the Liveoak shortcut, and went trotting on ahead. He slowed down to let the man get on and out of the way. There were two girls on the high bank across from the "Restlands" lane. Heavens! Was it possible that Rose expected to go with him and Lynnie? Then in the instant of doubting, his soldier, who had put on a spurt of speed and got well ahead, pulled up beside the bank, Rose set her foot on his, sprang up behind him, and they trotted away.

With a touch on the accelerator Julian brought the Go-devil up opposite Lynnie. He looked at her. She just stood there on the high bank and looked at him. He jumped out of his machine and ran to her. Someone might come past any moment and see them; he had intended not to say a word like asking her to forgive him for that night at San Pablo till they were safely out of the valley, but he couldn't help it — he put his arms around her waist.

"Oh, Lynnie," he said, and then in a lower tone, "God bless you!"

It was not at all the way he had thought they would meet. Something stronger than himself seemed to have hold of him. He felt so moved — so broken up inside that he could have wept, or shouted for joy. As he helped her over to his machine, the first wagonload for early mass at the Mission passed and stared at them curiously. He looked down at her little dusty shoes and said, softly:

"I haven't thought of anything else all week, but you having to walk so far — in your white slippers with their high heels — dancing-slippers."

"But I didn't spoil them a bit." She settled down in her seat and they were off. "Sand doesn't stain, you know. I brushed them and —"

"I'll get you a new pair — better than those."

"Please don't. Honestly, Julian, they're just like new. You mustn't."

He promised finally.

"Where are we going?" she questioned eagerly, and he told her: "Smuggler's Cove."

"Well, it's all right — for the whole day," she said jubilantly. "Mrs. Jordan's gone with Lena — went last night. They've sent five of the girls back to San Vicente. Rose and I are supposed to be keeping house."

"You will be," Julian tried to joke a bit, though he found his voice still shaky. "Down in Smuggler's Cove."

"Is there a house there?"

"Wait till you see."

For a little while they drove in silence. Then: "Lynnie, I worry about you — or think about you — all the time."

"I do you, too," she answered very low.

"And you know what I've been thinking all this week?"

"No — what?"

"Expecting you to change your mind. I shouldn't have been surprised if you'd — well, if you'd sent me word that you wouldn't go with me today."

"Why, Julian, I'd never do that."

Strange and wonderful how different the world looked. It wasn't the change from the weeping fog of Friday morning to this blue-and-gold sunshine; Lynnie's little face that had been so pale and pinched then was rippling with innocent smiles.

Opposite the Cove, Julian lifted Lynnie out quickly, tossed out their things, and hurried to hide the car in the tall chaparral. He had never seen Lynnie so gay. She laughed and joked when he put the long rope around her waist to lower her. Finally her little feet struck the sand; she looked up at him and laughed again as she untied the rope.

"I'm all right now," she said. It was a commonplace little phrase, but it seemed to him the sweetest thing he had ever heard. And when she added, "Did you think I was going to fall?" it brought a choke in his throat.

There were some things to be lowered to her, and taken off. Finally he climbed down himself. Their day was before them. At last they stood safely together in that little lonely spot; just a bit of shelving white beach cut off from the rest of the world by the tall cliffs that tilted outward at their tops, so that anyone above there could scarcely lean far enough over to find you if you chose to hide. Out there was the empty blue ocean, above, the empty blue sky.

Now was his time. Back there in the valley, at the crossroads where they met, someone might have come past. Driving down it was the same thing. But all the time he was getting their camp in the Cove ready, cutting the steps, fixing up the little stone cooking place, he had promised himself vehemently that the first moment they were here, safe from interruption, he would tell her that he thought he'd behaved like a brute — a fool — a cheap skate, Thursday night. He would ask her in so many words to forgive him.

He looked at her where she knelt over by the fireplace, fairly talking to it in her delight, standing again to get out a checked gingham apron she had brought along; backing vaguely toward him with an absent little, "Button it, please."

He buttoned it, while she gazed about her, repeating, over and over:

"It is like a house, almost. Get the fire made right away, Julian. I know you want your breakfast. Men are always cross till they've had breakfast."

How could you make peace with Lynnie? she was peace.

Breakfast: Coffee, toast, bacon, eggs. After it Lynnie must clear up.

"No. Let me," Julian said.

"Let you? You don't know how."

"You show me, then."

"No. I don't even want you to help. Just lie down over there till I get done the dishes, and everything put away, then I'll come sit by you and we'll talk."

But they talked while Lynnie was still at work. She had begun to take care of him. She looked uneasy as he rolled up his overcoat for a pillow, and finally said rather diffidently:

"Ought you to do that, Julian? Why not take one of the cushions? You'll spoil your coat."

"I guess not," easily. "Tailor said when he was making that coat for me it would stand anything. That's what it's supposed to be for."

JULIAN went back into the big cave where the tidewater flowed and brought out fresh mussels for the noon meal. It was when she was getting these on to steam that Lynnie drew back suddenly and shook a coal off her skirt, regarding the spot it had charred in dismay. Julian ran to her.

"Burn yourself?" he asked in quick anxiety. "You ought to let me do all this."

"No, it didn't burn me. I'd rather it had. I'm afraid it's made a hole in my skirt. Yes — that's going to come through," trying the charred threads a bit.

"Let me see it," he knelt and took the blue serge hem between his fingers. There was a patch near the scorched place, a darn on the other side; the whole, cheap, sleazy thing was faded and threadbare.

"I guess I can mend it," Lynnie debated. "It's getting too short for me, anyhow."

"Then why should you mend it?" Julian looked up at her to ask.

"Because, it's got to be made over for Phyllis, when I can't wear it any more." Lynnie quit discussions to get the mussels on, but when they were in place she sat down to watch them, took her knees into a contented embrace and went on: "Don't you know things have got to be made over — in a family like ours? This was fixed out of one of Mommie's. Most of our clothes are made over two or three times. You know —" smiling at his blank look — "ripped apart, and washed, and pressed out, and then cut down and sewed over. I don't mind it."

At noon when they were eating their lunch the sun stood straight above, warming the sands. Then came the long, wonderful solitary afternoon. They talked. The quiet, the warmth, the solitude, the slap of the waves the drone and whisper of the surf, and Lynnie's voice, the touch of her hand — Julian found no place in this even to remember regret and penitence.

"It's as though we were cast away on a desert island together," he found himself saying.

"Yes, did you use to play that?"

"Of course. Up in the attic. But I hadn't anybody for a Man Friday."

"Oh, yes — the Man Friday. I can just remember playing Robinson Crusoe with Ollie. Ollie was killed when he was seven. I'm the oldest of the family." Her voice lapsed then, and she added one of those queer little sayings that seemed somehow to mean so much. "The oldest of a poor family."

"I'm the oldest and the youngest of our family," Julian said finally.

As the sun got low it was cooler in the cove. They were glad to eat their dinner close by the fire — such a happy meal, with Lynnie having to be made to sit still and let him wait on her! They had cleared away after dinner, and packed. Their day was almost over — the wonderful day that he'd looked forward to and planned for all week. Julian stood beside Lynnie and looked down at the little stone fireplace when suddenly, right above them as it seemed, there sounded out a high, excited giggle, then a voice squeaked:

"I tell you there *are* people down there!" and another, enough like it to have been an echo, said from further away, "Oh — who do you suppose it is?"

At the first sound both Julian and Lynnie had sprung back to the shelter of the bank. The Hannon twins up there evidently hung over the edge till they almost lost their balance, for they sent down a shower of small rocks that fell perilously close to the hidden faces.

"Aw, come on away," called the second voice. "Might be smugglers."

"Well — suppose it was? They wouldn't do anything to us."

"They might — just the same."

"My goodness — it does look as if somebody had been cutting sort of steps."

There was the thud of hoofs.

"Hi — Essie — look out! Our plugs are getting away!"

"They've got the Bruckner horses," Lynnie said softly. "They often get them to ride, Sundays."

Julian nodded silently and started back toward the fire, but Lynnie holding his wrist, cautioned:

"Don't you suppose they'll go a little piece down the road, and maybe come back — or anyhow hang around the place a while?"

"Of course they will!" he laughed; it was so exactly what might be expected of the Hannon twins. "We'll just fool 'em."

He pulled a rug and his overcoat in to the shallow cave-like place, to make a nest for Lynnie, and when she was snugly settled in it so that the rock wall made a back for her seat, stretched out with his head in her lap. After a while she began to pass her little work-hardened hand, feather light, over his hair.

"Does that bother you?" she asked timidly as he looked up, caught the fingers and pulled them around against his mouth to kiss them.

"I love it. Go ahead." He closed his eyes.

"I cure father's headaches by stroking sometimes," her voice went softly on. "Then sometimes, he can't bear to have it touched." A long silence and then, "Father only has a headache if he's been drinking. Did I tell you that he drinks sometimes?"

"No."

"I had a mind to when you once told

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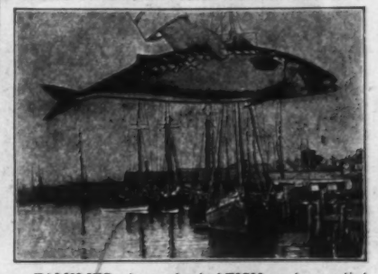

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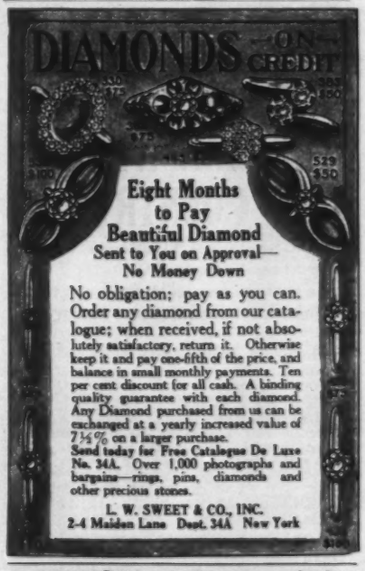
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me about getting that beer and — and — Mother's just devoted to father," solemnly, "even when he drinks. But she — but she —" Lynnie broke off, then concluded very low, "I wouldn't look at him that way if I was her — however much he'd had. I'd never look that way at anybody I loved."

Julian opened his eyes straight 'up into her face in the cave's dusk. The gaze held hers, in a sudden masterful shock.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"Of course," with a rush of color on the delicate temples.

"That's not the way. Not 'of course.' Say it right."

"I love you."

It was said. It was out.

"Lynnie! Lynnie!" Julian turned and put both his arms around her. Holding her so, he knew what the poets mean when they say the floods clap their hands and the waters rejoice. He understood about the winds being hushed to listen to this utterance.

"Say it again!" he demanded. In all his nineteen years those words — just those three — had never been said to him before.

This was the answer to it all — this the solution. He had silently prayed her to forgive him; he had bid for expression of that forgiveness by blaming himself. How foolish! All that was needed was to say, "I love you." His arms still close around her, "Lynnie," he whispered, "it's forever and forever — for both of us — isn't it?"

Julian went up first, the rope around his waist, and brought the roadster from its hiding-place. Tne sunset had long since died out of the sky, the afterglow was a low purple in the west. Of course the Hannon twins had been gone for hours. He sent the rope back for package after package, brought them up, stowed them on the roadster and finally Lynnie herself came.

He took her in his arms as though she were a treasure he had just recovered, carried her so across to the machine, put her in the seat and stood beside the roadster, lifting his face to be kissed. He picked up her hand and looked at it — at his ring on it, with the seal turned in against the palm. He kissed that, too.

It did seem too cruel to go back into the ordinary world. He knew Lynnie felt so, as well as he. But finally she found strength to say:

"I expect we'd better be starting — dear. Mrs. Jordan might be earlier than she thought."

When the valley road was reached there came another bitter parting. How could he let her go? Why must she walk, anyhow?

"Oh, but we'll find some way — again," she whispered from a last embrace.

Chapter IX — Summer

JULIAN turned the car and drove slowly toward home. When he reached the gate, there was a light in the house, and he went on past. He'd wait till Uncle Ben was in bed and asleep. He didn't want to be talked to tonight.

Up the valley; slowly at first, but quickening the speed as he went. On and on, around those high curves with the steep drop below, through thick-treed, cool hollows, and along open, level stretches — all the way to the dance-hall.

By the time he reached it the moon, though not yet risen, was beginning to make the eastern sky-lighter. The place was very still and solitary; he left his machine at the back, as he had the night of the dance, went on through the scrub of willows to the river bank, found a log over a pool and sat down. He had not noticed the hour; he had no idea how long he sat there, not exactly thinking, not planning, not looking forward — just fully, dreamily happy without thought. Hours, maybe. Going back to the roadster in the moonlight he half shut his eyes to make himself believe that Lynnie was waiting in the machine. When he came up close, it seemed almost as though she were there. How plucky she had been, passing the porch the night of the dance, and that crazy fellow with his gun up there! But then, there was nobody else in the world like her — nobody.

Yes — and if it was known — if they were found out — she'd be taken away from him. That thought stopped him short. He stood there in the dark and fairly trembled to it. It seemed to him that, till now, he had never known real fear. They had controlled him by wearying him out; they couldn't scare him.

He got soberly into his machine, thinking hard.

He had found that which was worth any defiance; and defiance would do no good; it would only lose everything. Yes; it was himself and Lynnie against all their world. It would have to be secret. He didn't mind that; he liked it. . . .

The following week, Miss Dale Pollard had an unexpected donation of money and came down, twenty girls strong, for a week-end. This was Julian's chance. The other young people in the valley were tired of Miss Dale and her "Restlands" affairs. But Julian and his machine and his ability as a pianist, were instantly and gracefully at Miss Pollard's disposal. Paula took this to herself, of course, and was in his way a good deal. It wasn't much he got out of it; a dance with Lynnie in a roomful of others there at "Restlands;" a snatched minute in an entry, or on the porch, Lynnie scared, begging him to be careful; Paula coming out and interrupting them.

One of the things Lynnie told Julian in the snatched moments between dances was how Mrs. Jordan had come home from San Pablo that Sunday night, boiling. She'd met Rose on the street there with her soldier, and Rose had laughed in her face, said she was done with "Restlands"—"given her lip." Yet, lacking any help, Julian and Lynnie did manage, one way and another, to be together a great deal. Lynnie, who went around when he was over there at "Restlands," hardly speaking above her breath, scarcely raising her eyes, answering wrong when she did speak; Lynnie, who had no courage for herself, when he demanded it dared everything to be with him. The twenty went back to town; they were only week-enders; the others eft with them; nobody in the vacation camp till Miss Dale could raise more money; it made things easier for Julian and Lynnie. Twice — wo happy chances close together — they had time for briefer trips to the Cove.

Days of dust and sun and unbelievably gorgeous odors from the aromatic brush on the mountainsides; wonderful days of fog when the white hosts mar hed up the river — and old Ben said the moisture would pretty well save the bean crop though it couldn't do anything against a fire — and at regular intervals, nagging Julian, the necessity to write to his mother.

He'd got to be careful about that. He didn't ant her changing her mind and ordering him home from the valley now — before it came time for Lynnie to go. If she did — well, it was possible to disobey her and stay on. Equally, of course, if he called her attention to his wanting to be in Siloam, it would rouse her suspicion. He was particularly prompt, therefore, about writing to her. Yet every time he sat down at the library table (Uncle Ben had stored onion sets under it, and had a lot of harness piled over in one corner, yet it still was the library) and began one of these epistles, there came a certain chill upon him. He resisted it; he wouldn't think of things as they used to be back there. Lynnie lived in Las Reudas; she lived within sight of his own home. He put his mind sharply to writing his mother the kind of letter she expected; then he posted and forgot it and returned to his new life.

They were up on old Bitter, where they could see everything in the valley without being seen, to watch the big gathering at the Mission on San Pablo's day; every kind of vehicle that could be imagined; galloping mounted figures; motorcycles; bicycles; plodding groups on foot; they all drew toward the gray-domed old building down by the sea.

"Father's a Free Thinker," Lynnie said it in a kind of hushed, confessing tone.

"Good for him!" Julian murmured. "I hope I'm one. Thought should be free, shouldn't it?"

"Well, mother doesn't feel so. It's the only thing I ever knew her to cry about — except when brother Ollie died. When she tells father it's wicked not to believe in the Bible, he says, 'Why didn't God make a book I couldn't help believing?'"

In spite of Lynnie's seriousness, Julian laughed a little. He hadn't thought Charley Willis, whom he vaguely remembered as a slight, weedy-looking man around the factory somewhere, had the sand.

May passed; June; July. Sprinkling-wagons had long since been put on the valley road to save the hay crop from getting full of grit, all the byways were shoe-mouth deep in yellow dust; with sand sloughs that nothing but a good machine could tackle or dare tackle. Ranches, camps and cottages held the usual summer crowd; they infested the beach and streamed up and down the highway afoot, on horses, in motors.

Paula had a big bunch to play with. Her old Cadillac kept the valley road hot. Julian and Lynnie watched it sometimes from the safety of rough trails or heights where it could not go. The great, hot, rich valley lay humming under the midsummer sun, its fruits on its breast. Last winter's rains had been light and ceased early. People began to talk anxiously about the danger of fire. Occasionally Julian and Lynnie, out on a stolen trip into the Santa Monicas at night, saw a blaze further on in the hills.

EARLY in August came the explosion of the European War. It didn't seem as though that could concern Julian and Lynnie, yet it instantly and powerfully changed everything in their affairs. The vacation crowd which would normally have left Siloam in the latter part of the month, early in September, packed up and scattered; within three days the valley was cleared of them.

Thatch, in Siloam to see Alma, reported business at San Vicente and Las Reudas knocked flat by war scare; the McCu'loch factory shut down, might not open again, if the war went on and interfered with shipment of drugs from Germany. The papers hardly printed anything but war news; the *Messenger's* columns fairly roared with it. There was already talk of the French and English Reservists in this country being called to the colors; Belgium had been invaded, and the necessity for relief work in the United States began to be discussed. All charitable movements took that direction; Dale Pollard couldn't get a cent for her vacation camp.

Paula talked to him about that. She was going up to town because her father was ill. Thatch was with Julian at the time, and he snickered when they got past:

"Trying to drink up all the booze in San Vicente; that's what ails Blakely Pollard, these days."

They had brought over from the San Pablo express office a new fall suit with the card of Julian's San Francisco tailor on it.

"Hard luck to have it get here just as your girl's leaving," Thatch said, when the big box was handed out.

"Where's your manners, son?" old Ben grinned. "Young lady. You should say 'young lady' when you're speakin' of Miss Paula Pollard — mentioning no names."

Julian contributed his little laugh at Uncle Ben's joke. But he had an impulse to surprise them with the statement that the only girl he cared about wasn't going to leave the valley.

Mrs. Jordan, who had been taking it easy at "Restlands," rushed off to town to see about a position. While she was away Lynnie got the chance to stay at the Bruckners, doing a little work for her board.

When he went to the Hannons' once for dinner, Lynnie came with Alma Bruckner, and he took the two girls home in his car, Lynnie sitting in Alma's lap. Later, when there was an abalone tide very early in the morning, the Bruckners served breakfast to a crowd that went abalone gathering. Lynnie wasn't so timid as she had been on those "Restlands" occasions.

Beyond this, he was never sure whether the Bruckners, Alma anyhow, knew of their being about together so much. They more than once ventured upon San Pablo with its half-dozen stores, its tamale parlors and motion-picture shows. They didn't go to Liveoak because Zoe Haslett, with her grandparents, was at the hotel there; and part of the time the Consadines, mother and son, were down. They had some narrow escapes. Two or three times they met Mr. Hannon, who came and went at regular intervals in his Ford. But only once did he seem to recognize them, and then he nodded in the most matter-of-fact way.

The resources of San Pablo were limited. Lynnie always longed to go out in one of the glass-bottomed boats through which one looks at the sea gardens down under the water, but was afraid to venture such a trip in broad daylight. But one afternoon when there were few people out, Julian finally coaxed her to go. They made two trips very happily. She insisted that they sit on opposite sides of the boat, though as it chanced both times there were no passengers that could have known them. Getting in from the second trip he noticed Lynnie leaning, sheltering herself behind the woman next her and making distress signals to him. He turned his head and looked, where a motor-boat, with two young people in the smartest of sports wear, was cutting its way up to the pier, apparently with the idea of getting to the steps ahead of the glass-bottomed affair. Once close in, under the lee of the pier, it suddenly slowed and hung back, their own boat made the landing, and as Julian was standing in line for the steps, somebody called, cautiously:

"Jule!"

He glanced across, startled. There, in the gay little motor-boat, screening herself behind its awning, was Zoe Haslett with Pretty Consadine.

"Jule," she repeated, still in that guarded undertone, "when you get up, look around and see if any of our folks are in sight, will you? If the coast's clear, signal us."

He nodded. When a survey of the upper world showed him no Consadine or Haslett on the horizon, he went back and waved to them, Lynnie holding aloof. When she met him, after the others had gone, it was with the wondering questions:

"What made them act that way? Are they hiding, like us?"

Julian grinned a little. "Yes, they're hiding, like us."

"Why?"

"Her people fighting it. His, too, for that matter."

"But the young man — and Miss Haslett — they're both rich, you said; and they've got their own money already —"

"Well, neither one's of age, yet. When they are, you won't see them dodging any more."

Quietly they skirted the shore, and climbed to sit under the giant liveoaks in the old Spanish cemetery. Julian's mind still ran on what they had been speaking of.

"What are you thinking about? You look kind of cross," Lynnie questioned.

"Wondering whether or not I could make a living, if I tried."

She laughed softly.

"You don't have to make a living — Julian," patting his hand.

"Might."

She just looked at him, smiling. Plainly, to her mind he was as securely rich as the two in the motor-boat. She didn't understand — but he knew well enough. Pret; when he came of age it meant three millions. Zoe; she had plenty; she'd be free — independent of all authority. He himself was nearly twenty. How much would his status be changed when he was twenty-one? His parents were rich; they'd divided the property, and it made a big fortune for each. But what had he, Julian McCulloch, to depend on? He left his father out of the question. His father didn't like him; would probably never do anything for him. In that sense he was his mother's son, absolutely and humiliatingly dependent upon her good will, her caprices. Well — time enough to meet trouble when you get to it.

Late in August Mrs. Jordan got back, with a little money that had been scraped up to pay her wages and Lynnie's while they should wash, clean, and pack everything in the vacation camp so that it could be stored. The Pollards might not return to their ranch at all. This packing gave Lynnie a better chance to be out with Julian.

"Mother'd rather not have me come home — now," she startled him one day.

"But, Lynnie! You'll want to go when I do."

How oddly she looked at him!

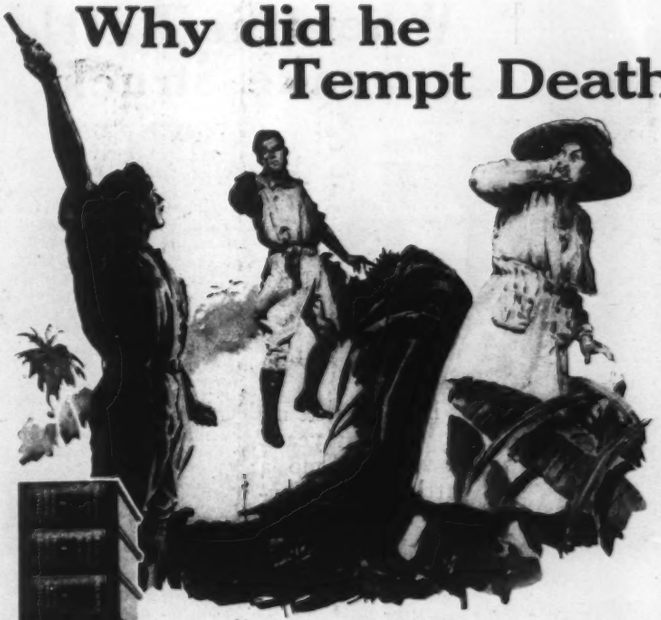
"I don't know that it makes much difference what I want. Father's got the watchman's place, she says. But that's not full wages. With the factory shut down . . . there's nothing for me to do . . . to earn anything."

IT was the fifth of September; Lynnie was to have a free afternoon, and Julian had planned to take her up on the ridge beyond Slosson's ranch. They would have to open several gates and go through several pastures to get to the place. He was a little surprised that Lynnie offered no objection to making the trip, right in the middle of the day that way. She seemed to have forgotten to be afraid. She was listless, and apparently a little depressed. Well, it was hot, still, muggy; and the air smelled of smoke that came from up beyond the Ridge.

He was out of sorts himself. There was a kind of understanding that he would be called home about the fifteenth; but he had an uneasy fear that his mother might change her mind any day and abruptly summon him. Darn sitting on the edge of your chair waiting for somebody to tell you in which direction you had to move! Even the Go-devil heated up ridiculously with the climb; she boiled like a kettle. He found he hadn't enough water in the radiator, and, halfway up, had to go in to Slosson's for a pitcherful.

He thought Lynnie would have asked to

Why did he Tempt Death?



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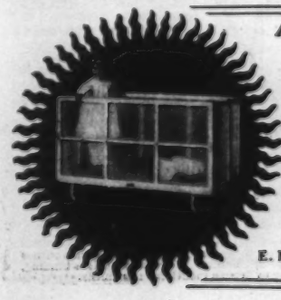

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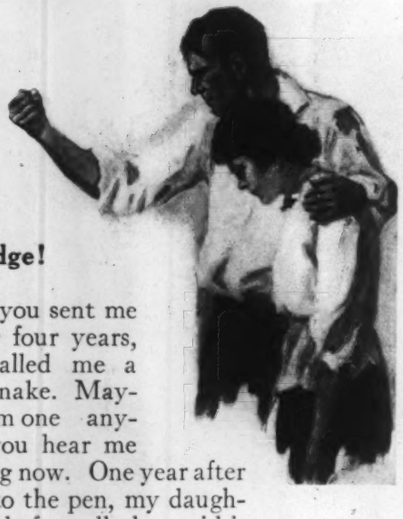

Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

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be let out, but she just sat in the machine waiting for him. As he walked back through the Slosson barn lot, pitcher in hand, he looked at her. How oddly she sat there! He didn't believe she'd moved a muscle since he left her. She didn't turn her head as he came up. Standing facing her at the radiator, pouring in the water, he asked suddenly:

"What you thinking about?"

"Nothing," she answered.

There was something the matter with the afternoon from the first — no mistake about that. Along in the latter part of it they got to talking about the war, and Julian spoke of his grandfather, General Garnett Julian, who had been in the Confederate army.

"My grandfather Lloyd was a soldier in the Civil War," Lynnie said. "But he fought against slavery."

What was it in the simple little phrase that put Julian's back up? She seemed to set herself on one side, and him on the other. Thank heaven there wasn't a drop of Yankee blood in him!

"Well," he said finally, "you can't expect me to be particularly opposed to slavery. My people had a big plantation — tobacco — and they couldn't run it without labor. I don't see that it's so different from the factory at Las Reudas."

"You talk like Uncle Lem," Lynnie said. "He calls factory workers all 'wage slaves.' Uncle Lem's a Socialist."

SILENCE after that, and there was a curious quality about her silence, somehow. He reached and picked up her hand idly. She wore his ring with the set displayed; she always did when they were out alone together.

"By George!" he said carelessly, "I might have had Thatch bring me down a ring for you from Sherman's. I couldn't find anything decent in San Pablo."

"Yes." Lynnie had drawn the hand away; she was taking off the ring.

"Don't do that," he said. "That isn't what I meant."

"I intended to give it back to you today, anyhow."

What an odd tone! She had stopped with the ring half off and half on, never glancing around. Well, it was too big for her. It was a shame he hadn't got her something better before this. He'd buy her a good solitaire when he got back to town.

"I'd rather you'd keep it for the present," he said, and his tone sounded so stiff that he added a belated —"dear," to the end of the statement.

"Won't you have to have it when you go home, or somebody will notice?" she said.

"Aren't we going back to Las Reudas about the same time?" he put the counter-question. When she didn't answer he raised himself to his elbow, leaned over toward her and tried to look around into her face. "What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing." The one word seemed to be all she could say for quite a while, then she finished more composedly. "I think, maybe, I'll . . . get a chance to stay in the valley . . . for a while — longer."

"Lynnie — what do you mean?" he managed to get a look at her now, but her eyes were cast down.

"Well, you know," she fumbled at the ground, picked up a stem of dry grass and twisted it in her fingers, "with the factory shut down, and —" She stopped. The little grass stem took all her attention.

"But you'll want to go home when I go."

He couldn't keep a note of indignation out of his voice. Earlier they had talked so much about how it would be when they were both back in Las Reudas. They would be so much closer. Why, he could look from his sleeping-porch at the very door of her house. If the factory was shut down — so much the better. They could say that she had a job somewhere else — over in San Vicente. If he gave her the money that she would have earned, it would leave her free. He'd thought about that. What did ail Lynnie? Maybe after all it was the ring.

Yes, the afternoon was going all wrong. He and Lynnie had hardly mentioned anything they agreed on. Suddenly he thought of something that would make her laugh.

"Tony De Vega's married!" he said.

"What?" She wasn't laughing. How queer she looked!

"Yes," Julian made up for the lack by chuckling himself. "Estancio told us about it at the ranch."

"Are you — sure?" Lynnie's incredulous tone was irritating. "When was he married?"

"When? Why, I don't know — sometime last week." Well! If she chose to take Tony De Vega's marriage seriously, that was about all he had to say on the subject.

"Last week!" she echoed. The color left her face. "I don't see — how — that could be!"

"Why shouldn't it be? Estancio said De Vega was in San Pablo; selling his cattle; he got drunk, and this girl he'd been hanging around with, roped him in and married him."

"Oh!" She sat turned away from him, silent. Then he noticed a little quiver of her shoulders. She was laughing, after all. Laughing himself, he leaned around to look in her face. It was like paper; the very lips were white. Big tears silently overflowed her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

"Lynnie!" he cried and jumped to his feet — moved, furious, absolutely bewildered. "What's the matter?" he demanded finally.

"Take me home," her voice came low and indistinct.

"We can't go yet — till it gets a little dark." To think of Lynnie proposing anything reckless!

"Oh, all right. Then please don't speak to me again, Julian. I — my head aches."

He went off and stood with his back to her for a while, looking down into the canyon. Estancio had said that De Vega's mother wouldn't stand for the new wife, and that Tony had gone on to his own place near Slosson's. Across there, not so far as the crow flies, but inaccessible, there was a house. As he looked a woman came out with a pan and scattered feed for chickens. He could barely see her. It might possibly be De Vega's wife. He stood a minute, staring, feeling more and more angry and offended; then wheeled and walked straight back to Lynnie. She sat just where he had left her, but when she turned her face at sound of his steps he saw she wasn't crying now.

"If you really want to go home as early as this, Lynnie," (he heard his own voice with wonder. Was he quarreling with her?).

"Couldn't we just go down the same way we came up? No danger of anybody seeing us till we get to the valley. You could put me out there; I'll walk home."

"Lynnie!" It sounded very much as though she just didn't want to be where he was. Anything to get away from him. He looked at her and saw she was on the verge of tears again. "I don't think it'll do your head any good to walk so far," he muttered.

"It doesn't matter about my head," she swallowed hard, glanced around at him, seemed about to add something — and then didn't.

NOT another word was spoken till they came to the floor of the valley. Then, without asking, Julian got out and opened a gate into the McCulloch pastures. He could cut across here and get her a little nearer to "Restlands." Uncle Ben wouldn't be likely to see them. He didn't care if one of the renters did. Lynnie seemed not to care, either. She just sat there and looked straight ahead of her, a little down. His anger against her hurt him dreadfully, and yet when they came to the place that she was to leave the car he said, letting her get down unhelped:

"I suppose this means that you won't want to go with me to Liveoak — tomorrow night?"

"Oh — tomorrow night?" She stood holding to the side of the roadster, looking up at him with a blank expression in her eyes. "I'd forgotten. Yes, please, Julian — I'd rather not go."

They never parted without planning when they should meet next; but now, without another word, she slowly turned and went.

He sat and looked after her — and let her go.

[*To be continued*]

Who wrote "Wild Apples"? And who wrote "The Straight Road"? Every day some reader asks us, and there are many curious guesses. The author's name cannot be revealed; but this much we can say: You have read many successful novels by the same writer.

Two Sensible Health Talks

By Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.

I — That Aching Head

HEADACHE is one of the most valuable and sensible pains that infest humanity. This is because the head — notwithstanding its apparent hardness — is the softest and most sympathetic member of the body. And accommodating to a degree.

If the liver, the malaria-infected blood, the stomach, the ears, or eyes — or, in fact, any member in the partnership of organs we call the body — doesn't like the way it is being treated, all it has to do is to tell the head about it. Be it ever so humble the abused one commands the head to ache, and the head cheerfully and promptly acquiesces. Thus, the cause of headache is the cause of all the ills that visit tired human flesh.

Perhaps the most common form particularly as it afflicts the more susceptible sex — — is nerve irritation. Loss of sleep, a spoiled skirt, a too-talkative visitor, a dull play or book, grief or a fit of crying, a corn stepped on by some heavy-footed clod — anything, in fact, that worries or hurts the nervous system can and does make the head ache.

The next most common cause of headache is poisoning, arising from the absorption into the circulation of toxic materials generated in the intestines. These retained products of putrefactive fermentation are among the most dangerous poisons known to man — being twin brothers to the deadly curare, with which the Orinoco Indians tip their murderous arrows. If isolated, and injected directly into the blood, these putrefactive alkaloids — as they are called, — would kill like cobra venom. Fortunately, in passing into the blood by absorption, their virulence is partly neutralized and overcome. But they are still poisonous enough — in all conscience.

Hence, the relief of constipation, and a mild course of cathartics are perhaps the most useful and indispensable of all headache cures.

Another condition of self-poisoning develops from loading the system with fatigue poisons — toxic material which accumulates in the blood faster than the oxygen of the red cells can burn it up. This causes the shopper's and shop-girl's headache, and that dull throb resulting from muscle tire. The head is imperatively demanding rest — rest and quiet.

The "stuffy room" and "sermon" headaches are fatigue poison pains — turned t'other end to. In these conditions we not only are not getting sufficient oxygen to overcome the poisons we ourselves are constantly generating, but we are breathing in, in the form of carbon dioxide, poisons emanating from several hundred other humans.

Good, old-fashioned biliousness is a fine, adequate cause for headache — headache actually mulish in its obstinacy. A judicious amount of starvation, together with a copious flushing of the system with lemon water, or some mild alkaline liver stimulant, usually works wonders for these.

Over-eating is a sore provoker of cranial pains. The toxic material generated by fermentation of too much food, or too much of the wrong kind of food, circulating through the delicate nerve fibres of the face and head, manifests itself as pain. This is the variety of headache that most frequently punishes high livers and low thinkers.

Eye-strain is probably the next most frequent cause of head pains. It is really surprising how strongly the eyes object to such trifles as being exposed to the glare of sand, sea, or bright light, or to too long-continued focusing on a flickering moving-picture screen, or to being forced to read, work, or embroider, hours on end.

One would think that these muscles would have, by a process of evolutionary development, become accustomed to all such manifold abuses by this time. But emphatically such is not the case. And so, every once in a while competent oculists instantly and permanently relieve some bad case of headache, perhaps of years' standing, by correcting the imbalance of the ocular muscles — either by operation, or by "fogging" the vision with lenses.

In chronic headache where no specific cause can be elicited — especially in men or women who live a sedentary life and partake freely of lobster-à-la-Newburgh and a high proteid diet, careful urinalysis and blood pressure tests should be made at least once a year, to determine whether or not the kidneys are acting normally.

Decayed teeth are not infrequent causes of neuralgic headaches — as they are of many much more serious pathological conditions. In this era of competent dentistry and free dental clinics there is no longer any logical excuse for poisoning oneself by decay from the teeth.

Catarrh, and long continued irritations of the nasal cavities from twisted septums, enlarged turbinate bones, or thickened mucous membranes are prolific sources of headaches. The services of a good nose and throat specialist are necessary here, although if the cause be merely congestion of the nasal membranes strong pressure on the centre of the tongue morning and evening with a tongue depressor — after the FitzGerald method — has often given complete relief.

Dr. FitzGerald's discovery, by the way, is also valuable in the treatment of nervous and neuralgic headaches. Firm pressure with the thumb on the roof of the mouth (the hard palate), directly under the seat of pain, continued for from two to four minutes, has, in hundreds of instances, been most effectual.

Headache powders or tablets, most of which contain acetanilid, a poisonous heart depressant, should never be used, except under the advice of a physician.

So headache invariably means something. And however else it may be treated, it should never be treated with contempt. Headaches that cannot be relieved by cold towels, smelling salts, rest, elimination, regulation of the diet, or some of the simpler, non-harmless methods invariably should be referred to a doctor for treatment.

The real and tremendously useful function of headache is to serve as a combination fire-alarm and police whistle for the body's protection. Any system of living which automatically silences this alarm must, of necessity, be a health help and life insurance of the first water.

II — Dodging Colds

THAT tough and fortunate individual who can successfully run the gauntlet of rain, snow, sleet, wet clothes and shoes, sneezing fellow passengers, drafts, and hermetically sealed house and horribly overheated office, is entitled to a hero's medal for germ-fighting valor and efficiency.

But unfortunately there are few of us so physically gifted that we can look a germ in the face and laugh at it.

Yet this physiological softness is very largely our own handiwork. We have done the things we should have done without, and left undone the things we should have attended to immediately. We have violated all the natural laws we could lay our hands on, and neglected all the obvious common-sense precautions.

And, to make a bad matter worse, when, through flagrant violation of hygienic and other laws, we eventually accumulate a cold, we aren't satisfied to keep it to ourselves. We must joyfully let it blow where it listeth, settling on the innocent and guilty alike.

The sensible sanitary police of 1976 will probably apprehend instantly every red-nosed individual who sneezes in public, and send him away, to the segregation hospital, there to remain until he has completely recovered, and is no longer a menace to an innocent and long-suffering community.

But in the meantime every human with sufficient intelligence to come in out of the rain should register a vow never again to cough or sneeze in public, unless he catches the spray of mucus and microbes securely in his handkerchief, and never again expectorate where the drying death may be wind-borne into the respiratory passage of some under-par individual. For when the microbe of influenza has prepared the soil and paved the way, almost anything can happen to its weakened, resistance-crushed victim.

We should all, in the interest of the general good, avoid infection by the germs of "cold."

We should build up tissue resistance, by eating rich, nourishing food, and by getting rid of all débris and clinkers from that food.

We should drink freely of water, hot and cold, and help wash from the system the poisonous products of food decay, the absorption of which into the blood is so depressing to the vital forces, and to the disease-resisting power of the tissues.

We should breathe pure, clean air day and night — especially at night, as it may be rather difficult, because of the artificial methods of living, to get it by day. It is somewhat of a mental strain, for instance, to conceive of any practical plan of purifying and filtering subway air.

Then we should avoid excesses in eating, which are quite as bad, and probably even more dangerous than are excesses in drinking. For when more food is taken into the system than is required for the normal processes of repair and for the furnishing of fuel and energy, the residue is transformed into poison, which, if long retained in the system, is even more depressing than alcohol.

This drug, by the way — for it is a drug with no more food or tissue repair value than belladonna and strychnine — is a splendid thing to taboo if one would avoid colds. For invariably it lowers tissue resistance, kills off the white corpuscles — those little White Policeman of the blood — and "slows up" the repair work of the body cells. And to take it to cure a cold is exactly the same as trying to put out a fire with gasoline.

True, a hot punch "does a cold good," but only because the foot-bath and the pile of blankets accompanying it induce a free sweat — which would be even more profuse and effective if merely hot water or hot lemonade were taken.

Excessive fatigue or overwork should also be avoided, if we are really anxious to side-step cold. For when the vitality of the system is at a low ebb, any exposure to drafts, or sudden chilling of the extremities, or any contact with crowds in theatres, shops — or even in church — predisposes to "cold."

Bad colds are frequently traceable to bad teeth, for decayed pockets and hollows may be jammed full of any or all of thirty-three different varieties of disease-producing germs — among them the microbes of influenza. So, if you are susceptible to colds, tell your dentist about it and have him scale, polish off and fill all the corners where germs might lurk.

And, for the same reason, the tonsils and the nasal passages should be seen to by a competent expert, and all crypts and "pocket-y" tissue removed or shrunk down to normal proportions.

Also, going to the other extreme for reasons, it is flying in the face of Fate and pulling the fair nose of Fortune to stump about in the snow, sleet or slush, on a pair of high-heeled, thin-soled pumps.

A cold bath and a brisk rub with a coarse towel every morning will do much to fortify against taking cold, provided the bath be followed by a good, glowing reaction. If, however, it merely results in a fine, fluent crop of goose-pimples, the cold bath is an actual detriment to health.

The same thing is true of winter outdoor sleeping. It is toughening, provided one is tough enough to stand it. But if the cold causes wakefulness and disturbed sleep — which it frequently does — it is much better to depend for fresh air upon open windows, and let the warm walls temper the cold wind to a reasonable degree.

Hot baths, hot drinks — and plenty of them — active elimination by skin, bowels, and kidneys, abstinence from food, antiseptic nose and throat sprays, drugs in moderation — as recommended by your physician — rest, and plenty of sleep — these will cure a cold about as rapidly as it can be cured — which isn't very rapidly at best.

But the "best bet" is to prevent colds by avoiding those who have them; by never putting infected fingers or money in the mouth; by spraying the nose and throat with some mild antiseptic after exposure, or after a mild debauch in a crowded theatre or church; by dressing sensibly and wearing shoes instead of "pumps" in winter; by covering the neck and chest with something a little thicker and warmer than skin; by building up the resistance and strengthening the body; by refraining from food-stuffing; and by carefully saving all the alcohol for the alcohol lamp.

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—*From Theodore Roosevelt's article on Birth Reform.*

Exclusively in the October

Metropolitan

All Newsstands—September 7th

The War Beautiful

[*Continued from page 24*]

engine of destruction! Yet this very efficiency of frightfulness demonstrates a mastery of the ocean depths that will serve the human race benignly through centuries of peace and that might never have been gained but for the necessities of war.

Speaking of war-gardening, I am assured by Charles L. Pack, who is at the head of the intensified garden movement, that, allowing for twenty-five per cent. of failures among all new gardens planted in America this year, these failures being due to ignorance and inexperience, there will still be a gain in food products thus raised throughout the country, amounting in value to *half a billion dollars!*

To take a single state, it is estimated that the products of city gardens in Ohio this year will be increased *six and a half times* over the average products of recent years.

Consider also the health benefits that must result from this gardening movement. Think of the invalids, the semi-invalids, the imaginary invalids, who will find strength and happiness through these out-of-door activities. Think of the lazy people, the fat people, the neurasthenics, the narrow-minded spinsters, who will take on a rejuvenating self-respect in consequence of this patriotic gardening.

"Why, it's better than a sanatorium!" declares a Western doctor.

Food economy! Human economy!

And let us not forget the inspiring example of Maine which has been forced by war exigencies to solve the labor problem connected with the cultivation of its waste lands in an entirely new and illuminating way. In Maine there are tens of thousands of acres of excellent corn and wheat lands that need only adequate man-power to yield immense harvests. But man-power is scarce this year and time presses, so some energetic Maine citizens have started a movement to have immense available areas in Aroostook County, that will otherwise lie neglected, cultivated by tramps and convicts under proper guard, and perhaps, by German prisoners now interned in concentration camps.

Utilizing Convict Labor

HERE surely is a constructive idea that might revolutionize our abominable prison system and save food enough to feed starving Belgium. Why not set *all* our prisoners and *all* our tramps at the wholesome work of land cultivation? Let us utilize our boundless unproductive lands by establishing on them convict farms and, instead of herding these unhappy transgressors into vile and diseased cell blocks, as at present, where they sink into even deeper degradation and constitute a huge expense burden to the nation, let us turn them out into the open to work for their country as food producers. The whole land would benefit and within a brief space, we may be sure, these unfortunates, victims of city conditions, in the main, would regain a measure of their health and self-respect. The history of Australia and Siberia shows that miracles of human transformation are wrought when even the least promising men are set at useful labor out in the great free spaces of nature with God's blue sky above them and the peace and dignity of forest and plain about them.

If we Americans will take this single step, long advocated by enlightened penologists, we may reclaim as much precious manhood material (think of the convict's children) as will be lost by us on all the battlefields of Europe!

All over the world (in Germany, too) war is making it the *fashion* to do fine things.

I know an Englishman of forty-four who has struggled for years in New York to build up a private school for boys, and was just winning success when the age limit for British subjects was raised to forty-five years. Immediately he presented himself to the English Examining Board in Manhattan, but he was rejected as overweight, and his eyesight was defective.

"We want only young fellows for the first-line trenches," one of the examiners told him. "We can't use you. Your only chance is to go to England and try to get taken as a stretcher-bearer."

Those who talk about English slackers in America may as well know what this man did. He gave up his school, realizing that it meant the end of his life-ambition. He paid his own expenses to England, leaving a young wife in New York, and when I last heard of him he was in London using all his efforts to be accepted as a stretcher-bearer on the battlefield, a position that means almost certain death.

"I counted up forty of our friends among Englishmen in New York," his wife said to me, "and thirty-nine of them, voluntarily, have gone back to fight."

War brings out the best that is in us. It brings out the worst also, in exceptional cases; but we notice the good rather than the evil, because there is more good than evil to be brought out. Here is a marvel of human existence, the immense amount of kindness, courage, patience, capacity for self-sacrifice that is hidden away unsuspected in *all* men and women, that only requires an emergency like war for its revelation, and that would never be revealed at all but for such an emergency.

Consider what miracles have been wrought in this hustling land since we went to war. On every hand we see selfish persons becoming unselfish, greedy persons becoming generous, men and women whom we have thought of as pleasure-seekers, money-schemers, showing qualities of patriotism and high-mindedness that we never dreamed of their possessing. Is that not true?

"We are working a little harder than we ever worked before, we are producing a little more than we ever produced before," say hundreds of thousands of American men, echoing Edison's thought, "in order that we may be the better able to discharge our share of the obligation this nation has assumed."

I know a Wall Street broker far above military age who offered his services to the government, but was rejected after physical examination because he had a "hammer toe." Nevertheless he persisted. He sold out his business, settled up his affairs, then went to a hospital (he stayed there three weeks) and had his toe amputated. All this on the chance that he would find some way to serve his country. And he found the way. He finally got a commission, and today he is in France fighting with the Allies for the cause of world freedom.

I know of a millionaire clubman and popular society man who has long been prominent in the pleasant whirl of New York gaieties, but who has been missed for months from the marble halls of Fifth Avenue and the Broadway night restaurants. Not that he has lost his taste for pleasure or lost his money; it is simply that the country has gone to war and he wanted to help.

What has he done, this darling of fortune? He has undertaken a hard grind of office management for one of the National Defense organizations in Washington, and now, if you visit a certain big building on Pennsylvania Avenue, you will find this former exquisite, who had never worked regularly in his life, who was never in bed before two in the morning, and never out of bed before eleven, on the job sharp at 9 A.M. *every day*, hustling over a thousand monotonous details of office activities until five or six. *Without glory!* And *without pay!*

In every state of the Union there are hundreds of such cases. Rich men offer their services, their yachts, their factories. A young man from Ossining travels 5,000 miles from Peru to join the Engineer Corps. A New Jersey lad rejected by the Army because of a slight physical deformity pays $150 to have the deformity corrected by an operation, and is accepted. And so on, all showing the newly awakened, the war-awakened manhood spirit that is growing in our midst.

And the war-awakened boyhood spirit!

There must be in the United States two million well-to-do American lads under military age, say from thirteen to eighteen, who instead of idling away their vacation as usually happens, have been busy at gardening, drilling, boy-scouting, rifle practise and other patriotic activities that will make men of them, and also national defenders.

And our women! Our girls!

"We are not lolling about at the beach as much as usual this summer," say hundreds of thousands of them. "We are not dancing so

much, nor playing bridge so much, because we have our Red Cross work to do, our gardening, our patriotic work to do."

I know a rich woman well over forty, a rather easy-going, self-indulgent nature, who surprised me recently by announcing that she is working hard every afternoon fitting herself to drive a military ambulance.

I know another woman whose pity for the blind soldiers in France gave her the idea of learning the Braille method of reading by touch, so that she may either write letters for sightless soldiers, using a Braille typewriter, or may herself correspond with blind soldiers and thus help to cheer their loneliness.

This war will have far-reaching consequences for American women. It will bring them sorrows and bereavements, but it will also bring them immense benefits—the suffrage, adequate wages, motherhood pensions, child labor laws (see what women have already gained in England and Russia) that would not have been achieved by generations of peaceful effort.

In all lands a universal sense of justice, profoundly stirred by war, will make it impossible for men, in the face of splendid war-services rendered by women, to withhold from them any longer equal rights and equal opportunities.

And in all that has to do with sex relations and the bearing the children, we may be sure that men will find themselves compelled, as a consequence of war, to deal with women more fairly. In its desperate need of life-replenishment (after the slaughter of millions) the world will see that the replenishers of life, the women, receive honorable treatment. Somehow the prostitution question and the illegitimate child question will be settled so that the burden of sin shall be equitably borne by *both* sexes and not by one alone, as at present.

Already war has cleared our minds of a silly squeamishness and prudishness regarding certain subjects that were not formerly mentioned in polite society, but that are now openly discussed by men and women because the welfare of the world requires that they be discussed. A few Sundays ago I heard a powerful sermon at the Church of the Ascension in New York City, in which the speaker, Dr. Percy S. Grant, referred to alarming perils that threaten all nations from the ravages of venereal diseases and called upon American women to organize for the defense by establishing agencies of surveillance against sources of contagion.

War Brings Men Back to God

THE war beautiful!

War gives to weak and erring humanity what it most needs to overcome and end war — that is, religion. Men begin to fight when they have ceased to pray, when they have forgotten to love, when they have become arrogant through selfish materialism. War brings men back to God!

Before this war the soldiers of France were irreligious, but now, we are told by Maurice Barrès, they speak and think constantly of God. They say their prayers every night and before going into battle.

One French soldier writes to his loved ones: "This morning I took communion a few metres back of the trenches. . . . I believe in God, in France, in victory."

Another French soldier writes: "Do not pray that I may be spared suffering. Pray rather that I may be able to bear it, and that the courage I long for may be given me."

Who can doubt that this spiritual revolution has made possible the glorious war — achievements by which France has thrilled the world, and will make possible glorious peace-achievements for many generations?

Hear those touching words of a once sophisticated and self-satisfied English novelist who has learned on the battlefield the beautiful lessons of love and humility: "I have become a little child again in God's hands, with full confidence that whatever He decides for me will be the best and kindest."

And think of those three hundred New England lumberjacks now fighting in France, who the other day sent back a carefully drawn up prayer — those husky saw-bucks — that God would grant them a safe return to the shores of old New England after they had done their bit for humanity.

We, too, in this money-ridden land of America, will see a revival of religion, before the war is over, that will purify and ennoble the United States for hundreds of years.

What if there shall come as a consequence of this world-horror, as a compensation for the incalculable loss and pain that mankind has suffered, a spiritual world-revolution different from any revolution that has gone before, greater than any that has gone before, just as this war is different from any other war and greater than any other war?

A spiritual world-revolution!

Suppose men are made to realize, by this world shock and world scourge, that they have been living wrong, that these hideous things could not possibly have happened unless they had been living wrong? Suppose men of all races and nations are compelled to admit this — Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Belgians, Austrians, Italians, Americans, *all men*, and to acknowledge that their civilization, their *Kultur*, their code of life has been largely based on selfishness and injustice? And that their religion has been a sham, for the most part, since they have failed to practise those everlasting and essential truths that their religion has revealed to them?

What are these everlasting and essential spiritual truths that men have failed to practise? Here are two of them:

(1). It is more blessed to give than to receive.

(2). Money is the root of all evil.

The trouble is we do not believe in the sincerity of those who advocate such rules of living, although they have been approved for thousands of years by the world's greatest teachers and thinkers. Most Americans, if they were honest, would revise these two precepts as follows:

(1). It is more blessed to receive than to give.

(2). Money is the best thing in the world.

And yet it is love of money (commerce, trade, wealth) and the desire of rival nations to take rather than to give (colonies, sea-rights, extended frontiers) that brought on and is continuing this war. Can anyone question that?

Suppose the German Kaiser were absolutely unselfish, absolutely sincere in his efforts and utterances making for universal peace and justice? Is it not evident that he would be met by his enemies in a like spirit? *If they only believed it!* And they would believe it, they *must* believe it, if it were true, for there is a power and contagiousness in unselfishness and sincerity that cannot be resisted.

Unselfishness! Sincerity!

Suppose our kings of finance, our food barons, our munition makers, touched by the sorrows of the world, should cease their oppressions, their cruel exactions, and highly resolve to deserve the blessings, not the curses of their fellow men? They could do it so easily. They could make this world such a fair and joyful place to live in, a fair and joyful place *for all men* to live in. Not a hideous place! *If they only would!*

How could they do this?

By using their intelligence, their vast resources to change the system under which human society has been organized, the system that has kept men living wrong, into a system that will keep men living right. Let these American overlords cease searching for better methods of competition and seek instead better methods of co-operation. Let them give less thought to the speeding up of human efficiency and more thought to the speeding up of human happiness. Let them take pride not so much in the development of ideal factories throughout the land as in the development of ideal homes throughout the land with conditions making for a fair division of the products of toil.

Thus they may begin the mighty work of rectifying the frontiers that most need rectifying, the frontiers between poverty and riches, between opportunity and lack of opportunity; frontiers between a privileged few who lose their souls because they have too much, and countless millions who lose *their* souls because they have too little.

That is why God allowed this war — *so that men may find their souls!*

[*The end*]

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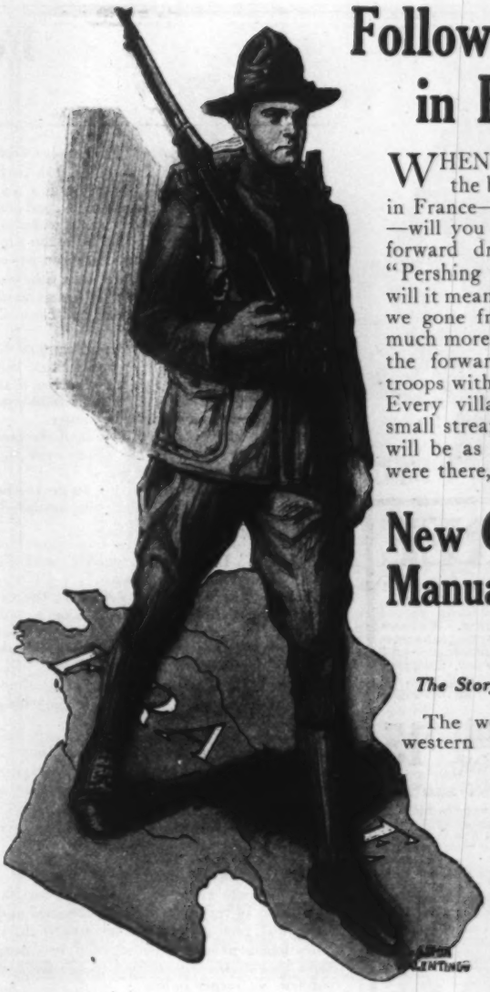

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For the Zelda Bunch

[*Continued from page 28*]

"good kid," but Balakas informed her that her eyes were beautiful and her feet tiny, that she was remarkably understanding, and that in her presence he desired to be good and very kind. He said that he was a widower, and lonely. . . . His wife had been too gay. . . . Perhaps he would have been an easier boss, he indicated, if he had had a wife like Stella. . . . Then he would sigh and most respectfully tell her a new joke and begin to check accounts.

He said that he was a rich man, and could buy a big automobile, if he wanted to. But that clung less in Stella's imagination than his picture of himself as a solitary man who wanted to be shown how to be happy.

And she could not be oblivious of the fact that there was force in his steady eyes and powerful hands and thick voice.

Balakas casually invited her to go to the theatre. She was frightened. She hesitated, "No, I don't think I can."

"That's too bad. Maybe some time you like to go," Balakas said quietly, and she was ashamed of her suspicion.

Pete was filling the salt cellars at the tables. He had overheard Balakas's last words. He glared at Stella. When Balakas was gone, she ran to Pete, her pretty hands tight on her slim breast, and begged, "Oh, Petey dear, you look at me so terribly, these days. What is it? I haven't done anything wrong."

"I hope you'll enjoy going out with the boss. It must tickle you to think that he gets the money he spends on you by paying us such bum wages. If there was only a union among us hashers, I'd get that guy!"

"Pete, Pete, how can you! You know I've never been out with him."

"No, but you will be."

"Oh, you can't believe that!"

Her delicate voice was not meant for the harsh note of tragedy; it was as strained and hysterical, now, as that of a frightened child. They looked at each other, startled, revealing their love as they never had in the days of careless confidence in life.

"I didn't mean to hint nothing," he declared. "I know you're plumb square. I just mean it gets me sore, the way you let Balakas fool you. He don't talk to you like he talks to us in the kitchen, where you can't hear him."

"Pete, Pete dear, tell me you still love me."

"Gee, I do, kid. I do!"

Their young hands moved a little, as though they longed to be clinging warm together.

Pete urged, "Just tell him—we don't dast, but he'll listen to you—tell him he's got to change, or we'll all quit him cold."

"Why, how do you mean? Pete dear, he'll listen to you. If you feel there's something he doesn't understand, just go and tell him frankly."

"Look here, you don't mean to say you're going to go right on standing up for him?"

"Why, dear, you mustn't talk to me like that."

"Get down to cases. I want you should choose between that guy and me."

"Pete, I won't have you bullying me."

"Oh, you won't, eh? I'm a bully, am I? I suppose Balakas is the little soft-soap artist! He never bullies, oh, no!"

Pete rushed away. Possibly the nagging of Balakas had made him raw, easy to hurt. Certainly his love seemed again to have turned into irritation. She could not understand, and she was too weary of complications to try to reach him. Once more he passed her without a look, at closing time.

As she was locking up the safe, Balakas came blustering in. "Look here, lady. My sister and her husband have invited us to a regular show—no movies, lady, a regular theatre show—and we'll go to her house afterwards, for some real Turkish coffee. Wait 'll you see her—weighs about six thousand stone!—plenty chaperon. Come on, put on your bonnet and forget your worries. Come on!"

She could not again sit all evening brooding over Pete. She was swept by Balakas's warm heartiness on to the theatre. She was flattered by the distinction of being introduced to the boss's own sister, and by the excellence of the seats—second row of the balcony.

Balakas's sister was a dingily regal person in black satin and many rings; her husband a foreign, chattering, educated little man, with large black-rimmed glasses. They were polite to Stella. She was excited by their quick cries, and by the play.

They had Turkish coffee and apricot brandy and bourma at the sister's flat. True, the flat was of only three rooms, with stringy portières and a musty smell, but the sister asserted that she and her husband were going to move to an "elegant new apartment" directly. They two talked rapidly about travel and dancing and the war. It proved that they were amazingly cultured—in fact, spoke French, and knew foreign officers who invariably told them the inside facts about the war. Balakas did not exactly join in the conversation, but he smiled and was easy.

He took Stella home in a taxicab.

"Your sister is so educated, Mr. Balakas," she sighed.

"Oh, she's a four-flusher, her and her man both. It's you that's got the brains. And the looks and the youth. If you was just married to me, we'd break into swell society so easy it would make you dizzy. My darling, you got to love me, you got to marry me. I need you!"

It is fabled that April love is more urgent than September, but Pete's hand had never been so electric to hers as was the hand of Balakas. His husky voice was demanding. She had never been taken so seriously. He clamored that he would be altogether a proud man, and a good man, if she would marry him.

"Oh, I must think it over. Please— I just hadn't thought of marrying," she said, as the taxicab stopped at her boarding-house.

He kissed her hand, with dignity. "Lady," he croaked, "I would wait years for you. I am a patient man—but I get what I want."

She was bewildered, all the next day. Pete was aloof, save once, when he confronted her with, "Well, which is it? That frog-faced Greek or me, heh?" and she wailed, "I won't be bullied."

When Balakas came in to check accounts he found Oscar, the 'bus, reading a paper, with a scrub-pail reposing by the chair. He called Oscar a hound, a fool, a thief, and discharged him. Stella's hands anxiously clasped her cheeks. Balakas looked her over carefully, from her fine ankles to her parted hair, and queried, "Was I too hard on that rat?"

"Oh, you were! Oscar means so well, but he's young and stupid."

"Shall I give him another chance?" Balakas spoke softly.

"Please do!"

Balakas gravely took back the delinquent 'bus, made him howl and crawl and promise to reform.

He was quiet with Stella; his wild imprecations of the evening before had changed to a flattering attention to her every word. Of marriage he said only, "My dear, you are tired. This beanery is no place for you. You are a lady! You ought to rest every afternoon, on a silk cushion. How would you like to go to the movies, with my sister or some lady friend, whenever you wanted to? You could do that, if you married me. Will you think it over?"

"I can't! Not now!"

But after another week, during which the face of Pete was still averted from her, and Balakas took her to the theatre and treated her with grave courtesy alternated with pleading, she was so distraught that she did not know what she wanted. She took Balakas's word for it that what she wanted was to marry him, and gave her promise.

When the news reached the Zelda, Pete threw away his pride; he seized her hand, and supplicated, "Oh, kid, dear kid, I been rotten to you! Jealous young fool! Plain crazy! But I won't give you up. I love you, and you love me. You do! You been taken in by that slick foreigner. You got to come back to me!"

"I can't, dear; I can't. I've given my promise."

Pete threw up his place that same afternoon. She did not see him again. She was married to Balakas three weeks later.

None of the Zelda staff were invited to the wedding. Stella wanted them, but Balakas's sister was so hurt by this interference in her management of the affair, so horrified at the thought of having kitchen wenches in her own elevated circle, that Stella was overborne. During the ceremony she longed for them; realized that not Pete alone, but Myrtle and Big Lena and Harvey, and even Oscar, were her closest friends, and that she was shutting them out. She forgot them in her shuddering fear of Balakas's fat lips. But Balakas kissed her very lightly, and she went with him into a strange land. As they took the train for Niagara Falls, she tried to hum "Daisy in the Daisy Meadows," but the song broke in a sob.

Stella had been married for five months. Balakas was no longer fascinated by her fresh youth. That was perfectly just in him—because she no longer had much fresh youth. He was not unkind to her; he did give her money for movies and silk cushions. But he demanded that her thoughts be nothing but silk cushions for him. If she was not gay and chattering, if she forgot one of the comforts she was expected to prepare for him, he reproved her, curtly, chillingly.

She who had sung during the battle of lunch-time now had no one for whom she could sing. Balakas's flat was comfortable—to her, it was gorgeous: a five-room apartment with a large green velour convertible davenport in the living-room, and a gas-log, and a genuine hand-painted landscape which had cost seventeen dollars. She looked about, marveling. But for most of the day she had nothing to do. She had no friends to see. She was tired of Balakas's empty ejaculatory sister—a cockatoo of a woman, with acquaintances like the rest of a second-rate bird store. She had lost touch with her girlhood friends during her working years, when she had been too exhausted in the evening to go out with them. It was the Zelda bunch that she wanted to see. As she stared vacuously from a window, her elbows on a cushion, barred in by the iron grill of the fire-escape as though she were a woman in a harem, Stella thought of Myrtle's comfortable grumbling, and Big Lena's spacious laughter, and the fun of Harvey and Charley and Oscar. Of Pete she was afraid to think.

She said casually to Balakas that she "guessed she'd drop in and see the Zelda."

"Guess you won't drop in and see anything of the sort! I don't want you messing around in my business. Understand?"

He was pleasant enough about the war afterward. He did not scold her. She could not understand why.

He went out of town, some weeks later, to look over the ground for a new lunch-room. In the afternoon she dressed in her organdy frock. At the corner florist's she bought a bunch of daisies. "You sweet things," she murmured to the flowers, "when the Zelda folks see you, they will laugh—it's just awful the way I used to hum 'Daisy in the Daisy Meadows' all day. Myrtle used to jolly me so!"

As she rode down in the trolley she pretended that she was the cashier again; that she was going to work; that she would see Pete, and argue with him as to whether they ought to change the sign, "All fruits in season," the same being a misstatement, in view of the fact that apples and oranges were to be had at the Zelda at all seasons, and other fruits at no season whatever. She laughed boundlessly in her little breast as she remembered the arguments they had had over the sign. She went trotting into the Zelda.

Barton's Pun

SEVERAL *men in the Players were talking about the great War the other evening.*

"Alas!" sighed Bruce Barton, "before these sad events everything in Germany used to be verboten; now everything is U-boat-en!"

And the party immediately broke up.

The place was changed; more resplendent. The walls were tiled halfway up, bordered with blue and gold mosaic, and shiningly clean. But this new grandeur did not affect Stella so much as another change: There was a new cashier at the desk. Stella had heard from Balakas that he had a new cashier-manager, a Miss Atkins, but it was a shock to see this grim-lipped stranger occupying Stella's own desk, as proof that she herself no longer belonged there.

"Check — you didn't take a check!" Miss Atkins snapped at her, as she passed the desk.

"Why — oh — I'm Mrs. Balakas. I — How nice you have everything now. You know, I used to be cashier here."

"Oh, yes!" Miss Atkins was dripping like honey and the honeycomb. "Do have a chair, Mrs. Balakas."

"Thank you, but I'm going back to see Myrtle and the others."

Stella was waving at Harvey, the only person visible at the back of the room. Harvey seemed awkwardly surprised. He did not wave in return.

"Very well, Mrs. Balakas," said the new cashier, "though I don't see — I'm afraid they're a dirty, common lot."

The voice of the representative of the boss was decisive. It carried to the counter, to Harvey, who looked as though he were choking on something. Stella wanted to say haughty things to Miss Atkins, but she could not think of any haughty things to say, and she convulsively started toward the back of the room, her two hands out in greeting.

"Oh, Harvey, it's so good to see you!" she cried.

"Glad you come in, Mrs. Balakas." Harvey's voice was even limper than his handshake.

"Well — " she said.

She ventured into the kitchen.

Here the change was greater than in the newly tiled outer room — and in the opposite direction. The once wholesome kitchen was filthy, and nothing was ever quite so smeared as the long aprons of Myrtle and Lena.

She gaped, till Myrtle crawked, "Yuh, pretty dirty, aren't we! I'd be obliged to you, Mrs. Balakas, if you could be so good and tell the boss we'd be glad to have a new garbage pail, and clean aprons once in a while. And he says not to waste time cleaning up the kitchen, and then we won't need another 'bus. Of course we ain't nothing but dirt under his feet, Mrs. Balakas —— "

It was hard for Stella to regain one quiver of her enthusiasm. She sounded hypocritical as she faltered, "Don't you dare call me 'Mrs. Balakas,' Myrtle, honey! I'm Stella, always. Oh, Lena, it's so good to see you! I just want to give you both a big bear hug."

"Huh, I guess you won't, though, you with that swell dress and coat, Mrs. Balakas."

Stella groaned.

"Did you have a nice wedding?" hinted Myrtle. Her manner said, "We won't forget that you didn't invite us!"

"Why — why, yes—"

Then the kitchen staff waited for her to get out of their way. She had nothing to say. She felt guilty in her finery. She was relieved when she heard Balakas's roar outside in the lunch-room.

She whispered to Myrtle, "Good-by, dear. Please don't forget Stella!" and hurried out.

To Balakas, smiling, "Well! I didn't expect you home so soon!"

"No! I rather guess you didn't, or you wouldn't be here. I told you to keep away from my business."

She flushed. Harvey, Myrtle, the detestable new cashier, all of them had overheard.

"Come outside. I want to speak to you," she murmured.

"Well, you wait till I take a look around."

She sat hunched in a chair, opposite the cashier, who seemed amused. Now, for the first time, she heard Balakas scolding at his best. He called Myrtle a fat fool, and wanted to know why in the name of various deities she had not cooked up more beef stew. He damned Harvey because he had moved the silver tray to make it more convenient to customers. He bellowed, in a voice that smashed and outraged and hurt, "Let the customers do their own stretching and get their own silver! We can't give up three-quarters of the sandwich shelf to make it convenient for a lot of sweatshop swine. Even a suet-head like you ought to understand that — and you with the nerve to hit me for a raise!"

Stella bit her fingers, in shame.

Balakas stamped up to her. "Well, what do you want?"

She led him outside. She had been nerving herself. She tried to stand up to him, to look at him unwaveringly. "See here, you got to stop talking to Harvey like that, and you got to let Myrtle and Lena have clean aprons every day, and you got to let me come and see the bunch whenever I want to."

"Oh, I have got to, have I? Go home!"

That was all he said. He looked her over, as a master appraises the slave he owns. He nodded his head in little bobs of amusement. He turned and left her there.

She sought for courage to follow him back into the lunch-room, and face him. Then she ran away. She had gone a block before she realized that she was still holding the bunch of daisies which she had planned to give to Myrtle. They were wilted, now. As she patted them, she began to sob, in the open street.

WITHIN a year and a half Balakas had ceased to pretend that he was interested in his wife. She was faded; the delicate and rosy flesh of her throat was sallow; her eyes were perpetually anxious; her slimness was becoming scrawniness. Balakas was prospering. He pleased himself by giving her many gowns, and making her wear them, and the more flashy was her raiment, the more feeble did her faded grace appear. Balakas even ceased to care whether she went to the Zelda Lunch.

Myrtle and Harvey were the only members of the original Gatti staff remaining. The others had defied Balakas, and quit or been discharged. As Stella continued to visit them, and to try to be friendly, they forgave her for having married out of their caste. Surely no one save Balakas could have withstood the power of her affection. But in their renewed acquaintanceship they remained cautious, for she could tell them nothing when they sought to pump her regarding Balakas's plans. So Stella was frozen between two icebergs, equally distrusted by Balakas and the slaves of Balakas, equally afraid of being a traitor whichever side she served.

She learned that Pete was working for another branch of the Luxury Lunch string. The knowledge helped to muffle her love for him. She almost despised him for working for Balakas when he could be free. She wondered often if there was any way in which she herself could get free. But she never got beyond wondering, so heavy was the lassitude that bound her. And life was more tolerable in that she did not see much of Balakas. Rarely was he home before midnight.

But one evening he was most noisily and nervously home. He was telephoning and answering calls. He ordered her to go into the bedroom and shut the door. "I got some private business — don't want you snooping 'round," he said. She heard him use the name "Pete," and with a confused premonition she listened from the bedroom.

He was telephoning, "Yuh, Pete is the leader of the whole strike, all right. Looks like he was just trying to stir up trouble. Well, first crack I'll get him pinched for disorderly conduct. Remember, you be at the office with the strike-breakers at eleven, sharp, and when I telephone you, you rush your men out to all the lunches, and we'll have Mr. Strike and Mr. Pete busted in ten minutes."

Now was the Stella who had merely sung of life, had been affectionate toward it and sore bewildered by it, suddenly thrust into the agitated living of it.

Now did she know why Pete had been working for Balakas.

Lunch-room strikes, to succeed, must be unexpected attacks made just at the noon-rush. She wanted to warn Pete that Balakas knew of the plan. All night she lay rigid, trying to nerve herself. At ten-thirty in the morning she gave up struggling. She could not see what was right and what was wrong; she knew only that she had to join her old friends in the struggle against the new master.

Wild-haired and mad-eyed, her blouse deranged, she rushed down to the Zelda. She dashed past the inflexible Miss Atkins, she brushed a customer aside, she demanded of Myrtle, "What lunch is Pete working for? Which one? Tell me quick!"

Myrtle reared up — a foul, heavy-chinned, unbeautiful woman, who yet had something heroic about her. "You'll get nothing out of me. We got nothing to do with the boss's wife. Yesterday your dear husband hit the 'bus here, kicked him and

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threw him out. He was just a fourteen-year-old kid. We're through!"

"Oh, I know, I know! I'm with you! I want to warn Pete that the boss knows his plans. I got to see him. Oh, Myrtle dear, it's Stella begging you, not Mrs. Balakas." With lips like a corpse, lips drained and trembling, Stella tried to smile. She put her arms about Myrtle's slimy apron. "You wouldn't believe Stella could be a traitor to you?"

"Well, if you ain't, then you're a traitor to your husband. I believe in a woman standing by her man, even if he's a heartless devil like Balakas."

"Yes, yes! And I'm going to sacrifice that! I'm going to sacrifice being a good wife. It's the first time I've had anything to give to the bunch."

"I guess you're square, baby. Pete is at the Fourth Street lunch."

Stella ran out, looked for a trolley. None was in sight. She panted to the Fourth Street branch, glancing back at each corner for a car. People stared at her — a mad figure, the more mad in that she was laughing.

When she reached the Fourth Street branch it was past eleven, and the early customers, the eleven-to-twelve lunchers, were already camped at the tables, in black noisy groups. Balakas stood at the front of the room, talking to a nervous man, the manager. Everyone gaped at the disheveled young woman who thrust open the swing doors and stood poised on the sill, one hand still raised from the gesture of running, her chin up, proud, fighting, oblivious of Balakas.

"Here, what d' you want?" demanded Balakas.

She looked at him as though she had heard him, but had never seen him before. "Why, I know! I know now why you never beat me up like you do 'bus boys, or even scolded me much. You never thought I counted for anything," she said.

"Say, what the— Say, are you crazy?" he cried.

"Yes! Yes!" she sang, as though it were a chant of triumph, of bright blades and a marching host.

She darted into the crowd, impatiently pushing through the lunchers as, standing amazed, with coffee in one hand and a plate in the other, they blocked her way. Balakas followed her, but she reached the counter, and saw Pete, the clear young face of him, and eyes more resolute than she had remembered — the one man who was her own.

"Pete. The boss knows about the strike — "

Balakas caught her from behind, held his pudgy hand over her mouth.

She squirmed free, her thin shoulders darting and thrusting. She cried:

"Boss has got strike-breakers ready, at his office. Lock them in, Pete, so they can't — "

Then Balakas struck her, on the temple, and she went down, senseless.

She awoke to hear the clang of an ambulance; to realize that she was lying on three chairs, with a mob about, and Balakas grinning terribly as a death's-head in his fury. A policeman and Pete were holding Balakas between them. Pete was smiling at her — no longer a sulky youth, but an assured man, claiming her from the man who had stolen her.

Her head reeked with pain. Her eyes could not endure the light. She closed them. But her brain was clear.

"It's all right, now," she thought, in slow periods between strokes of pain which crushed her head with ponderous hammers. "I've done something for the Zelda bunch. If I die, it's all right. Then the law will get Balakas, and he won't ever kick another 'bus. If I don't die, I'll find some honest way to go to Pete. . . . Oh, dear God, punish Mr. Balakas! You see, God, he made Myrtle wear a dirty apron, and Myrtle was so proud of her clean kitchen, God!"

As the interne and ambulance-driver supported her across the walk she was trying to hum — hum some absurd sentimental thing, apparently regarding daisy meadows.

The driver said to the interne, "Doc, that girl looks like she was plum happy."

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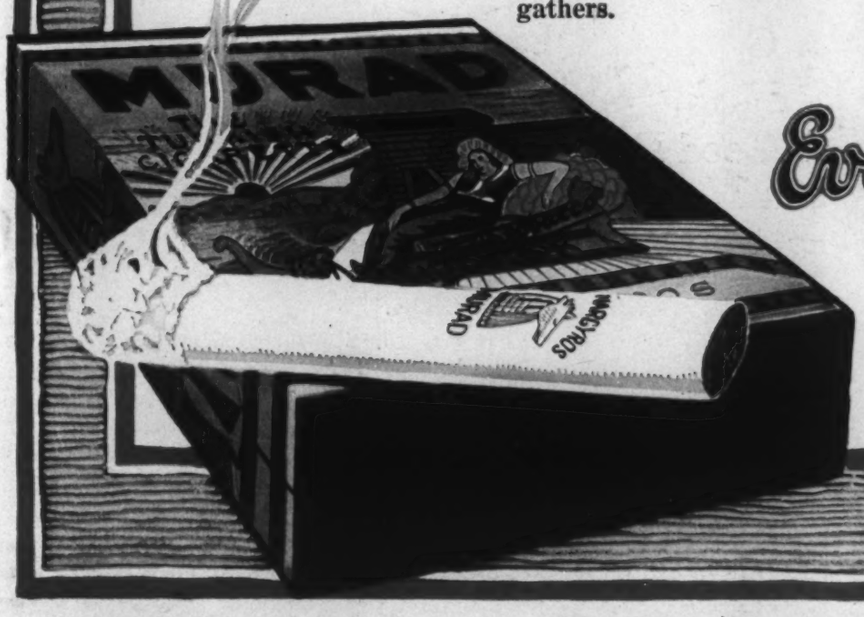

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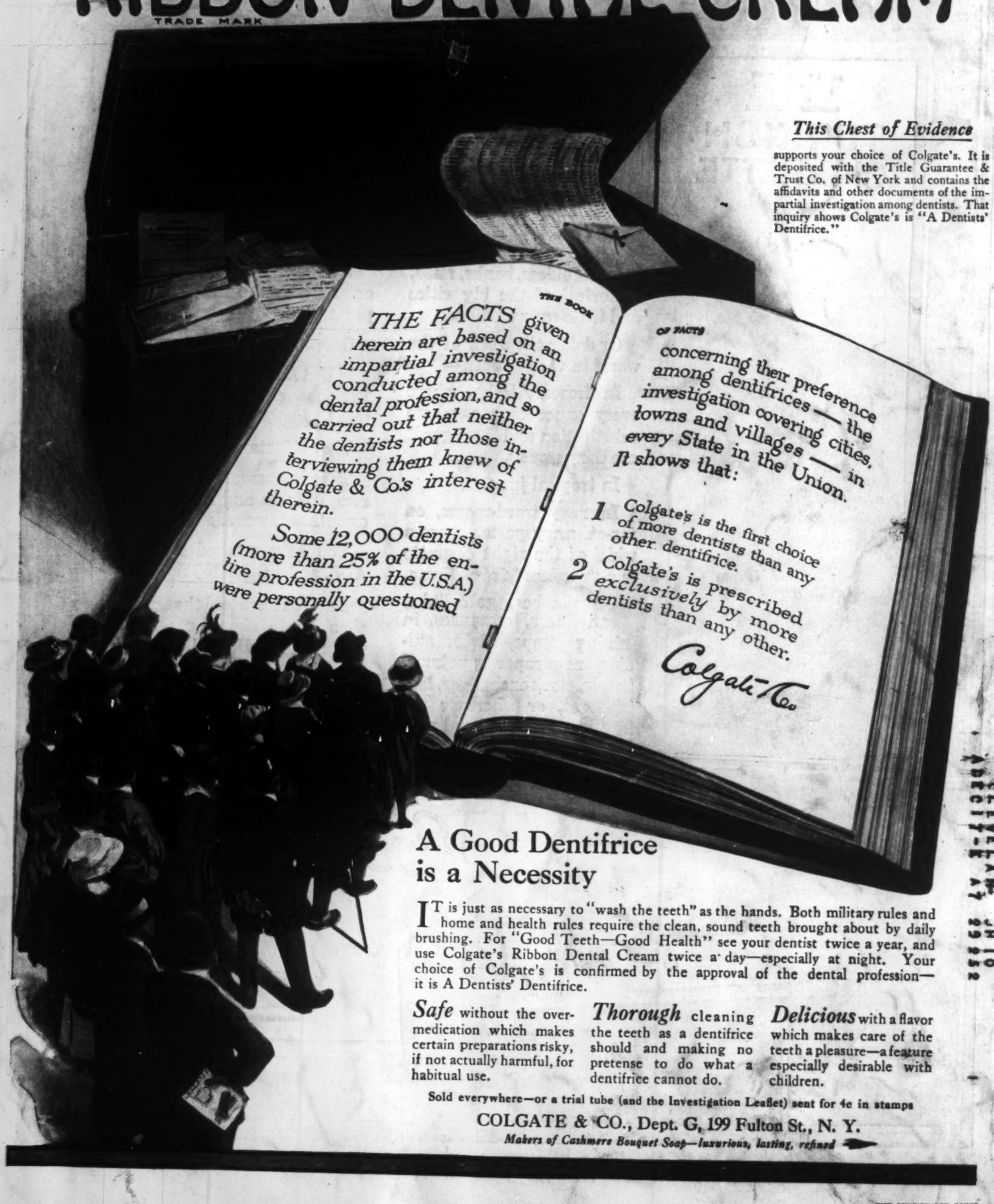
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